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THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF A NORMAN HOUSE.

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THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF A NORMAN HOUSE:

THE BARONS OF GOURNAY

FROM THE TENTH TO THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

WITH GENEALOGICAL MISCELLANIES.

By JAMES HANNAY,

AUTHOR OF "SINGLETON FONTENOY, R.N.;" "A COURSE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE," ETC.

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εὐλογῆσαι βουλόμεσθα τοὺς πατέρας ἡμῶν, ὅτι
ἀνδρες ἦσαν τῆσδε τῆς γῆς ἄξιοι.

ARISTOPH. *Eq.*

Omnes boni semper nobilitati favemus.—CICERO, *Pro Sest.*

LONDON:
SLEY BROTHERS, 18, CATHERINE ST., STRAND.
1867.

TO

DANIEL GURNEY, ESQ., F.R.S.,

AUTHOR OF THE "RECORD OF THE HOUSE OF GOURNAY,"

This Volume is Dedicated

WITH MUCH ESTEEM.

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THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF A NORMAN HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

"EUDES," THE COMPANION OF ROLLO, AND PATRIARCH OF THE HOUSE OF GOURNAY.

IT is just a thousand years since that great branch of the Gothic race which had occupied from a period beyond history the Peninsula of Scandinavia, began to establish its position, and prepare for its future in modern Europe. Thirty generations of men have passed away, and the whole face of the world is changed; but the special streak of Norse blood may still be traced—like a vein in the arm—in the most powerful nations and institutions existing. The most vigorous aristocracies which survive are based upon its early achievements. Many princely houses sprung from Rurik, the Scandinavian

conqueror of Russia, are yet found in the nobility of that kingdom, and supply eminent worthies to every department of the State.* But more conspicuous examples of its permanence are to be seen among ourselves. Within the last few years, one descendant of a Norman has been twice Prime Minister of the Kingdom;† and another has opened to Northern enterprise new countries in distant Eastern seas.‡ The bearer of a Danish name saved us India.§ Extend the survey backward over the last few generations—the same blood has proved itself worthy at once of its source and its successes. The names of Byron, Berkeley, Hastings, Marlborough, and Washington,‖ admit of little rivalry in the fields in which they became famous. Yet we need not linger exclusively among the great and the celebrated, nor too curiously follow out the traditions and philological speculations which connect Blake and Drake, Nelson and Collingwood, with the days of the Vikings and the coasts of the Baltic. The nobles and heroes of a people are its cream; but there is no good cream without good milk. Over the north-east of

* "Notice sur les Principales Familles de la Russie," 1843. [By Prince Dolgorouky.]

† Lord Derby—a scion of the Audleys.

‡ Lord Elgin—a Bruce.

§ Havelock.

‖ For Washington's Norman origin (that of the others named is notorious) see Irving's "Life."

Scotland, and broadcast over its Lowlands;—in the great and enterprising North of England—along its shores—in its great cities—we everywhere meet the traces of its Northern invaders.* The traveller *to* the North sees in its strong men and fair women the brothers and sisters of those of the island from which he comes; while the traveller *from* it discovers amongst ourselves forms and faces that make him fancy himself at home.† It is only, however, of late years that these facts have received proper appreciation,‡ and that the exclusiveness of the term "Anglo-Saxon" has been rebuked by those who would have justice done to the Northmen, whether from the Baltic or from France. We are about to write the history of a Norman family, and must endeavour—however imperfectly—to estimate the character of the race from which it came—for certain fundamental points of resemblance run through a race's history, and in the families of nations, as in single families, the child is father to the man.

Like all other histories, that of the Scandinavian people is lost at last in distant clouds of tradition—clouds tinted, indeed, with the sunlight of mythology

* Worsaae; proofs of this are accumulated in his "Account of the Danes and Norwegians," &c., a few years back, and since confirmed by Mr. Robert Ferguson's "Northmen in Cumberland and Westmoreland."

† "Log of the *Pet*," 1854; Worsaae.

‡ Laing's "Heimskringla,"—Preliminary Dissertation; "Lives of the Lindsays."

and poetry; grand in their groupings, wonderful in their masses, but not to be seen *through*. It is like looking at the Spectre of the Brocken—what you see is yourself, yet not yourself. These figures are our ancestors, and the traditional creations of the minds and fancies of our ancestors; but we cannot measure, we cannot touch them. Men like ourselves were living there, in the Scandinavian Peninsula, countless ages ago—worshipping, fighting, hunting, fishing; leading a sort of amphibious life on the wild coasts of Norway and among the islands of Denmark; working (according to their skill) the mines of Sweden; a brave, rude, alternately fierce and jolly, race of men; and they produced *us*. This much is certain, and we can form a tolerably vivid notion of their existence at the period when our story begins. But the very early heroic history—the emigration of a hero or sacred race from Asia, and its settlement amidst the rocks and pines of the North—all that is a literary cloud-land; and the antiquaries fight amongst each other as to what the cloud is *like*.* They are not agreed; and much else as they can teach us—for what do we not owe to the great antiquaries of the last three centuries in Europe?—they cannot teach us this. That our ancestors believed in a noble old system of gods and goddesses; in Odin and his wife,

* See, for instance, Blackwell on Finn Magnusen, in his edition of Mallet's "Northern Antiquities."

Frigga; in beautiful Balder, and in fair Freya; in the rough Thor, with his hammer; in Frost-giants and all manner of sprites, serious and playful, is indubitable; and the details even of their creed are intelligible. But how it all originated, and whence and how it grew, is beyond human ken. Follow up the longest Norse pedigree—(that of Gournay is one of them),—its steps, like those of the ladder of Jacob, are lost in the ascent. Trace the oldest Norse songs—their notes, like those of a skylark, rise far away out of hearing in the heaven of the past. So we shall confine ourselves on this occasion to what is known and certain—the best plan, perhaps, towards helping the reader to feel the reality of that ancient life to which possibly he owes his own—to which, certainly, he owes that of many of his countrymen, and much in his country's institutions and character.

It is known, then, that the Norsemen—by whatever name we call them—were "very early" settled in the North. Amber from their coasts was used in Europe before Homer; and some mention is made of them by a traveller who travelled in the days of Aristotle.* It seems certain that they were the "*Suiones*" of the great treatise of Tacitus on the Germans,† where men-

* Prichard's "Researches into the Physical History of Mankind." (3rd edit. 3, 383-4.)

† Tac. Germ. c. 44.

tion is made of their fleets and their kingly governments. That they were wild and warlike, fond of hunting and fishing, and worshippers of Hertha—mother-Earth—is pretty well all that the classic writers tell us of people whom they looked on as barbarians, and whose wonder at the Roman love of amber inspired the historian first mentioned with one of his usual philosophical epigrams.* What more can be learned about them, we learn from their own Eddas and Sagas, which were digested into *literature* in Iceland, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; thus keeping alive the memory of that original Heathenism and Paganism which they were the last of the great nations to relinquish.†

The positions of races and their traditions explain each other: we shall look at them, in this case, together.

The Scandinavian Peninsula is a vast table of mountain land, too high for general cultivation, or for the pasturing in the same places of very large herds. Towards the sea, on the coast of Norway, great lofty ridges of rocks run out—some bare, some covered with pines. In the *fiords* so formed the sea flows in for immense distances, filling the valleys and glens with lakes of deep blue, on which are often

* Tac. Germ. c. 45. Wheaton's "History of the Northmen" (1831), p. 5.

† The world owes much to Mr. Laing for translating the "Heimskringla," and for the vigorous dissertation prefixed to it.

beautiful islands crowned with trees.* Wild scenery—a climate severe but bracing—abundant facilities for the chase—and, above all, the sea—an almost omnipresent sea, seeming to follow up the Norseman (in these *fiords*) to the very heart of the hills: such conditions explain something in the religion, and much in the character and institutions, of the people. If there be marks of the East, there are also marks of the North still more recognisable in their mythology. Whence came those Frost-giants?—those rude wild visions of a Valhalla, where fighting was the order of the day, and drinking of the night—where there was a wild boar or *sanglier* that could never be eaten, and a goat inexhaustible in her supply of mead?† It is the Mahometanism of a Northern people, and of a braver and hardier people, who did not want to drink out of cups of crystal, but were content with their good old cups of deer's horn.‡ A man of genius, of our own time (whose genius is especially *Northern* in its character), has cast a glance of noble and kindly insight into this ancient form of Paganism.§ He seizes as its essence the *consecration of valour*. He respects its "rude sincerity" as superior to the "old

* Laing's "Heimskringla;" Metcalfe's "Norway;" Forester's "Norway."

† Mallet's "Northern Antiquities." Ed. Blackwell.

‡ Laing's "Heimskringla," p. 128.

§ Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship." (Lecture First.)

Grecian grace;"* and especially sympathises with a certain homely humour which runs through it all, and which in one form or another has always characterised the peoples by whom the faith was once held. They figured to themselves the Universe under the beautiful image of the great Ash Yggdrasill, of which the roots penetrate to the centre of the world, and the branches spread over heaven;—a sacred tree, for ever watered by the Virgin Nornas or Fates, and affording a place of meeting to the *Œsir*—the gods of their worship. It is not necessary here to detail the whole system: our business is only to catch its spirit and character. Such conceptions as this—and of the rise of the world from chaos, and its termination by fire from the funeral pile of Balder, the son of Odin,—are the conceptions of an earnest, a tender, and a gifted race. They were inspired by the natural instinct of wonder and worship, and embodied it in mystic and musical song. And everything in their society was connected with their religion. The kings derived their lineage from Odin and Thor; their chiefs were pontiff chiefs†—a *sacred* aristocracy, like the old Roman patricians. Death in battle was noble, for the gods honoured it; and hospitality and such virtues inviolable, because the gods

* Carlyle's "Hero and Hero Worship," p. 49.

† Godar or Hof-godar, such as led the colonists to Iceland. Wheaton's "Northmen," p. 36.

practised them. The faith acted on the race, and the race re-acted on the faith; while the wild scenery and free life preserved both living and active; the sea (if we may use a bold figure) *keeping fresh* the national character for the great work to which it was presently to be called. *Barbarous* they were, no doubt; but never *savage*. Everywhere we find among them the germs of all they afterwards became.* The fury of the *Berserker*, in his wolf-skin, was an earlier and ruder form of the zeal of the Crusader. The descendant of the *Skald* became a *Trouvère*. The proud, handsome, blue-eyed Viking—who, sentenced to the tyrant's axe, prayed only that his long fair hair might not be touched by a slave,†—was the natural forerunner of the proud, handsome, equally brave Norman knight, as *he* became, in his turn, of many a *gentleman* (*gentilhomme* or man of family) and cavalier. The conditions of their life made all this natural; but did *they* alone (as the modern philosophy would seem to imply) *create* it? Will a sea-board make any race seamen, and a hard climate make any race brave? Can we feed a people into poets and heroes, with the certainty with which we can fatten pigs? No theory can be more flattering to some people, but it is a little

* See the "Heimskringla" of Snorro Sturleson in Laing's transl. Laing; Wheaton; Worsaae.

† Mallet's "Northern Antiquities;" Wheaton's "Northmen," p. 299.

unfair to the descendants of the conquerors of Europe, and to the memory of their ancestors.

Politically, the Scandinavians were happily situated —a free, manly people, with secure private rights; led by long-descended chiefs, who were fit to lead them; whom they honoured for their bravery, and venerated for their descent.* In their *Things*, or public assemblies of freemen, a shrewd modern student of the country and its history sees the "origin of our parliaments."† The land was held by a kind of peasant-aristocracy—small freeholders holding by *udal* right, with a subservient class, which we have no reason to believe was ill-treated. And if the style of living was rude, there was none of that squalid misery about it which we too hastily assume of every society older than our own. The sea, the tracts of hunting country, the slopes of good land in the valleys and near the shores, furnished a race of big bones and warm blood with meat and drink enough to give them strength to beat in battle every other race—a most *practical* evidence that they cannot have been starved! Indeed, what we shall be so homely as to call the jollity that breathes through the old Sagas, indicates itself a contented, well-to-do kind of folk.

* "Heimskringla," *passim*; a fact which shows that "nobility" is older than many writers seem to think.

† Laing.

"The Norseman's king is on the sea,
Tho' bitter wintry cold it be,
On the wild waves his Yule keeps he,"

is the strain in one of them.* In another, we are told, that King Sigurd entertained his men "one day with fish and milk, the other day with flesh meat and ale." † And on a third occasion, the poet informs us, that Erling, brother-in-law of King Olaf Trygvessen, who flourished in the tenth century—"Had always with him ninety free-born men or more; and both winter and summer it was the custom in his house to drink at the midday meal according to a measure, *but at the night meal there was no measure in drinking.*"‡

There were, it seems, "silver studs in a row, from the rim to the bottom of the drinking-horns;" and these constituted the "measure" which they neglected in this way on festive occasions when the "floor was strewn with fresh juniper tops,"§ and the sharp breezes from the Baltic were neutralised by the genial crackle of the pine logs. So lived the great *Jarls*, sea-kings and vikings, ashore. But by many of their kin—with their long hair, "yellow as silk," as the Sagas say—such revels had to be held on salt water; they "never slept

* "Laing's Heimskringla," vol. i. p. 285.

† *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 31, where Mr. Laing remarks that this is still the way of living among some classes in Norway.

‡ *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 18 and note.

§ *Ibid. ubi sup.*

beneath sooty roof-timbers, nor drained their drinking-horn at a cottage fire."*

But one cannot speak long of this memorable race, which, with all its drawbacks, of ferocity, polygamy, the drinking-horn, the eating of horse-flesh,† and what not, had so much natural valour, kindliness, and poetry lying in its heart like unwashed gold, without coming to speak of its special relation to the sea. There were its characteristics ripened and developed. There were its great triumphs gained. And there passed into its very being that love of, that capacity for, sea life and sea glories which, transmitting itself for centuries through the children of the Baltic, has fed Britain with commerce and fortified it with navies. The naval part of our story is the only part which classical antiquity cannot rival. No Nelson appears in Plutarch.‡ And he who draws his lineage from sea-kings and berserkers—from those who discovered America in the depths of old times, ages before Columbus—laughs at the terrors with which the ancients invested the Euxine and the Adriatic.

Early in time and deep in sentiment was the feeling of the Norsemen for the salt water. There is a ship in their old mythology. They buried their heroes under

* *Ibid.* "Ynglinga Saga."

† This eating of horse-flesh was one of the signs of heathenism longest retained in the North. Mr. Laing thinks it strongly corroborative of the Asiatic tradition.

‡ "Quarterly Review," for July, 1858, art. "Admiral Blake," reprinted in my "Essays from the Quarterly."

tumuli which presented "an uninterrupted view of the sea,"* as if even in death the consciousness of its neighbourhood, the cheeriness of its breezes, would reach the viking in his last lair. The Sagas speak, too, of the dirge of the ocean for their fallen captains, as if the ocean itself shared in that feeling for them which they felt for it. And this tinge of mysticism which the sea so naturally inspires is still remarked by Northerns to belong to the Scandinavian blood.† When they began to spread southward in their long one-masted galleys, under the red flag with the raven, the poetry rather than the politics of the race was probably their first inspiration. Men do not make their great world-movements from the material motives only which the pedant imputes to them. These of course play their part; but the immortal and the infinite in man—the feeling of wonder, the spur of enterprise—these are the true sources of great movements and great deeds. A vague, potent, unconscious sense of mighty changes to come must also have stimulated the hearts and fancies of their leaders about the time when we find them roaming south; and "the *élite* of the nation," we know, was "on the sea" ‡ from the first.

* As is still evident in those which exist in the Orkneys. Worsaae's "Danes," &c., p. 242.

† For instance, by the Russian writer Herzen.

‡ Depping, "Histoire des Expéditions Maritimes des Normands," (1826), vol. i. p. 33.

How early they began the wild piratical expeditions which ultimately became so famous, formidable, and important, we cannot know with any accuracy. Were they in Scotland in some prehistoric period, and does this at all explain the observation of Tacitus on the "Germanic" appearance of the Caledonians;* or the unquestionably Teutonic and largely Scandinavian element in the lowland Scottish language?† It may be so. It could easily have been so; for their "fleets," we have seen, had attracted southern notice at a very remote epoch—centuries before that eighth century towards the close of which their sails drew tears from the eyes of Charlemagne. Be this as it may, the time last mentioned found them on the wing; forming the last flight of those great northern swarms which overran and renovated Europe. Till after Charlemagne's death, they made no great movement; but their ships were seen on many shores—heralds (as sailors believe of certain birds) of storm and disaster.

Whatever we may think of their ships, or even if we only call them galleys, they served to carry bands of fighting men from the shores of the Baltic everywhere that they can possibly have wanted to go. They had them of various sizes: many which, when running up

* Tac. Agric. c. 11.

† Jamieson's "Scottish Dictionary;" Latham's "English Language," p. 551, note.

rivers, they could drag or carry overland; and some of a build and (may we say it?) tonnage, not contemptible even in the eyes of those who have taken their wine in the gun-rooms of the *Vernon* and the *Queen*. Thus in the tenth century, the *Long Serpent* measured 111 feet, and was not very inferior to a respectable frigate.* With a taste which was really art in the bud, and with a love which still belongs to sailors, they delighted to adorn their craft. Their ancient domestic ornaments—bracelets and anklets of pure gold and delicate workmanship, of which specimens are seen in northern museums—indicate progress towards the beautiful in art; and it was natural that they should lavish it all on their ships. Accordingly we read of gilding and painting in them—of cunningly-worked dragons glittering in the prow, and of glowing shields hanging over the gunwale. Given a "slashing" breeze, the dragon pointing south, and the young light-hearted Vikings with the long fair hair hanging over their bear-skin or wolf-skin jackets,—the picture is a pretty one! There are only decks fore and aft, and in the centre they sit polishing their battle-axes or chanting some old lay, or telling stories, awful, yet with a queer thread of humour in them, about the fairy people of all kinds whom they fancy to live in mountain, cave, and sea. They are pirates, indeed, but their piracy is based on a certain

* Laing's "Heimskringla," vol. i. p. 135.

rude principle, by no means extinct yet—that what people cannot hold they are not worthy to keep. You may rob them if you please, and can; and if you kill them they will die fighting and laughing—sure of Odin's welcome in Valhalla and endless mead.* Such men were Ragnar Lodbrok, Hastings, Hrolf, Rollo, or Rou himself, and other shaggy sea-lions, at whose names mitred abbots crossed themselves in the inmost recesses of England and France, yes, away up the Guadalquiver, and on the pleasant shores of the Mediterranean. The Norseman was the last card in the great game of Gothic blood *versus* all Europe. He came when it all seemed over; when Charlemagne's great scheme of unity threatened to bar him up for ever among his rocks, pines, and rude seas;† he came to destroy and make havoc at first, but ultimately to renovate, reinvigorate, and refresh the countries into which he poured. The heavens were opened as if for a deluge, but, when the rain had subsided, still nobler things than ever sprang up from the steaming and apparently exhausted earth. The Norseman resisted civilisation for a moment, only that he might be all the fitter for some of its best work by-and-by.

* Saxo Grammaticus, "speaking of a single combat, says, 'one of the champions *fell, laughed,* and *died,*' an epitaph short and energetic." Strutt's "Manners and Customs," vol. i. p. 80.

† Compare Guizot's "Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe" (Troisième Leçon).

It has been said that this great movement began before the close of the eighth century; about which time Northmen's sails were seen even in the Mediterranean. It was in 787, according to the Saxon Chronicle, that they first reached England. But the ninth was the real era, the special century, of their triumphs. Again and again they are mentioned by the chroniclers, echoing the dismal traditions of those times—as worrying and wasting England and France; heralded by fearful prodigies in earth and air—fiery dragons—comets streaming through heaven—signs of the cross appearing on people's clothes—and other horrible phenomena scarcely more horrible than the reality which they foretold.* It is one uniform picture of misery—the monkish picture of those Danish or heathen invasions: monasteries blazing, orchards torn up, holy abbots slain at the very altar, destruction, desolation, and despair. We hear of the monks of the abbey of Croyland flying to the fens, having "sunk the plates of gold belonging to the great altar in the well of the convent." Nor was a casual victory over them by an Anglian or Saxon thane of much use. "If at any time they were overcome," writes Roger de Hoveden, "no benefit resulted therefrom; for on a sudden a fleet, and a still

* Matthew of Westminster; Saxon Chron.

greater army, would make their appearance in another quarter."

> "The red gold and the white silver
> He covets as a leech does blood,"

sings an old poet.* They are always called, *par excellence*, by these old writers, "the heathenmen," the "pagans;" and, indeed, it is known that they hated the Church, for the persecutions of Charlemagne exercised against their out-lying Teutonic fellow-pagans whom he baptised, so to speak, in their own blood. But the admission is also widely made, that the Church and the Saxons had brought the infliction on themselves by their sins; à theory again brought forward afterwards to explain the success of the conquest by William the Norman, and not without instruction and suggestiveness for us even at this hour.

We are not called on to do more than give a mere sketch of the results of the Danish incursions in England. Within a few years of the date at which Ragnar Lodbrok reached Paris (845), the Danes (851) wintered at Thanet. England could make no defence against them at sea, and only a partial one by land; so the result was a degree and a permanence of Danish establishment in England, such as the "Anglo-

* Lives of Edward the Confessor, printed under the authority of the Master of the Rolls. 1858.

Saxon" view of affairs by no means does justice to.* Northumberland—a term including five counties and more—was the first of their conquests here; but East Anglia, and parts of the East Saxon country besides, were under Danish law for some two centuries before the time of William the Conqueror; during which period, also, four Danish kings sat (A.D. 1003—1041) upon the English throne. Even the great Alfred's biographers can only claim for him to have saved the West Saxons from subjection;† if he built ships, it was after the "foreigners" had given him models; and it is certain that it was with "foreigners," and not with natives, that they were manned. What England generally must owe to the Scandinavians is clear from these facts, as from the traces of their names and traditions over the land; while their special benefit to her in a nautical point of view is wholly incalculable, and wrings admissions favourable to the Scandinavian, from the sturdiest friends of the Teutonic element in her history.‡ But it is the misfortune of the descendant of the Northmen, whether from the Baltic, or from the Baltic through French Normandy, that the "Anglo-Saxon" idea should be supposed to be hostile to aristocracy and traditions, though both Angles and

* Laing's "Heimskringla," 105.

† Pauli's "Alfred."

‡ Lappenberg's "England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings," by Thorpe, vol. ii. p. 15.

Saxons were aristocratic peoples, and though many who invoke their supposed example must be sprung from the older indigenous tribes whom they reduced to serfage and bought and sold like cattle.*

Nothing is more striking than the almost simultaneous triumphs in different countries made by the Northmen during this important ninth century. It was within that period that they first ravaged and then made settlements in both England and France, the Orkneys, the western coast of Scotland and Man, and the coast of Ireland. Within the same epoch it was that Rurik overran Russia, and dug deep the foundations on which still rests its powerful monarchy; and that colonists from Norway settled the remote and storm-blown but famous island of Iceland, which afterwards became the depository of the race's traditions and the kindly home of its song. This wide-spread roving, always powerful and always successful, indicates some disturbing causes at home co-operating with the natural enterprise of the people. Among these were the encroachments of Harald *Haarfager* (Fair-hair), of Norway, on the knights, jarls, and vikings of the country, and his determination to maintain an "order" for which the rovers were not yet ripe; then the

* It is a curious but little known subject, that of the number of Britons who survived the Saxon invasions; but the tendency is to make the number larger than was once thought.

influence of primogeniture had something to do with it, by sending the younger sons to seek their fortunes on the water.* Wace, the Norman-French poet of after years, considered them a naturally proud, troublesome, gay, luxurious people; and saw in that fact the inspiration of their expeditions :—

> "La gent de Danemarche fu toz tems orguillose,
> Toz tems fu sorkuidée, et mult fu convoitosē
> Fière fu, préisant, gaie e luxuriose." †

So sings Wace; and no doubt with his share of truth, too; for, after all, the "causes" of any great historic event are infinitely numerous, and at bottom there is always some force at work inexplicable by the best of us, and where everybody but the pedant of materialism pauses to wonder, and feels that he can only admire.

Let us come now to our own more special task, that of the Norse settlement of Normandy; the greatest event in its influence and consequences of that age;—an event, all the results of which the world has not yet seen, and cannot yet estimate.

It took the best part of a century—that settlement—from the first fire that blazed at Walcheren, to the day when Hrolf, Rollo, or Rou, stood surrounded by his

* Lappenberg's "Anglo-Saxons." Note by Thorpe, at vol. ii. p. 17. Depping, vol. i. p. 22. Wheaton's "Northmen," p. 135.

† "Le Roman de Rou." Ed. Pluquet, p. 38.

Norsemen to receive *Neustria* from Charles the Simple, by the waters of the Epte. It took the stormy lives of a line of sea-kings, closing up with that of Hrolf or Rollo (called afterwards, in French, *Rou*) himself. Their battle-axes struck fiercely at the gates of the Frank empire. Their spears reached far up the French rivers, as the old poet of one of their Sagas exultingly boasts, in a strain that has the cheeriness and terror of a northern gust of wind :—

"The Norseman's king is on his cruise,
His blue steel staining,
Rich booty gaining,
And all men trembling at the news!

The Norseman's king is up the Loire,
Rich Parthenay
In ashes lay,
Far inland reached the Norseman's spear."*

They swarmed "like clouds of musquitoes," says a great historian of our day,† and with fatal success, after that eventful period, when "the reign of Louis-le-Débonnaire shattered the Carlovingian Empire and let the Northmen in."‡ The weakness of that unwieldy empire, its corruptions in Church and State, and its "internal dissensions" were (precisely as in England §) the conditions which favoured the dauntless Baltic hordes.

* The "Heimskringla," translated by Laing, vol. i. pp. 142, 143.
† Palgrave's "Normandy and England," vol. i. p. 136.
‡ *Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 142, 143.
§ Pauli's "Alfred" (English translation), p. 96.

Accordingly, in 837, they ravaged Walcheren and Dorstadt, and slew the counts or earls who guarded the coasts.* In 841, Oschar, the Dane, came up the Seine as far as Rouen, and fired it in May.† In 845, Ragnar thundered up the river with a hundred ships; plundered Paris, and stripped churches even of the surrounding trees.‡ But the most terrible name of the age was that of Hastings, the Dane, of whom the ancient chroniclers tell stories which beat all romance. This wild heathen formed a wish—almost poetic in its extravagance—to seize ROME, and strike Christendom to the very heart. Pushing into the Mediterranean—the early home of civilisation and of art, and of which the balmy air must have tasted to his fierce crew like wine—this shaggy Norseman reached Luna on the Italian coast, which he took to be the capital of the Christian world. In hopes to gain admission within its walls, he consented to be baptised; immediately afterwards his followers set up a wild cry of lamentation,—the sea-king was dead,—and they prayed to be allowed to lay his body within the temple of the faith which he had embraced. So he was borne on his bier to the church, attended by the mourners, where he leaped into life, struck down the bishop with his sword,

* Sismondi's "Histoire des Français," vol. iii.
† *Ibid.* p. 379.
‡ *Ibid. ubi sup.*

and led the way to the old game of slaughter, and plunder, and fire. The stratagem is elaborately narrated by Dudo, the eloquent Dean of St. Quentin, who flourished in the time of the grandson and great-grandson of Rollo — a prolix and somewhat prosy writer—our earliest Norman chronicler, who, no doubt, heard the story a score of times as a boy.* In one form or another, the legend which sprang out of this event, as the flower sprang out of the blood of Ajax, passed far and wide through Italy and France.†

Oschar and Ogier, Ragnar and Hastings, such were the men who prepared Rollo's way. There is a monotony about their story. They glide up rivers in their deadly galleys, planting settlements on their mouths, whenever they can. They slay and spoil, waste and wanton. Charles-le-Chauve buys respite from one of them, pays "seven millions of livres" for it, and then finds it a bad bargain.‡ They search every great stream of those countries—streams which carry them up as the blood in the human body will carry poison—the Rhine, the Meuse, the Seine, the Loire, every stream that will float them. They sack or burn scores of great and famous cities, to the number (taking them

* "Dudo ap. Duchesne" (Hist. Script. Normann. Paris. Folio. 1619), pp. 64, 65; Wheaton's "Northmen," p. 167.

† "Romance and real history have the same common origin."—Sir Walter Scott's "Essay on Romance."

‡ Sismondi's "Histoire des Français," vol. iii. p. 87.

up at random) of at least eighty-two.* It became plain that a new chapter in European history was coming. Governments could not keep them out. The wretched country-people began to see that it was best to acquiesce in their coming in. The line of sea-kings ended in ROLLO, who closed up the bloody history by one great triumph, founded a new kingdom, became the ancestor of the kings of England, and the founder of their kingship of England, of Norman aristocracy in England, feudal law in England, baronial parliaments in England; and who can say how much more in the history of our nation?

Who was this famous Hrolf, Rudo Jarl, Rolf Ganger, Rollo or Rou, who has done so much in the world? His descendants in a hundred years did not know very particularly; being content to inform the Dean Dudo of St. Quentin, already quoted, that his father was "*Senex quidam in partibus Daciæ*," an opulent *senex*, whose son Hrolf or Rollo was persecuted by the King of Norway, and took to the waters like other brave men in the same difficulty. The Sagas tell us in greater detail. He was of the thorough northern aristocracy, son of the Jarl of Möre,† and took to

* Palgrave's "Normandy and England," where their names are given.

† So the "Heimskringla," accepted by modern historians, as Laing, Wheaton, Depping, and Thierry, and not denied, as to the main fact, by Sir Francis Palgrave.

roving because Harald *Haarfager* had taken to reform, and was determined to put down the viking work, and get Norway into something like order.* In modern phrase, Rollo fled from "centralisation." His early history is vague and uncertain. Dudo talks of his being warned in a dream to shun the king's perfidy, and of his having mystical visions of his future conversion to Christianity. Providence, observes the pious Dean, foresaw with regard to Holy Church—"ut unde fuerat flebiliter afflicta inde esset viriliter vegetata,"†—that her best friends would come out of the ranks of her worst enemies. And he describes, admiringly, Rollo's golden helmet and his triple-woven cuirass, and sees in all he does the actions of one destined by God to serve Christianity and mankind.

His manhood seems to have been spent in wild piratical, or semi-piratical, expeditions like those of other Norse kings of the sea. He made descents on the Orkneys and Hebrides, and those regions; no doubt strengthening his band of followers wherever he went.‡ He was in England in Alfred's time, where he certainly spent a winter;§ where he is said to have

* Laing's "Heimskringla," &c.

† "Dudo ap. Duchesne," p. 69.

‡ "Heimskringla."

§ Pauli's "Alfred," p. 91, note, from Asser. The tale about his friendship, &c., with King Alfred, is Dudo's, and dubious. Conf. Wheaton, p. 234.

fought both for Alfred and against him, and fabled even to have formed some kind of treaty with that remarkable monarch, who represented the growing principle of order and government, as Rollo did the last vigour of conquest and emigration. He brought Englishmen (brother Norsemen, we may suppose) with him from England to the continent,* to help him in his wars; and though in 876 or 879 he had first appeared up the Seine with the small squadron of an ordinary rover, we find him in 894, 895, supreme at Rouen; while in 898, he defeated the Franks in a great battle. Next year, he pushed forwards, securing new ground wherever he went; and in 900, attacked and carried Bayeux, where he married, Pagan-fashion, or took for his *mie* (as the "Roman de Rou"† has it) Popa, the daughter of Count Berenger. Popa was the mother of the boy who became William Duke of Normandy; and from that rough wooing of Rollo's with her—for he snatched her like a jewel out of the stormed town, in the defence of which her father fell—have come many kings, princes, nobles—brave men and fair women. Popa was very beautiful,‡ and though he had to separate from her awhile, on marrying Giselle,

* "Dudo ap. Duchesne," p. 73.

† "Roman de Rou." Ed. Pluquet, p. 68.

‡ "Une fille mult belle . . . mult gente pucelle," says the Roman de Rou.

Charles the Simple's daughter, he took her back again to his bosom after Giselle's death.*

Rollo was now established as an unwelcome colonist, a medieval *squatter*, in Neustria—keeping to the Seine —with Rouen for his head-quarters. King Charles could neither expel him, nor make up his mind to tolerate him; but Rollo meanwhile was learning how *to govern*, and developing that real faculty for rule which unquestionably belonged to him. The Christian natives began to come in from other districts, and submit cheerfully to the Pagan warrior, who tolerated their faith, and, at all events, knew how to protect with his good arm those who chose to accept its supremacy and direction. Probably, Popa must be credited with part of the sea-king's civilisation; and she may have helped to lead her grim husband-conqueror to the foot of the Holy Cross. A strange foreshadowing this of the Una and the Lion of a far distant *Norman*, whose ancestor may have been then chanting rude Norsk verses to his leader, the son of the Jarl of Möre! He wanted taming, no doubt, for we hear that when he was besieging a Frank town, and the poor monks and priests put out the sacred chemise of the Virgin to inspire miraculous terror into the heathen, Rolf "laughed"! †

* Matthew of Westminster; William of Jumièges.

† Matthew of Westminster. This sacred chemise was called the *supparum*.

What a little touch of reality that "laugh" gives to the old stories, not to mention that an echo of it was heard long afterwards—in the Reformation!

For a few years about this time, we have scanty information concerning Rollo and his men. But his power must have strengthened and his purposes grown definite as the years advanced. In 911, all the Normans in France began to move in a well-concerted and deliberate campaign, up the Seine, the Loire, and the Garonne, devastating fields and sacking cities. Charles begged a truce of three months, after which he himself renewed the war, and Rollo thundered forward more terribly than ever. At Chartres, the Franks gave him a check; and he had to retire and fortify his army on a mountain, "with heaps of dead flayed cattle," according to Dean Dudo.* But he soon recovered himself and advanced upon the interior of the country. With disorganisation everywhere, and disaffection amongst his people, Charles the Simple found it necessary to yield. He sent Archbishop Franco to Rollo to offer terms. Flanders, the Norseman rejected as marshy and valueless. Charles then agreed to yield Neustria, and the sovereignty of Bretagne, if Rollo would espouse Giselle, embrace Christianity, and live at peace with the Franks. It was in 912 that this ever-memorable bargain was struck.

* "Dudo ap. Duchesne," p. 82.

Now followed a famous historic scene, which we can only dimly picture in that far-distant past; but which ought surely to be as familiar to our youth as those classic incidents of which they justly hear so much. King Charles and his barons met Rollo and his Norsemen in conference, by the sparkling waters, still pleasant to the traveller, of the river Epte, at the village of St. Clair. There, amidst a swarm of the great warriors of the age, Franks of old Frank extraction moulded into a new breed as Frenchmen, looking curiously into the blue eyes and fair faces of the men of the Baltic (both sprung from the mighty Gothic races, and achieving a common destiny in the land of the Romanised and thrice-conquered Gaul), there was made the great compact which gave Normandy, and ultimately England, to the Norsemen. No line of writing accompanied that cession of a splendid province. Rollo "put his hands into the king's hands, *which never his father, grandfather, or great-grandfather did to any one*;"* and the last of the "Barbarians" became a member of the system of modern Europe. The Norse life ended with a characteristic flash of coarse independence and humour. Everybody knows the story, but it is none the worse for that. They suggested to Rollo that he should kiss the king's foot as part of his homage. One of his fighting men

* Dudo, p. 83.

came forward for the purpose, took up his Majesty's foot accordingly, and toppled over the sovereign in the act. "Magnus excitatur risus," says Dudo,* who had known Rollo's own grandson in the flesh, and who cannot have been mistaken about the truth of the anecdote. It was a remarkable sight, the laughter of swarms of wild and half-wild warriors by the little river Epte, in A.D. 912; but it was seen there that year; the direct ancestors (in plain terms, the fathers some thirty times removed) of living Englishmen were present at it, and talked of it,—who knows how often? —in thick-walled Norman castles over homely fare?

Next came Rollo's baptism—his solemn adoption into Christian life. He was baptised by Franco, the Archbishop, in the Cathedral of Rouen. Duke Robert (whose name he assumed) acted as godfather, and all sorts of potentates stood reverently by. Seven days he wore the white garb of a catechumen; and on each of these days he made some special gift to the church.† The eighth day he began dividing his lands among his followers—verbally and without charter—and using for purposes of measurement (according to old Scandinavian practice‡) a *reeb*, or rope. At once he set earnestly about organising his *Neustria, Normandie,*

* Dudo, pp. 83, 84. Few of the "good stories" of the last century even, are so well authenticated as this.

† *Ibid.* p. 85.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 75. Depping, vol. ii. p. 125.

or Northman's-land, into a well-regulated dukedom in the feudal fashion; while by his marriage with Giselle, the king's daughter, he completed his alliance with the system of France. Nothing is more certain in history than that Rollo proved worthy of his position; that he was a real governing man of the best type, his "barbarism" being duly allowed for. He gave the country peace, order, and justice; restored everywhere ruined buildings, and encouraged agriculture;* contented his fellow-adventurers, and satisfied the Church. It will fall in our way again to speak of the results of his invasion of Normandy, but meanwhile we may quote from a philosophical historian a brief summary of them. According to Sismondi, there flowed from his settlement in France an end of the devastation and disturbances of the province; a renewal of its national character; the formation of the French-Romance language, out of which grew a beautiful poetry; a generous zeal for the Church, and for all that could do it honour; and a breathing into the laws and customs of *l'esprit de vie, l'esprit de liberté*—the natural characteristic of a gallant race.† In a few generations the race seemed transformed, but the *germs* of its greatness all appear in what we learn of its Baltic life. Like their own beloved sea, to which they owed so much, the Norse-

* "Dudo ap. Duchesne," p. 85.

† Sismondi's "Histoire des Français," vol. iii. 334 *et seq.*

men changed their hues, and perhaps a little their flavour, according to the shores and skies of their various settling-places. But deep blue, green, or darkly purple, the sea is ever in body the same element; and so it was with them. Rollo was, after all, a supreme specimen of the ancient Norwegian king or jarl, only with a higher field of action than belonged to such fierce yet cheery Northerns as that Olaf (for instance), who "could walk outside his ship on the oars, while his men were rowing *the Serpent.*"

There is little to tell of the closing scenes of Rou's stormy and varied life, which had begun with heathenism and sea-roving, and ended under the peaceful shadow of the Church of Christ, amidst the gradual formation of such a settlement into order as that age permitted. His "re-marriage" with Popa, after the death of Giselle, is perhaps the most suggestive little touch of personal interest in his later story,—a gleam of poetry among the shadows that flicker round the figure of an aged sea-king and feudal duke, hid from us in the darkness of near a thousand years ago. But, indeed, there flits before one in reading of the Norsemen of the days of old many a fitful flash of such poetry; and ancient tradition tells us of King *Knut*, or Canute, that being rowed in his barge in the waters of the fen country, he was startled into an outbreak of

most primitive verse by hearing the singing of the monks of Ely.*

What the numbers were of these "followers" of Rollo's—Northmen, Danes, Englishmen, and others†—who seem to have come round him from all the settlements and vikingar lairs of the Scandinavians, it is not possible to know exactly. It was sufficiently large to fill Normandy with a feudal aristocracy or *baronage*, which became in a few generations one of the most powerful bodies of men in Europe, and put on the head of its leader the crown of England. Sismondi estimates them at 30,000.‡ They were variously provided for, it is certain, according to their various importance; or, as the "Roman de Rou" § has it,—

> "Solonc lor genz servises, è solenc lor bontez,
> Solonc lor gentilesce è solenc lor aez."

But not an acre of land was given by charter, nor is any Norman document found before the reign of Richard-sans-Peur.‖ "Terram fidelibus suis *funiculo* divisit," Dudo says; and in this primitive way passed a great province to the children of the Northern ocean. The age, at best, is dimly seen by us at this

* This tradition is at least as old as the 13th century. Lappenberg's "Anglo-Saxon Kings," vol. ii. p. 219, note.

† Palgrave's "Normandy," vol. i. p. 671.

‡ Sismondi, "Histoire des Français," *ubi sup.*

§ "Roman de Rou." Ed. Pluquet, p. 67.

‖ Palgrave, vol. i. pp. 693, 694.

long distance of centuries; and who shall point out in its twilight any one solid or definite figure, and say—"*There*, in that mist is my ancestor"? Does it not seem, in the nature of things, impossible?

We are of opinion, however, that it is *not* impossible in the case of the House of Gournay, and we now proceed to show on what we rest this belief. Let us state—the true rule in all genealogical matters—first, what is certain; second, what is probable.

It is certain that lordships were bestowed in the way above narrated; that there were, at first, no documents attesting the settlements. It is certain, that of such lordships, "Gournay," in Upper Normandy—*Haute Normandie*—was by its position, on the frontier or marches of France Proper, a most important one, would be established early, and given to some conspicuous and deserving fighting-man of the sea-king breed. Race and family were always of importance in the eyes of the Norsemen.* It is certain that as soon as there *are* charters, there appear lords of Gournay; and not less so is it certain, that early Norman tradition fixes on their founder

* A Saga, says Depping, "ne s'occupe que d'une famille héroique;" in short, it is a family history. And the Norsemen roved, says Lappenberg, in tribes or clans under their heads ("Ang.-Sax. Kings," vol. ii. p. 13.) Very likely Rollo had kinsfolk with him in greater numbers than we know.

among the companions of Rollo, and calls him EUDES.* What then, taking these certainties together, can be more probable than that such a tradition is perfectly true? Or, can any plausible ground be shown for thinking it false?

But let us make this matter a little more intelligible. The name of Eudes rests on tradition, yet this is not a case in which tradition is exposed to the doubtfulness so commonly attached to it. This is not a case of the poetic mythus,—like that of the Dark-Gray Man, the legendary founder of the Douglases—the Husbandman, the shadowy progenitor of the Hays,—or many other such vague figures well known to the students of genealogy. These are all placed in romantic situations, and are fairly exposed to the criticism which Niebuhr employed to demolish the wilder legends of early Rome. In the case of Eudes, we find nothing to startle any critic. No supernatural feats of heroism are attributed to him; he does not scatter whole armies in the doubtful moments of great battles, or loom upon us in the horizon with the features of a god. He is made—what we know absolutely that hundreds of founders of

* "Record of the House of Gournay," by Daniel Gurney, Esq., F.R.S. (printed for private circulation). Mr. Gurney refers to "Description de la Haute Normandie," vol. i. p. 13; Turner's "Letters from Normandy," vol. ii. p. 40; Cotman's "Normandy," p. 39; MS. "Histoire de Gournay, par N. Cordier," in the public library at Rouen.

Norman families must have been—a follower of Rollo, sharing in his chieftain's fortunes. In short, Eudes is *a name* supplied by tradition to somebody whose existence is, after all, a matter of certainty. Why should not tradition, with no great lapse of time to go astray in, have the name right? These considerations, together, induce us to accept the tradition as a reality, and to pronounce Eudes the patriarch of the House.

For the rest, all about Eudes is dark. He is *nominis umbra.* From what breed of jarls or vikings, Odin-worshippers, sea-rovers, fair-haired warriors, he drew his blood, who will ever know? Not a pedigree in Europe is perfectly ascertainable beyond his time; no, not after the researches and speculations of a Leibnitz or a Gibbon. Este and Savoy, Guelph and Nassau, we *feel* the force of their ancestors in the darkness of early ages, as the astronomers do the perturbing force of an undiscovered planet; but we have no instruments wherewith to *see* them by. Yet Eudes was a reality as thoroughly as we—the root of soldiers, lords, crusaders, knights, who can be linked together life after life down through the feudal men and their country-gentlemen successors, to quite modern days: those of the modern England, its Quakerism, commerce, and schemes of business and philanthropy. We shall, for the present, take this thread of blood as a guide through a portion of the history of England,—

shall endeavour to make a single group of persons figure in little cabinet-pictures of the history of each time,—always with an eye to their kindred character, and never quite forgetting the old Norse ancestors attempted to be described in this chapter. Such seem to us the principles, such the aims of true family history.

"GOURNAY," as we have said already, lies in the Haute Normandie, on the north-eastern borders of the province, and its earliest dependency from Eudes's time was the Norman part of the Pays de Bray; an irregular country, well varied with wood, arable land, picturesque hill, and fertile dale. To the north lies the Pays de Caux; on the west and south, the Vexin; on the east, the famous little Epte divides it from the rest of France. The country is now one of the pleasantest and most prosperous in Normandy—a healthy, rural country, celebrated for its butter and Neufchâtel cheese, and occasionally sought for its salubrious waters by seekers after quiet and health. Gournay—the town itself—has its three thousand inhabitants, and wears a mixed aspect of comfort and activity, *set* amidst fine scenery, such as an Englishman heartily relishes. Ascend the hilly heights round its neighbourhood, and a beautiful view lies beneath you; the valley of the Epte clothed with fine woods, through which the river

glimmers pleasantly at intervals, pasture land and arable land both rich, and hills covered with apple and pear trees, grown for the making of cider and perry. Norman churches of the native style rise amidst all this cheerful beauty, to tinge it softly with old memories and the sentiment of the past; and while a few châteaux, with their round turrets and peaked spires, still harbour the survivors of the nobility of France, traces of ruined wall and old foss recall those earlier lords whose history we are writing. It is a scene where an Anglo-Norman feels not quite a stranger, and yet has the piquancy of mingling with this the consciousness that he is not in his native land. To visit it is a kind of historic holiday.

No doubt, Gournay and its neighbouring districts wore a very different aspect to the eyes of Eudes, when a little unfortified village on a marshy spot represented it, and forest and morass overran whole miles. But we may be perfectly certain that he followed Rollo's example, and began that process of civilisation which, after all, was the real commencement of its prosperity to-day. The more "barbarous" Norsemen, we know—those who shrank from baptism—were settled in a kind of colony about Bayeux; and hence we may be sure that the Lord of Gournay embraced Christianity—the first and most important step towards civilisation. And in the process which

followed—which created a new Normandy and laid the foundation of its present eminence among other departments of France—we see the justification of Rollo's conquest, and the purpose of Providence in preparing Scandinavia for sending men to this work. The Roman power had gone; the Frank government had failed; what remained? The Hand which may be seen everywhere in history drew from the *officina gentium* (as the Northern Peninsula was early called) a fresh weapon, and the Norseman supplied a new governing man to Europe, while he received a nobler faith and a higher culture for himself. To rule: this was *his* mission; for this he was made so strong, and yet so plastic, and his very viking barbarism was but a kind of discipline which, like the sea on which he lived, preserved his strength and health. In proportion as a family contributed to *lead* in Europe—saw when it had new work to do, and applied itself to doing it—is its history worth writing and reading; and this truth is the foundation of all honourable and pardonable "family pride." The meaner forms of this feeling are ignoble, but the feeling itself is natural and true. Hence, in this narrative, we are doing justice to many families, though only directly employed upon the story of one, and may help, perhaps, in telling that story, to suggest some hints towards the vindication of the Norman.

But, for the present, we shall pause in the narrative, having found in the Norse EUDES the founder of the race. All, we again repeat, is dim and shadowy, dark and indefinite, about the patriarch of this, as of all, families. It is a Force rather than a Person that is present with us when we think of him. But we may safely fancy him baptized at Rouen; building up fortresses and walls; clearing woods and setting ploughs going; putting down thieves and disorderly irregular people in his own lordship; looking up to Rollo as his chief and example, and slowly losing (half unconsciously to himself) the old inbred way of thinking about the world and life proper to Scandinavia—retaining chiefly the manhood and valour which formed the substratum of the more undeveloped capacities of the race. Such we may fancy the position of Eudes in the beginning of the tenth century.

CHAPTER II.

THE GOURNAYS IN NORMANDY FROM THE TIME OF ROLLO TO THE CONQUEST;—WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF "OLD HUGH."

FEW are the families—be their rank what it may—whose descent and alliances are clearly ascertained during the tenth century. That century saw Hugh Capet win the crown of France; and the early Plantagenets (not then known by that famous name) begin to acquire renown in Anjou. The House of Este, from which springs her Majesty, can with difficulty be carried beyond its boundary by the researches of Leibnitz or the conjectures of Gibbon. Savoy sees her founder dimly in its twilight;—when as yet the progenitors of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern were living obscurely in small castles in Switzerland and Suabia. Not till the year 958, or so, do we find with certainty the ancestors of such noble races as Montmorency and

Coucy; and it is about the same date that we make something like a personal acquaintance with the great shadowy potentates from whom sprung the Anglo-Norman aristocracy.

This early darkness—this hour before the daybreak of history—is a perplexing time. And the fact of its existence does something to favour a popular but unsound theory. According to this theory, the families —royal and noble—of Europe sprang up in the night of the Past,—much as mushrooms do. Any casual adventurer—stout of heart and strong of hand—could found a family; and everything in its subsequent history is explained by the *circumstances* in which he managed to place it. But on reflection and observation the plausibility of this view disappears. For, first, we know that aristocracy or nobility existed among the European races in the very depths of old times—as Tacitus, the Sagas, the Saxon Chronicle, and the most early historians sufficiently evince. And, secondly, absence of record cannot be made evidence of the non-existence of any person or fact. If Rollo was accompanied by swarms of sea-kings and vikings, why should not the landholders of the next three or four generations in Normandy have been sprung from them? that is, from races reckoned sacred in Scandinavia beyond our era,—and, so, originally, of a *vis* greater than that given to the average of mankind.

It is a mysterious subject, and we cannot explore it far. But, at least, it is better to acquiesce in that mystery, than to suppose that aristocracies rose casually out of the pell-mell conflicts of people naturally equal; —*luck* helping any man to the top, and keeping him there,—*chance* making hero after hero come out of his line;—and all this in a world so full of order, and harmony, and law! We would not push anything too far,—but the hereditary doctrine—the view which recognises *ἀρετὴ γένους=virtue of stock*—as something transmissible and transmitted beyond recorded time,—at least we say *that* doctrine helps to explain the appearance of Cæsars and Scipios, and the long roll of minor heroes, within particular kindreds among men. Perhaps, too, we ought to allow more for Tradition as an embodier of truth in affairs genealogical, than has been quite the fashion in literature of late.*

But to our story. Rollo or *Rou* (a sea-king turned into a feudal lord) departed from this world at a great age in some year not definitely known, but which the best of the learned fix somewhere about A. D. 930 or 931.† He was buried in the church that he had

* There are some good remarks on this point in Drummond's "Noble British Families," but we think the view pushed much too far in that splendid work.

† Palgrave; Pluquet; Depping.

founded at Rouen,—where they still show his tomb,—and was succeeded by his son (Popa's boy) William, called *Longue-épée.* We may guess, if we like, in what year his vassal, and probably friend, Eudes of Gournay and the Pays-de-Bray, died,—but that is all we can do. It will be a generation or two before we are quite clear about the pedigree. But one thing is certain,—certain as the succession of their Suzerains the Dukes,—that there were lords of Gournay in those days—flourishing and waxing strong, and doing (and *taking,* no doubt,) their share of what was going forward.

For the contemporary of William, and successor of Eudes, we have still to trust to tradition—local tradition, embodied in the local historians. His name, we are told, was Hugh,—a name convertible with Eudes or Eude,—as we find it written in chronicles. This Hugh gets the credit of having fortified Gournay and made it a place of strength by building (near the present church of St. Hildevert) a citadel duly accompanied with double ditch and tower. No doubt this was but an elementary kind of castle, as yet; and much more would be done for it by Hugh's successors. However, feudalism (as the founder of new order and protector of growing civilization) could do nothing without castles. They kept foreign enemies out, and domestic turbulence under some restraint.

Inside their thick, rude walls grew up by-and-by the home feeling,—the strong love of kin, and honourable pride in family,—the manners and courtesy which formed and polished Europe, and other valuable things,* not soon to be forgotten, however much their founders and encouragers may be! But in Hugh's time, all this was only *growing;* and the twelve or thirteen years' reign of William Longsword was a troublous time.

The handsome Duke William—for Dean Dudo insists on his fine face and stately bearing—had a stormy reign and a bloody end. He seems to have been a high and yet weak character, unfit for a task which was at once terrible and delicate. Besides the regular work—the governing a country just seized by a fresh race, and bringing the elements of prosperity out of the ruin caused by war—besides, too, the *backwoodsman* kind of labour which Rollo had vigorously commenced,—William had a high political game to play. He was brought into relations with the potentates of the continent; and if he became too much *Frank,* he had his own Danish party—always strong in the Cotentin and elsewhere—to fear. He wavered, and thought of becoming a monk in his favourite Jumièges, and having done with the world and its struggles and cares; but the clergy over-

* Guizot, "Civilisation en Europe. Quatrième Leçon."

persuaded him out of this scheme. Presently, Brittany—which Charles had given to the Northmen (whether he had a right to do so, or not) in Rou's time—revolted from William. He defeated them in battle, and drove their Count—Alan—across the sea. Then, the "Danish party," headed by one Riulph, rose against him. For a moment, Longsword seemed to want resolution at the news that the rebels had crossed the Seine, and were encamped near Rouen; but he behaved well—as well as his father could have done. He placed himself at the head of three hundred stout men whom he knew to be true to the last: clashing their shields together,—*more Dacorum*, (Dudo's expression),—they rushed on the enemy, who everywhere gave way. Many were drowned in the Seine; and the wounded shrunk away, to die in the woods.* It is a dramatic, but no doubt a quite true incident, (why should nothing be credible but what is commonplace?) that just as he won this victory he received the news of the birth of his son Richard—the famous Duke Richard Sans-Peur. Richard's mother was one Espriota, or Epiota, united to William, — Norse fashion, — *more Danico*; and similarly, Richard himself continued the line—not by Emma, his Capetian duchess, but by Gunnora, a Danish damsel. These domestic facts symbolise the struggle

* Dudo of St. Quentin. (Duchesne, p. 94).

between the Norse and French elements in the position of the House and the Race. Wonderfully as the Norsemen were modified in language, manners, culture, by their new country, they despised the French, and the French hated them, to the last.

Longsword displayed, all along, some of the most prominent characteristics of the Normans. He was a somewhat magnificent prince, and acquired his name of Longue-épée from the brilliant weapon which he loved to wear. Then, he was passionately fond of hunting, and often pursued it in the green glades of the old Forest of Lions,—*Lions-la-Forêt*,—which once spread over many parts of the province, including our Gournay. To an accident of the chase, old writers attribute his restoration of the famous Monastery of Jumièges. They tell us that a wounded wild beast turned furiously on him, and forced him to seek refuge among its dilapidated walls, where he found two old monks returned from exile, who offered him their poor hospitality.* Thankful for the service, William made it his care to restore the building, and often felt the temptation to retire to its solitude and peace. But these were not for him. Were there not fresh Norse immigrations to receive, and invasions of a plundering nature to keep off?—the Danish party (strong in the Bessin and Cotentin) to manage?—Brittany to keep down?—and all the con-

* Will. of Jumieges, lib. iii., c. 8.

tinental complications pressing on him from his very position of Duke or *Comes* of Normandy?

Little good came to William from his connection with the potentates of the continent. He married Luitgarda of Vermandois, but he *loved* Sprota; and it was Sprota (as we have said before) who was the mother of his renowned successors. He took up the cause of Louis d'Outremer, son of Charles the Simple, when Louis returned from England in 936, to claim his father's throne. Three years afterwards, he was against him again, leagued with the great rebellious vassal Hugues, Comte de Paris, father of the founder of the new French line.* But the scene changed once more. Louis leagued himself with Otho of Germany,—doing homage to him at Lorraine; made a truce with Count Hugues; and turned his arms against Normandy. William hastened to make peace, and swear fidelity, at Amiens; doing homage for his Norman duchy, and receiving, too, the sea-coast country of Coutances and Avranches. These districts border on Brittany, and had been abandoned to that province by Charles the Bald.† It was an accession worthy of Rollo's son; but the pride which it nourished, and the

* Hugues was son of Robert *le Fort*, Comte D'Outre-Maine,—son of WITTICHIND, a German adventurer, who came to France. With WITTICHIND stops the greatest pedigree in Europe—that of the house of Bourbon.

† Richer and Flodoard ap. Depping, 4, L

envy which it provoked were soon pregnant with deadly consequences. A quarrel in a sea-port town became the cause of his death, filled Normandy with terror and sorrow, and put the very independence of the province in peril.

It happened thus: Arnulf, or Arnoul, *Marchio* (a word still represented, in a somewhat meaningless manner, by our *Marquis*) of Flanders, stormed and took the castle of Montreuil in the Artois, driving out Herluin, the governor, by force. Herluin applied to William, who restored him immediately in the same manner, thus making Arnulf a deadly foe. The *Marchio* soon found an occasion when the haughtiness of the Norman displayed itself in a way to bring fresh enemies upon him. It was at an assemblage called by the king of France, at the palace of Attigny-sur-Aisne, where Longue-épée forced himself in, without invitation, and insulted Otho of Germany to his beard, before half-a-dozen of the greatest grandees of the North of Europe.* This from the *Pirate's Son!* Arnulf eagerly fomented the indignation of Otho and of Count Hugues. Otho returned to Germany, and the *Marchio* prepared his revenge.

But Arnulf had a wholesome dread of Norman battle-axe and Norman spear; and his vengeance took the form of the basest perfidy. The handsome Longue-épée,

* *Ibid. ubi supra.*

with all his faults, had a kind and trusting heart; though weak, he was brave; though vain, he was pious; —the monk's modesty lurked under his showy garb, and the solitudes of Jumièges had a whisper of attraction for his palace. He was a character to be imposed upon by an appeal to his feelings, and Arnulf sent such an appeal to lure him to his doom.

Would the Duke meet Arnulf of Flanders on an interview of reconciliation—to forget and forgive? The Duke agreed. So the place was fixed,—an island on the Somme at Piquigny, some miles from Amiens,—a pleasant little island on that chief river of Picardy. Here came William, and took boat, with but two Normans, on the appointed day. He met the traitor on the island, who came limping (*claudicans*, says Dudo)—for he was gouty—to salute him. They had long conference, and parted with a kiss—a *sacred* little ceremony in the Middle Ages—William taking boat again on the quiet stream. He had not long pushed off, when there was a cry from Arnulf's men on shore—it was to call him back to hear a message—something that their master had forgotten to say. He turned, unsuspectingly, and in another moment was brutally slain,—one "Balzo" being murderer-in-chief.* Thus fell, at the hands of mean assassins, the second Duke of

* Dudo de St. Quentin; Duchesne, pp. 104, 5. The description of William's assassination is one of Palgrave's best passages.

Normandy; and Rollo's high blood was shed by caitiffs whom Providence expressly intended such men as he to rule. 'Twas in the year (as near as can be calculated) 943, and to this hour tradition fancies that it can show the very spot.* The grief and the excitement in Normandy were immense. Amidst the tears of the people and the prayers of the clergy, William was laid near his father in the Cathedral of Rouen. There was mourning in Normandy from Avranches to Cormeilles, from Evreux to St. Valery. We may fancy Hugh de Gournay's horror, in that rude but pious time, when the news reached him amidst his architectural and other operations in the neighbourhood of the little Epte.

For a time, it seemed as if Normandy would fall under France, and the whole history of France and England be something different from what it became. Richard, William's son, was a child; had been sent to Bayeux to be educated (as his father had been united to his mother) Danish fashion—*more Danico.* They kept up the old Norse tongue about Bayeux, and were still given to swearing by Thor. So William, after naming the lad his successor, one day at Fécamp, had forwarded him there to be instructed *cum magna diligentia.* He learned to read, to speak Danish, to use bow and buckler, and to play at chess. When the news of his father's murder came, a kind of primitive

* Depping, liv. 4, cap. 1, *note.*

Council of Regency formed itself, of very rough undiplomatic personages, no doubt,—but very fit for their business. Bernard the Dane was one, and Lancelot (kin to Rollo), and Osmond of Centvilles,—ancestors all of houses of renown. They were bound to be very watchful over their ducal boy, for Louis d'Outremer had come to Rouen,—with the best intentions, no doubt,—but far too busy about him to be pleasant to the loyal citizens of that town. The Norman chroniclers tell us, that,—men and women both,—they mobbed the king's hotel, and called out furiously for their young duke. The women were notable viragos, especially, as other Norman incidents prove; whence, we suspect, that more damsels of the sea-*queen* (or shield-virgin = *skjold-meyar*) breed came to Normandy from the Baltic, than people think. Gunnora, we have said before, the mother of the later dukes, was of this race, and perhaps, also, Herleva, or Arlotta, mother of William the Conqueror, by-and-by.

The adventures of Richard's boyhood,—how Louis took him to bring him up as *varlet* or page about his court; how rigorously he and his governor, Osmond, were watched there at Laon; how, by a subtle stratagem, Osmond whisked him away in a bundle of *fourrage*, riding hard with relays of horses, till he safely deposited his most precious bundle in the château of Coucy; —all this long furnished a theme to minstrel and

trouvère, or to chronicler as poetic and wonder-loving as they. But who knows how much of all this is true? or who, on the other hand, can venture to say it is all false? Strange things have happened in the world, and some of the earliest poetry sprang out of fact. Let us pass, however, to what is undoubted. Louis invested young Richard in his duchy, and assumed (with Osmond as a governor) the charge of his youth. But the Normans distrusted the French king, and many of them became the lieges of Hugues, his turbulent vassal, —playing, thus, Hugues against him. King Louis, in self-defence, treated with Hugues in his turn; secured his alliance by the promise of Bayeux; rallied to his side Arnulf and Herluin and their followers, and several Bishops of Burgundy with *theirs;* and filled Normandy with invading troops preparatory to its subjection and partition.

The peril was imminent. The enemy burst through Normandy, pillaging churches and convents on their way, and for a moment it seemed as if the noble duchy of the sea-kings would become an inferior part of France. In this crisis, the Norman gentlemen displayed consummate address—that combined audacity and dexterity so characteristic of their race. Bernard the Dane was instantly commissioned to wile away from Louis the advantage of the situation, by inducing him to accept the fealty of the Normans, himself, and

throw over-board the great vassal to whom he had given the Bessin and Bayeux. Louis agreed; was received in Rouen with shouts of joy and ringing of bells; ordered Hugues to give up the Bessin, and went himself to receive the homage of Bayeux. From thence proceeded to Evreux with the same object; and so returned to Rouen,—the betrayed Hugues meanwhile vowing vengeance.

At this crisis there was stationed, at a place called *Chieresborc*, in the Cotentin—(a place very celebrated now, and likely to be more so under its modern name of *Cherbourg*)—a Danish fleet. The commander of this fleet was Harald,—in all probability, though it is not entirely certain, Harald *Blaatand* (*Black-tooth*, or *Blue-tooth*)—King of Denmark, and grandfather of our famous King Canute. When he came, or why he came, is uncertain. The story of what he did is variously told, according as the narrator is Norman or Frank, and it is only with approximate certainty that we can fix the year as 945.* But the results of his arrival are clear. He helped his kinsmen to free themselves. "Noble Norse valour" was once more brought into play: the French were beaten; the King taken; the province rescued. Young Richard—now a brilliant,

* See the story well discussed in Depping, liv. 4, 1, and Appendices. Sismondi, "Hist. des Français," iii. 424, *et seq.*

promising boy-prince—was restored to his people and to Normandy, and Louis did not escape until he had once more renewed the grant of the Duchy in the memorable village of St. Clair-sur-Epte. Long afterwards, on a still more memorable scene, the greatest man of Rou's line referred to that interview. It was amongst the topics with which William the Conqueror refreshed the proud memories of his chivalry before launching them at Hastings on the Saxon lines.

Richard Sans-Peur was now an independent duke. He had his own place and policy in Europe, and knew how to maintain them. He allied himself with Count Hugues, whose daughter Emma—early betrothed to him—he married in 960. The Normans were undoubtedly among the chief supports of the Capetian dynasty; and it is not the least important of their achievements that they mainly helped to place a new and lasting family on the throne of France.* So just was the presentiment of sorrow with which the great Charlemagne had gazed on their sails.

Richard was a true Norman, of the modern Norman character, which during his long reign established itself as a new type. Old Norse daring, modern feudal accomplishment, were united in him. He had the personal beauty of his line; its kindness for the Church;

* Palgrave's "Normandy," ii. 773; Sismondi, iv. 65.

its love of splendour—perhaps a dash of the gay vanity which glittered in a Norman's character, like a plume in his helm. He loved to have his barons about him, and would make them presents of Spanish horses* —laying the foundation of that Norman cavalry which presently became so important. His fearlessness by night and day was proverbial, and won him his name of *Sans-Peur*. 'Twas a quality that he required during a life of which much was necessarily spent in war. No sooner were the *fiançailles* between him and Emma,—sixteen years prior in date to their marriage—known, than a league was formed against him by Louis, Arnulf, and Otho, but this resulted harmlessly, through their mutual distrust. Thibault of Chartres invaded him, and was repulsed from the gates of Rouen to the Norman shout of *Diex aïe!* He was obliged to call in the Danes to help him against continual Frank hostility, and coming up the Seine they established an immense place of safety and booty at Geufosse. The Bishop of Chartres came to appeal to Richard. Would not he, good Christian, kindly friend of the Church, save Christian men from these brawny pagans, reeking of heathenism, salt-water, and strong ale? Richard shrugs his shoulders. "Why force me, then!" The bishop proceeded to mediate between the duke and his enemies, —chiefly Thibault, called "the *Trickster*,"—the most

* Roman de Rou.

slippery potentate of his time. Sans-Peur drew off his Norse sea-dogs,—not without difficulty, for they had got to like the mild air and plentiful provisions about Geufosse. They say that the duke displayed astonishing eloquence (always a Norman gift) in talking their leaders over, one fine moonlight night, and the trouvères long afterwards pretended to give the entire oration. Some of the vikings settled under him, to merge into Christian gentlemen by-and-by. Others took to their dear old sea again, laden with spoil, made for Spain, began the ancient game of church-pillaging, and came to a bad end, there being a vigorous hidalgo in command in those parts.

Such was the kind of work which Richard had to do —work requiring a good head and a strong arm. He had, unquestionably, the governing talent of his family. He served the Church, too,—founding St. Ouen at Rouen, St. Michael *de Monte*, and the abbey of Fécamp, at which he died. The clergy induced him at last to marry "Gunnora" in proper Christian fashion (so at least the Norman chroniclers say), and he ended his long reign, peaceably, in 996,—the same year which witnessed the death of Hugh Capet.

Richard Sans-Peur's reign is of importance in our history, for in it we find for the first time, lords of Gournay, whose existence is testified to by charter. Eudes and Hugh we know from tradition only; but the

age of parchment has come in now, and we have *record*. This is always an important epoch in a pedigree;—not that tradition is entirely untrustworthy—to assert *that*, would be pedantry; but because a charter puts one in bodily contact (so to speak) with ancient persons and times. It is like the remnant of an old tower — something which speaks about antiquity for itself.

Our first knowledge of lords of Gournay in this way is, as usual, of an indirect character. The foundation-deed of the priory of La Ferté-en-Brai affords it. That deed—founding a priory on one of the estates of the great lordship of Gournay and the Pays de Bray,—was drawn up by Gautier de la Ferté, who described himself as son of Renaud and Alberarda, and added that he made this settlement, *imperante fratre meo Hugone*—"at the command of my brother Hugh." Gautier, then, was a younger son of Renaud de Gournay and Alberarda his wife, and founded this house with his elder brother's leave, while himself holding in feudal fashion a portion of the family estates. A whole generation is thus brought before us. The date is fixed within certain limits by the names of the witnesses, who were Richard I., Duke of Normandy (Sans-Peur); the second Richard, his son; Robert, Archbishop of Rouen; and a Count Robert. Now, as we know that Archbishop Robert acquired that see in

989, and that Sans-Peur died in 996, we have a tolerably good notion of the period of the transaction. The donations were very considerable, and show that the house was great.*

So far, so good. Reginald (*Gallic*, Renaud) and Alberarda his wife were, *we know*, flourishing contemporaneously with Sans-Peur in Normandy, and had sons who befriended the Church. Their rank is proved by the fact that two successive dukes witnessed the deed by which the younger of these sons founded a priory, and that they had large possessions with which to endow it. All the rest is conjecture; and we have only imagination to help us to fill up Renaud's life. The scanty histories of that age leave much unknown about kings and princes, and we cannot expect biographies of every powerful private noble. Yet surely there are some things which may be affirmed with certainty about Renaud de Gournay, though there is so little known in detail of his generation, and though a chronicler would perhaps never have mentioned them, precisely because they were matters of course. We may assume, for instance, that nobody could have held a frontier position like GOURNAY, who was not fit for his task; such being an inevitable natural law in early times. We may be sure that a lord of Gournay, from the very seat of his power, fell as soon as any Norse-

* "Record of the House of Gournay," pp. 26, 27.

man under the influence of Frankish civilisation; spoke (certainly by Renaud's time) the romance tongue, for instance; took heartily to the Church and to feudalism; and encouraged all growing efforts towards a more beautiful kind of life—chivalry, architecture, the culture of field and orchard, the planting of the vine. Renaud de Gournay fell just into the transition time,—the stage in which the Norman gentleman was developing out of the Norse sea-king,—which makes it the more difficult to *realise* his existence. One thing we may be quite certain of—it was an active existence. In war, his lands would be among the first overrun; the local government of his barony would require constant care; abbot and priest would fly to him for counsel one day, for help the next. The duke's court, too, had its claims on a lord of Gournay; and many a time his horse's hoofs would be heard clattering through the narrow streets of old Rouen, or over the green sward to the duke's *maison de plaisance* at Lillebonne. His domestic life can only be dimly fancied: there would be plenty of hunting and hawking, begun early, and wound up with feasting and wine. A rough, animal existence it would be, but strongly pious, for all that, and always tinged with reverence for priest and monk,—a deep religious fear checking the inborn pride of race and the habitual and unquestioned position of command. What a training for a man,—a life-long respon-

sibility of power, and development of self-reliance and activity! It must have passed into the very bones of a family, and moulded it into a special type, which, indeed, we can see to have been the result among the old nobilities of Europe.

But we must not linger, dreamingly, over Renaud and Alberarda. All that we *know* of them, has been already stated. Hugh, their eldest son, would flourish, no doubt, well into the beginning of the eleventh century; but of him we have only the name. Gautier, the younger, founded a junior line, which took the surname (surnames were just beginning then) of *de la Ferté*. They held their lands (la Ferté, Gaillefontaine, &c.) from the heads of the house by the tenure called *parage*—a tenure which we shall have particular reasons for explaining as our Family History proceeds. Gautier was succeeded by Hugues de la Ferté, who founded the priory of Sigi; and Hugues, by another Hugues, who became a monk of St. Ouen at Rouen, and in whom that branch ended.* Thereupon, their seignories reverted to the family, according to the tenure aforesaid. The la Ferté line claims no particular attention; but what is really worth noticing is the early *religiosity* of these Gournays, which will meet us in various shapes before we have done.

* "Record of the House of Gournay," pp. 27, 28.

The patient reader, long accustomed to consider genealogy a hopelessly dull subject, and imposing an arduous task on us thereby, will pardon our summing up what we have achieved so far. We have passed, in review, Eudes the traditionary (Norse pagan, baptized); Hugh the traditionary (fortifier of Gournay); Renaud and Alberarda, known by charter as contemporaries of Richard Sans Peur; Hugh, their heir; and Gautier, their younger son, of la Ferté. We have, therefore, arrived now on firm ground; identified the race by positive evidence; and, for convenience' sake, shall dub the son of Renaud, Hugh I., as the earliest lord of Gournay known by charter. Here, then, we have legal evidence of the family's existence for a century before the Conquest—that remarkable boundary-line of the antiquity of English nobility.

Hugh I. was contemporary, no doubt, with Richard II., called Richard *Le Bon*, the son and heir of Sans-Peur by the Danish Gunnora. But that is all we can say with tolerable certainty of *him*. The year 997 would be one that he would remember all his life; for, that year, the *rustici* of Normandy raised a revolt against their masters. They formed a regular conspiracy, held meetings, and sent delegates to a kind of rough "parliament" in the woods—poor native-Celtic serfs!—not to be spoken of without pity, when we remember their

fate. For the government laid hold of the leaders, lopped off their hands or feet, and sent them back in that state to their followers, who, immediately (as the old chronicler says with melancholy *naïveté*,) "*ad sua aratra sunt reversi*," returned to their ploughs!* One cannot—thank God for it!—read of such things without a shudder. But it is of no use blinking facts. It was better that the leaders should suffer, even in this way, than that the serfs should for a moment triumph, with the certainty of a terrible chastisement; or, supposing real success, with the certainty of barbarising Normandy, and destroying what civilisation had yet been achieved. The Normans were a proud race, and governed sternly perhaps on the whole, threatened as they were on every side by enemies without; but they could govern, and had a great historic destiny to fulfil. The chroniclers (and early writers are very outspoken) do not defend the rising. They tell us that the *rustici* had determined to live "how they pleased," by no means a good arrangement if we look only at their own interest—and perhaps the real grievance was the wood and water privileges of their chase-loving masters.† Sismondi has a good remark. He thinks that the peasants were now really improving in position, and that the revolt was the expression of their conscious-

* Will. of Jumièges, ap. Duchesne, p. 249.
† *Ibid. ubi sup.*

ness of new strength.* Poor *Jacques Bonhomme* did not know that this very glimmer of improvement was itself due to three generations or so of more decent government than formerly, by these very Northmen; if they *did* ride somewhat superciliously past his little *chaumière* on their Spanish horses; and though they *did* claim exclusive dominion over the forest where his pigs fed, and the streams whence lampreys must be forthcoming for a fast-day! The worst of this attempt at rebellion was, that it bred scorn of the *vilain* by his lord, and tightened the strong Norman rein. That afterwards in England, the roughness of conquest once over, the nobility were not unpopular, is proved by several things,—not the least by that kindly feeling towards a "gentleman" (surviving so many changes!) which is still *English*.

Hugh I. (assuming that he enjoyed a tolerable longevity) would witness several curious developments of the history of his Norman countrymen; and may be supposed to have taken his own share in some of these. Early in the eleventh century, for instance, came the passion for pilgrimages, and the Norman chivalry began to pour south. Pilgrimage, in fact, was the Christianity of adventure,—as chivalry was the Christianity of gentlemen,—and both suited a people like the Normans who were at once religious, romantic,

* Sismondi, "Histoire des Français," 4, 111.

and proud. So, away went their most ardent youth while the eleventh century was young—some to Italy, some to fight the Saracens in Spain,—forerunners of the Norman kingdoms in Apulia and Sicily—and harbingers of the Crusades. The historic Norman was forming himself definitely now — a personage strong but brilliant, like polished oak; handsome, moreover (often of the fair Northern type, still); daring in war; a lover of song, and of splendour; and a leal son of the Church. Hitherto, it had been enough for him to defend his province—to check Brittany, or Flanders, or France,—while absorbing all the civilization he had found,—and yet keeping the old rock-foundation of natural vigour which he had brought from the Baltic. But now, in the eleventh century, his mission began to expand before him. He began to be an *influence* as well as a power; he began to be famous in the South, and to be recognised more decidedly by an island separated from him by a strip of sea,—an island in which he had a very wonderful destiny to achieve, without knowing it!

Was Hugh de Gournay—whom we call Hugh I.—present on the coast when King Ethelred sent a force to attack Normandy, every man of which was slain or beaten—the very women (*feminæ pugnatrices*), helping to brain them with the *vectibus* [*yokes?*], on which they carried their water-buckets,—*vectibus hy-*

*driarum suarum ?**—It may be so. Assuredly, it must have been an interesting day for Hugh, when Emma, Duke Richard the Second's sister—fair Emma called *Gemma Normannorum*—left for England as Ethelred's bride. This was in the year 1002—a year marked by the brutal and cowardly Danish massacre in England, when the Saxon king and his friends killed traitorously many scores of the race that they did not find it easy to kill in war! England was fearfully corrupt and degenerate at that time, sunk in all the vices, we don't say of barbarism merely, but of effete barbarism. All the noble old ties were loosened, whether of kinsmanship or mastership; people sold their nearest and dearest as slaves to foreigners without compunction.† In battle, somebody was sure to betray his countrymen among them, and they fled from the Danish invaders at the rate of ten before one.‡ The high Saxon aristocracy (for blood was once as sacred among them as among the Norsemen §) had waned away before upstarts stained with crime, such as Ethelred's friend Edric, founder of the House of Godwin—a family, to

* Will. of Jum. (Duchesne, p. 251).

† See the sermon of Lupus, a Saxon bishop of that age, printed in Saxon and Latin in Hickes' "Thesaurus," Part 2, p. 98 *et seq.*; and William of Malmesbury.

‡ Lupus, *ubi sup.*

§ Mr. Kemble thought ("Saxons in England") that nobility was brought over as an institution by the first settlers. The attention to pedigree in the "Saxon Chronicle" is very noticeable.

almost every member of which—and it was a large family—some distinct villany can be brought home. Emma could scarcely have gone to a worse Court, and she was neglected when she did go. But the massacre of 1002 brought its bloody but wholesome chastisement in good time. Down came the iron whip of the Norseman, sharp and biting as the frost of his land. Svend *Forked-Beard,* and his son *Knut,* or Canute, poured through England by the way of the Humber, seized London, and drove Ethelred into Normandy. That feeble king only returned to England to die (A.D. 1016), and the English crown, after a few months' gallant struggle on the part of Edmund *Ironside* (the last really capable man of the stock of Cerdic), was seized by Canute,—the greatest monarch beyond all question who wore it between Alfred and William. We own, frankly, to a kindness for Knut—the last of the great "barbarians." There was something vast about his kingly faculty, which yet had a healthy vein of geniality, like running water, through it, as witness that old story about his delight in the singing of the monks of Ely. And the author of the "Encomium Emmæ" saw him weeping and beating his breast before the altar, during the journey which he made to Rome.*

Here, again, we might ask—did Hugh I. live to see the splendid marriage between this fair Emma and

* Encomium Emmæ (Duchesne, p. 173).

King Canute in A.D. 1017? That was an important event for Normandy, and for England too. Meanwhile, there were two boys growing up in Normandy,—whom a lord of Gournay can hardly have missed seeing in Rouen,—children of Emma by Ethelred—Alfred and *Edward*,—the last fated to have a great effect on Norman and English destinies. It is in connection with these princes—especially the last—that our lords of Gournay first figure in *history*. We have them, as has been shown, in charters, but they now begin to appear in chronicles. The way of it was this:—

We all know that the great Canute died, and was buried in the venerable town of Winchester, in the year of grace 1035. Two or three families had different degrees of pretension to his crown: Ethelred's children by Emma; Canute's son, Hardicanute, by Emma;—Canute's sons (illegitimate, of course), by Alfgive. But the times and the state of England were such, that—though right would go for something—ready daring, the being on the spot, and luck, would necessarily go for much more; in fact, would decide the situation. "Why," thought the young Ethelings, living idly in Normandy, "why should not we enjoy the crown of our ancestors, now that the great Danish king—usurper, too, though he did marry our mother—is dead?" Norman gentlemen, —honouring the princely lads, and never disinclined to adventures,—as we may suppose, encouraged the

generous idea. A small fleet was got ready at Barfleur, in which Edward sailed; another at Wissant, in which Alfred made a separate expedition.

The leaders of Edward's force were very distinguished Normans, and among them Giffart, Conte de Longueville, the Lord of Girarville, and *Hugh de Gournay.** They landed in Hampshire, intending to bid for Emma's support, Winchester being her head-quarters. But the people hung aloof from them, partly (as William of Poitou tells us) "for fear of the Danes,"† whose sympathies were with Canute's son, Harold *Harefoot;* and they turned back again, after plundering the districts‡ of the recreants who would not fight for their own prince. Emma, herself, gave them no countenance; for, as Lingard observes, she seems to have preferred her Danish to her Saxon children,§ which was perhaps natural; and she was at this time working in the interest of Hardicanute, who held the crown afterwards in the two years' interval between *Harefoot* and the Confessor. Prince Edward's journey, then, was a failure. That of his brother Alfred was a failure and something worse. *He* landed at Dover; was arrested, and carried before *Harefoot* by the exertions of Earl Godwin,

* Chronique de Normandie ("Hist de la France," Bouquet, vol. 11, 339); Record, p. 37.

† William of Poitou (Duchesne, p. 178).

‡ *Ibid.*

§ Lingard's "History of England," 1, 319.

who dipped his hands in the blood of his ancient sovereigns by sending the "innocent Etheling" to the Isle of Ely to die—blinded, and in chains.* There is no washing that stain out of the upstart House—raised by crime—of Edric Streona; and it is of a piece with the doings of other members of it—Brithtric, Wulfnoth, Sweyn and Tosti, all chargeable with their crime a-piece. That such a family could rise in England is a sad outward sign of the degeneracy within.

The Hugh de Gournay of Edward's fleet in 1035 cannot have been Renaud's heir, Hugh I., who would then have been too aged a man for such a venture, and who can scarcely have lived through the reigns of Duke Richard *Le Bon* (who died 1028), Richard the Third (*ib.* 1028), and the brother of this last, viz., Robert *le Diable*, or *Le Magnifique*, whose death happened the very year of which we have been speaking. No; this Hugh was the remarkable lord of Gournay, who figured in all the great transactions of the Conqueror's reign down to the battle of Hastings, and who came, by the time of that great event, to be known affectionately by the *trouvères* as *le viel Huon*, or "old Hugh." This is his appellation in the "Roman de Rou" of Master Wace,† in which, through all the old Norman

* Florence of Worcester (Forester's transl.), p. 141; Hoveden (by Riley), 1, 108; Will. of Jum. (Duchesne), p. 247. Compare Mackintosh's "England," 1, 65, and "Lappenberg," by Thorpe, 2, 226.

† Wace (a Jersey man) finished the "Roman de Rou" in 1164;—

obsoleteness, a poetic eye and poetic heart are clearly to be seen to this day. We cannot get full biographies (as may once more be repeated) of the nobles of that generation, but there is ample evidence that this Hugh —whom we shall describe as Hugh II., for clearness' sake—was one of the greatest of them. Indeed, we doubt if there is a family in the English Peerage with *a male descent* from a personage so considerable of that date,—the Courtenays alone excepted. There are descendants of the Montgomeries, but in the female line, for Lord Eglinton is a Seton.* There are male descendants of Norman barons, — Greys, Berkeleys, Cliffords, St. Johns, Hastingses, Byrons,—but have they a potentate in the middle of the eleventh century so definitely ascertained? Perhaps a fact like this somewhat excuses, *primâ facie*, the present work.

The earliest mention of Hugh II. is as witness to a charter of William's granting church-lands in the time of his father Duke Robert.† This fixes him—as *Hugo Miles*—before the year (1035) of Robert's death. Next comes the English expedition,—the flush of adventure of a young and zealous noble,—of which we have just heard. In 1050, we find him again wit-

died 1184 at Caen. Was many years a prebendary of Bayeux—thanks to Henry the Second.

* Crawford's "Peerage of Scotland."

† "Record of the House of Gournay," p. 38.

nessing a charter of Malger, Archbishop of Rouen,*—always connected with Church zeal, be it remarked. The Normans of that age were full of it,—and covered their fair land with spires and towers that glittered among the woods. Pious enthusiasm prompted this—not unmingled with the love of the beautiful, which it gratified, and of the fame which it won. "A powerful man," says Ordericus Vitalis, "thought himself ridiculous (*derisione dignum*) if he did not sustain priests or monks for God's warfare on his possessions."† "The Normans," says Florence of Worcester, "are very ambitious of future renown."‡ It is this mixture of elements—pious zeal, worldly vanity, the solid and the showy—all displayed on a great scale, and with Norse vigour at the bottom—which gives piquancy to the Norman character. The history of the race has yet to be written.

There is another appearance of "Old Hugh's," as a friend of the Church—authorising grants to the nunnery of Montevilliers,—of the date last mentioned.§ He had evidently come of age before Duke Robert's pilgrimage and death, and was now in the prime of life. He may have been at the meeting at which

* "Record of the House of Gournay," p. 38.
† "Ord. Vital." (Duchesne, p. 460).
‡ "Florence" (Forester's trans., p. 142).
§ "Record," p. 38.

Robert showed his *petit bâtard* to the barons—and told them that by God's blessing the youngster would yet grow to be somebody. Nor can we doubt that he had his fair share of the troubles of that turbulent period—William's minority; when baron rose against baron, and vavassor against vavassor; when castles were besieged and burnt, and pillage and massacre raged in the land. Amidst such troubles, Hugh's leader—young William—grew up; his boyhood was full of danger and anxiety; and at twenty years of age (A. D. 1047) he fought a pitched battle (at Val-des-Dunes, near Caen,) for his ducal crown. It cannot be doubted, that with the barons of the Haute Normandie, came Hugh de Gournay on this occasion, and helped William to gain the victory. William fought terribly that day, and indeed his whole youthful struggle was a splendid discipline for him. He was born to a great place, and yet had to rely on himself for the means of keeping it—was sprung from Rollo, but would have lost all if he had not been worthy of Rollo; so that he united the traditions of a prince with the training of an adventurer; and ripened into the greatest sovereign of the age. There are very few men to whose individuality the world owes so much. For his great doings were his own work. His barons would not have invaded England under anybody less personally energetic and aspiring,—so that the Con-

quest was, more than most important events, the triumph of a leader. But if he led in war, he led also in everything else; in all mediæval culture and all chivalrous accomplishment. His development was complete and many-sided, for though in battle he fought like the best of his soldiers, in peace he organised with a true genius for civilisation. The warrior is but one aspect of William, who was a real kingly friend of Order, and whose memory is as fresh in the pages of Doomsday as in the gray walls of the Tower or the black ruins of Battle Abbey. Such a man was worth fighting for—as old Hugh de Gournay well knew.

Accordingly, when in 1054, Henry the First of France invaded Normandy, we find Hugh de Gournay at his post, and we find moreover that William must have had a great opinion of that baron. The occasion was very serious. That year William—whose renown was spreading everywhere—had espoused Matilda of Flanders, a beautiful, long-descended lady of the very highest rank and consequence, worthy by her charms of his love, and more than worthy by her blood of his court. It was a match at once, of passion and of ambition—a match to make a man happy as well as great. The Church raised difficulties on account of their relationship, which were made up by the foundation of religious houses,—a task not un-

pleasing to William, and in conformity with the tastes of Baldwin's accomplished daughter. But the French were fearfully envious,—*ont eu mainte envie sur Northmans*,* says an old chronicler,—and King Henry promised them that he would destroy Normandy, and send the Normans back, where they anciently (*anciennement*) came from! Send the Normans back again to Scandinavia—after five generations? Cannot one fancy the leonine roar of laughter from the de Tonys, and Mortimers, and Montgomerys, at hearing of such a thing? However, King Henry made an attempt at it,—for he divided his army and sent it into Normandy in two divisions, of which one entered by the Beauvoisis into the Neufchâtel country; and the other (under the king himself) made for Mantes.

William was just the man for such a crisis. He undertook to look after the king to the south of the Seine in person; and he sent off some of his best barons—*fortissimi viri*—to meet the other portion of the French force. These warriors, chosen by himself, were the Count d'Eu, Walter Giffard, Count of Longueville, and Hugh de Gournay,† who, taking with them the flower of their followers, fell upon the enemy at

* "Chronique de la Normandie" (Bouquet, "Historiens de la France," 11, 340).

† Roman de Rou, 2, 73; Will. of Poitou (Duchesne, p. 187); Chronique de Normandie, *ubi sup.*; William of Malmesbury (Giles' trans.) p. 264.

daybreak at Mortimer-sur-Eaune, and gave them a thorough defeat. The news of this important battle reached William rapidly, in the neighbourhood of the king's camp, and the Norman poets add a curious incident. William, they say, sent Rodolf de Toeny to take up his position, in the stillest hour of the night, near where the French lay, and to cry out through the solemn darkness—

> Franceiz, Franceiz, levez, levez,
> Tenez vos veies, trop dormez,
> Allez vos amis enterrer
> Ki sunt occiz à Mortemer.

A panic, we are told, seized the royal army, and it broke up before the first glimmer of the dawn.

A man who could be relied on for such services as this, like Hugh de Gournay II., must have stood high in the favour of one who knew men and valued them, like William; and no wonder that we find him with kinsmen and vassals at Hastings, helping his liege lord in the crowning triumph of his life. Everything concurs to show that he approved William's policy,—for if he had, from the first, been Edward the Confessor's friend, and always the duke's loyal vassal, who can doubt that he favoured whatever sprung out of the relations between these two? What *they* were, is well known. The gentle Edward never lost his Norman associations, and England, with its organisation broken

by decay and by the Danes, became deeply tinged with Norman influences during his reign. The truth is, that the Normans were the more highly civilised people of the two, without having lost the natural vigour which they had brought from the Baltic. They retained the spirit which the sea had given them, and absorbed the feudal culture of the continent at the same time. So that when Thierry tells us that their domination over the Saxon resembled that of the Turk over the Greek,* he unconsciously helps us to a far happier and truer form of his illustration. What may be justly said is, that the Norman had over the Saxon both the superiority of Turk over Greek and that of Greek over Turk, the superiority of war, at the same time with the superiority of refinement. This is a sufficient justification in the great plan of destiny for their ascendency in England—an ascendency prepared by natural influences and by alliance, before consummated by the conquering sword. But there is another point of view from which the Conquest is not so often regarded, and which those who look on it unkindly would do well to ponder. When we remember the degeneracy and demoralisation of Eng-

* Thierry's "Conquest," Introduction. The spirit and eloquence of Thierry are as unquestionable as his research; and the influence of his book has been great. But it is written, we need not say, with systematic hostility to the Norman name.

land at that time, and try and fancy what would have followed if the Conquest had *not* taken place while the Normans were a separate people from both England and France, what conclusion dawns upon us? Why, that England would probably have been conquered, *after* Normandy had merged into an essential part of the French system, and would have remained an island province to this day of France. Whereas, her Norman conquerors, as it was, taught her to hate the French and to beat them, while still imbuing her with whatever of good France had taught themselves; and became a great *national* aristocracy, the traditions of which, and the remains of which save her equally from despotism and mob-government at this hour.

To this result, Hugh de Gournay contributed his share during the eleventh century. We do not hear of him, expressly, again till the Conquest; but we have a perfect right to assume that he did whatever a leading baron of that generation had to do. That he hunted with his neighbours in the fashion of his day, or drew bridle at the Abbey of St. Germer now and then, and chatted with the abbot about forest rights and public news, staying, perhaps, to hear a new antiphon by a brother of the house; that he took his wine sometimes with William himself, at Lillebonne, and complimented the fair Matilda on her last piece of embroidery; all that is a matter of course. One would like to know if

he was present when William feasted Harold, or when the future usurper shuddered after taking the oath (by-and-by to be broken) over the holy bones. We know that he was a knight; one of the Norman military order, who wore sword and silver-plated baldric, and carried a bannered lance. But all the details of his life have vanished, like the smoke that rose from his ancient tower, or the roses that bloomed in his Norman *plaisaunce*. Who his wife was—Frank or Norman—we cannot tell; it is but a guess, that towards 1066 his hair must have been getting grey. He lived as a baron of Normandy many a long year; fought well at Mortemer, and came to be known as *le vieil Huon*, "old Hugh." Such was his career up to the death of Edward the Confessor, and it is all of him that we know; though so much is as certain as the existence of William, or of Normandy itself. Then came the great 1066, and placed his name on a list which will be remembered as long as England.

Our modern historians have a plan, more remarkable for its simplicity than its justice, of dealing with that epoch. This plan consists of systematically ignoring what the *Norman* chroniclers say, and taking confidently the narratives of everybody else. Yet, it is worth considering whether the Norman writers are not occasionally to be believed; whether Harold was not

really sent to Normandy to offer William the succession to the crown; or whether, at all events, Edward the Confessor did not seriously intend that William should obtain it. Not that this affects the question as between William and Harold, for Harold had no more right to the crown of England than any other descendent of south country ceorls. Nor, indeed, can we apply modern "constitutional" principles to so remote a time. But it is certainly some justification of William towards the royal Saxon line, if the Confessor (as we cannot doubt) wished him to be his heir; and if—as the facts show—Edgar Atheling had no chance of obtaining the prize should William decline it. And here comes in the consideration of Harold's oath—one fact which at all events, nobody can dispute. The excuse in this case is, that Harold swore under *duresse;* but a very high-minded man would have preferred to die. An oath is an oath; and violent as that age was, perjury was held in horror and awe. Yet, Harold never hesitated for a moment about the perjury, but seized the crown at once, in a way that took William by surprise. The Duke, according to the well-known story, was trying some bows when the news reached him. He was struck dumb with rage for the moment—(he was naturally passionate)—but presently he rallied. "*By the Splendour of God!*" From that hour the fate of Harold was sealed. The Norman chivalry hung back—they

were won over; ships were wanted—they were begun. The Pope's benediction was sought—he sent a consecrated standard. The decision, rapidity, resource, success of the whole movement indicate consummate capacity, and stamp William a true king. On the other hand, as Hallam well observes, "England was peculiarly destitute of great men," *—a sign, we may add, invariably, of a nation's being in a melancholy way. Harold was the best and most capable man of a bad family—(he had good Danish blood through his mother)—but he was no match for the Duke. His own brother Tosti was in arms against him, and the nobility (such as had survived the Danish wars and the decay of their order) seem to have been tardy in rallying round him.

In Normandy all was zeal and fire. The great chivalry were everywhere preparing for the highest achievement of the Norman race. The axe rang through their woods, that vessels might be launched; the fires blazed round their castles, that weapons might be forged; everywhere in Normandy was heard the gathering of horses, everywhere was seen the glitter of armour and the glow of flags. The excitement penetrated into the recesses of abbeys and monasteries, and filled the courtyards of the castles with its noisy hum. It was felt like an atmosphere through the province,

* "Middle Ages," 10th edit. ii. 299.

among Bellamonts, Bohuns and Bigods, Mortimers and Montgomerys, Tonys and Montfichets and Grantmesnils; by Limesays (destined to produce Scottish Lindsays) in the Pays de Caux;* by Bacons and Bruses in Bayeux; under the mail of the Warrennes, and beneath the mantles of the Botelers. The leaders of this proud baronage,—friends and kinsmen of William—such men as the Count Robert d'Eu, the Count of Evreux, Robert Earl of Mortaigne, William Fitz-Osborne the high steward, vied with each other in preparing for the war. Some supplied as many as fifty ships, others twenty or ten. Matilda herself sent to her consort the vessel that was to bear his banner, on the prow of which a youthful figure of gold leaned forward, with trumpet in hand, towards the coast of England; and from many parts of Europe,—from Poitou, Anjou, Brittany,—young chevaliers flocked to the armament, which represented the valour of the Duke and the prayers of the Church. The autumn found many hundred vessels assembled at St. Valerie, and thousands of warriors anxiously watching the wind.

There were three members of the Race of Gournay present in this memorable invasion:—†

* "Lives of the Lindsays," i. 4.

† Dumoulin's "Normandie," p. 185 (ap. Record); Comp. Roman de Rou; Duchesne, "Script. Norman.;" Dugdale's "Baronage," i. 429.

Hue de Gournai,
Le Sire de Brai,
Le Seigneur de Gournai.

"Hue," of course, was their chief—"Old Hugh;" the second was, no doubt, his son (of whom presently); the third, that member of the family who founded the Somersetshire branch. We cannot give the number of the ships furnished by the House, but as it was the feudal duty of a Lord of Gournay to find twelve knights,* and as the "Roman de Rou" expressly speaks of the great body of men brought by Old Hugh from his Pays de Brai, we may safely credit the family with a small squadron.

Nothing is more remarkable among the details of the preparations for sailing than the *order* with which William managed everything. To hear our popular declaimers on the subject, one would fancy that the expedition wore a buccaneering aspect; that it was the tumultuous gathering of a body of robbers. The truth is, that it was the deliberate military and naval preparation of an immense body comprising the very flower of the most cultivated and accomplished gentlemen in Europe, whose object was to revenge Duke William on a man by whom they believed him to have been betrayed. So far from there being anything irregular or barbarous in the general man-

* "Red Book Roll" (Record, part 1, 23.)

agement, the whole business part (involving commissariat, the shipment of horses and arms, the materials of engineering, and other matters which, even now, demand our best modern scientific apparatus), was beautifully organized. William had always been a conspicuous suppressor of crime and disorder. He now gathered a great army together on the coast, which committed no irregularity, so that the flocks of the country-people fed in peace.* A storm having risen at St. Valerie, he had the bodies of those who were lost, buried quietly, to avoid alarms.† All the details indicate a quiet prudence, forerunner of the subsequent good management of an English fleet; and the lamp at his mast-head burned away through the night steadily as the poop-lantern of a modern admiral.‡ The Gournays would see that guiding-star of chivalry, as they leaned over the shield-adorned bulwarks of their war-craft,—"Old Hugh," we need not doubt, longing intensely for the fresh breeze to stir his grey hair. How strange and solemn must have been the effect of the vesper-song over the waters, while with banners drooping languidly the great feudal fleet waited for wind!

It came at last, to break the mortal weariness, and

* Will. of Poitou (Duchesne, p. 197). There are worse writers than William of Poitou in our own day!

† *Ibid.* p. 198. ‡ *Ibid. ubi sup.*

fill all hearts, as it filled all sails, with swelling hope. So intensely had it been longed for, that when it was felt coming, and grass and wave woke up into life under its cheery breath, men hailed it with shouts of joy and with clapping of hands.* At this point of his narrative, William of Poitou becomes madly enthusiastic, and insists on comparing his hero to Xerxes and the Atridæ, for which we shall not quarrel with him. The whole fleet now weighed for England; Duke William's vessel shooting far a-head, so that when a man looked from his mast in the morning, it was some time before the sails of his followers rose above the sea-line. The first thing the Duke did, it seems, on anchoring at Pevensey, was to spread out an abundant *prandium*, accompanied by *Bacchus pigmentatus*.† The sea air has a hungry character about it, and there was hard work before him.

* Will. of Poitou. † *Ibid.*

CHAPTER III.

OUR LAST GLIMPSE OF "OLD HUGH." HIS SON HUGH III., AND HIS GRANDSON, GERARD, THE CRUSADER.

IN the ever-memorable battle of Hastings which followed on William's masterly landing, the Gournays fought amongst their peers, the barons of Normandy. The general arrangement of the fight is familiar to all readers, from many popular works. Harold (who had rushed down from the North, flushed with his victory over Tosti and the Norsemen) drew up and posted his army well and skilfully, in a kind of wedge, on hilly ground, flanked by woods. William sent forward his light infantry and archers first, then his heavy-armed infantry to support them, keeping under his own command the superb Norman cavalry, in which his main strength lay. With glittering helmets, clad in ring-mail, and bearing bannered lances, forward charged these princely men, —worthy at once of the sea-kings from whom they

came, and of the barons of England, Scotland, and Ireland, of whom they were destined to be the sires. The poets of their race long afterwards loved to dwell on the details of that great day. To them we owe the singular picture of Taillefer's gallant adventure,—how he rode out in front of the lines, singing of Roland and Charlemagne,* tossing his sword up and catching it, till he fell amidst his foes, glorious in life, and death, and memory! They revelled, too, in descriptions of William's own prowess,—the three horses killed under him; his rally of his wavering men, bare-headed, when the cry was that he had been slain; the deep admiration of his followers, when, after the fight, they gathered round him, and looked at the dints in his helmet and shield. In the thick of the list of his warriors, as it is rolled out in the Norman-French of Wace, occurs the name of "Old Hugh."

—— li viel Hüe de Gornai
Ensemble o li sa gent de Brai,
Od la grant gent ke cil meuerent
Mult en ocistrent è tuerent.

It is clear that he did his duty with his kinsmen and vassals by his side, that terrible 14th October, 1066; and with that knowledge we ought perhaps to be content. All details of their doings are lost,—have vanished like the echoes of the shouts of "*Dieu aide!*"

* Roman de Rou.

and "*Notre Dame!*" which rang through the autumn air of Sussex, as they closed in mortal struggle with the foe. They helped to conquer England, and so to produce all that followed from the conquest. In what particular spot of the battle, fought 'Burun, or Brus? There is no "correspondent" to tell us; and we are apt to underrate, in an age of copious record, the ages whose heroes have but scanty fame. Nevertheless, the work of the *ante Agamemnona* men has not died, but subtly and silently has operated through history, and helped to build up the organization of society in which we live.

Certain it is, that after the battle of Hastings, our Lord of Gournay, known as "Old Hugh," vanishes. We get the last glimpse of him, charging amidst Giffards and Montforts, at the head of his men; and he disappears out of history like a spectre horseman. It is impossible to tell how far he co-operated with William in the work of his reign,—whether he was present at his coronation, or returned to Normandy with him next year to the rejoicings, or took part in his great western and northern campaigns. We have shown in our last chapter why it is probable that he was devoted to the regular Norman policy —the policy of civilization through conquest. Nor, can we doubt, that while he lived, he steadily laboured in William's cause. But there are reasons

for supposing that he did not survive Hastings many years, while, had he fallen in the battle, the fact would not have escaped Wace, William of Jumièges, and other writers near the time who were perfectly familiar with the main events in the story of so distinguished a family.

Tradition, indeed, has its own account of the manner of the veteran's death; and tradition is a stream which brings grains of gold along with its mud and pebbles. The "Histoire MS. de Gournay" asserts that Hugh was wounded in the "battle of Cardiff," in 1074, and died in Normandy immediately afterwards in consequence.* The "Histoire et Chronique de Normandie" (Megissier, Rouen, 1610,) makes the same assertion; and *some* thread of reality, one would think, must run through the narrative. But when we try to seize the thread, endless difficulties present themselves. Such a battle of "*Cardiff*" is unknown to exact history to begin with; and it is no easy matter to discover of what name "Cardiff" may be a blundering representation. It would be tedious to make a long discussion on this point. But we may mention as a conjecture just plausible enough not to be ridiculous, that Hugh fell in resisting the futile Danish attempt on the eastern coasts in 1069. We know that there was such an attempt both at Ipswich

* Record of the House of Gournay, p. 40, 41; Supplement, p. 731.

and near Norwich that year;* and that one of the Conqueror's main services to England was his saving her from all other invasions after his own.† Such a cause was worth dying in, for it was the cause of New England insular and independent. This is a mere guess, however, chiefly worth hazarding, because tradition usually represents (vaguely enough) *something* credible. And the eastern counties, we know, were the first scene of the power of the Gournays in England, as they still are the home of the descendents and representatives of the house.

Enough, however, of the first marked historical personage of the race—long since laid to rest in some of the abbeys his family had befriended, and lulled by many a score of masses for "the repose of his soul," no doubt, after the manner of his time.

We have now to deal with his successor (may we not positively say his son?)—another Hugh de Gournay, to be called in our pages for clearness' sake Hugh III., or Hugh of Doomsday. This is the Hugh de Gournay whom our regular genealogists—dating from Doomsday, the first and greatest of *blue-books*—begin with as the patriarch of the line.‡ We have shown that the line

* Carte's "History of England," i. 406.

† Hallam.

‡ Dugdale's Baronage, i. 429; Nicolas' Peerage, by Courthope, p. 232; Record, p. 46, 7.

had a history for near two centuries previously; and of how few the same can be said, genealogists know. But still there is a certain satisfaction in having arrived at the Doomsday epoch. Our records begin to be more ample; our details to be more copious; our knowledge to be more certain. Doomsday reveals to us the foundations of the aristocracy of England while the masonry was still fresh.

Hugh III., we have seen, had fought under his father at Hastings; though, in his case, we are equally unable to say whether he took part in suppressing the various rebellions which harassed William, and the story of which forms the chief feature in the later part of his reign. That he was active and energetic is proved by his making the remarkable addition of twenty-four villages to his Norman lordship,—villages situated in the Beauvoisis, and thenceforward known as the *Conquêts Hue de Gournai*. This acquisition, by which the Gournays became feudal vassals of the kings of France, will be found useful in explaining their policy at a later time. And it likewise helped to determine them—as their frontier position did—in the choice of Normandy for their head-quarters. Though tenants *in capite* in England, they did not hold fiefs here at all corresponding to the extent of their Norman lordships, which ranged far and wide over hill and dale, wood and water, crowned with castles, and pointed with

church spires, along the north-eastern border of the province.

The English fiefs of Hugh III., at the time of the General Survey—that is to say, at a period ranging between 1081 and 1086*—were the three manors of Fordham, Listow, and Ardley, in the county of Essex.† They soon became much more considerable, as we shall see, but these formed the nucleus of the family's subsequent power on this side the channel. It was a modest beginning; for potentates like Hugh *Lupus*, Earl Roger (of Montgomery), or Robert Earl of Mortaigne, held whole counties; and the lordships of the Giffards, Montforts, Mohuns, Malets, &c., are to be reckoned only in scores or dozens. But it is curious to compare generally the subsequent fortunes of houses with the appearance they make in Doomsday. The families of those great megatheria of the baronage have all passed away. The descendents of the holder of a simple castle in Shropshire became kings of Scotland, under the famous name of Stuart. The Russells only figure there as sub-tenants; and the great majority of modern noble houses do not figure at all!

A glimpse of a forgotten state of life—of a forgotten *formation*, to speak geologically—is furnished us by the entries in William's great blue-book about the

* "Recherches sur le Domesday," (Caen, 1842), pp. 13-15.

† Domesday Book, ii. 89; Record of the House of Gournay, p. 54.

three manors of the Gournays above mentioned.* We look through them, as through little windows, at a world that has passed away. Liston was held under Hugh de Gournay by "Goisfredus Talbot"—another strange fact in aristocratic history. There were five *bordarii* on the manor—a kind of cotters whose exact legal status puzzles the antiquaries.† There had been three *servi* (downright *slaves,* of whom some 25,000 then existed in England,‡) in the Confessor's time, but there were none now left. There were three cows with calves, twenty-two sheep, and eight *vasa apium*—hives of bees. The manor had always been worth sixty-eight shillings. Ardley and Fordham were more opulent manors. They boasted, respectively, their seven *villani*—peasantry in a modified kind of serfage; and Fordham had its eleven *bordarii* and four *servi* besides. Both had wood for pigs, and pigs to feed in it; had meadow-land and mills, a few cows, some sixty sheep a-piece, on the average, besides goats and bees. It is a curious little fact about Fordham, that *Rogerus Pictaviensis*—Roger of Poitou—had helped himself to ten acres of the manor—*sicut hundredum testatur*—as the hundred witnesseth, says Doomsday. Roger was, no doubt, a loose Poitevin

* Domesday Book, ii. 89; Record of the House of Gournay, p. 54.
† Ellis on Domesday Book, i. 82.
‡ *Ibid*

fighting-man, who had followed somebody's banner across the channel, and was unwilling to go without his share of the general plunder. The sparkling Thierry, in his "Conquest," has not forgotten to dwell on this aspect of affairs, to show how the lowest adventurers of different nations managed to acquire position—nay, sometimes good position, in England. But though the general fact is true, it will be found that the very great nobles of the realm for ages afterwards—the Magna Charta barons, the crusaders, the founders of abbeys, were the representatives of *gentlemen* of somewhat corresponding dignity in their original Normandy.

We were unable to give the name of "Old Hugh's" wife, but in the case of Hugh III. we are more fortunate. He married Basilia Flaitel,* daughter of Gerard Flaitel, and widow of Raoul de Vacé or Gacé (commonly called *tête d'étoupe*), who was son of Robert, Count of Evreux, and Archbishop of Rouen, second son of Duke Richard *Sans-Peur*. These Flaitels were a powerful and distinguished family, holding an important fief in the neighbourhood of Gournay. Hugh's heir by Basilia was Gerard de Gournay, who first appears on the scene in 1082†, witnessing, along with his father, the charter in which the conqueror and

* Duchesne; Dugdale; Record, p. 47.
† Record, p. 48.

Matilda established the nunnery of the Holy Trinity at Caen.

Our accounts of the public life of Hugh III. are wofully scanty. We have seen that he fought at Hastings, and that he added the *Conquêts* to his Norman territory. This last achievement may be assigned to 1079, the year of the siege of Gerberoi, at which the stout and gallant but rakish little *Courthose* unhorsed his dreaded sire. There was something winning about Robert Courthose, with all his faults; and immediately after this rebellion of his, we find Hugh de Gournay employed (together with Roger, Earl of Shrewsbury, Hugh de Grantmesnil, and Roger de Beaumont,) in reconciling him to his father.* A very few years passed, and Hugh de Gournay had retired from the world and become a monk in the Abbey of Bec.† Perhaps this termination of his career explains the comparative obscurity of the whole of it. All along a strong devotional vein had marked the race, and in him it seems to have over-mastered the enterprise which equally characterised that age, and which had shone conspicuously in his predecessor. In fact his tastes generally inclined him to the more peaceful side of feudal life—to letters and to the church. He was the personal friend of St. Anselm

* Ordericus Vitalis.

† Dugdale; Will. of Jumièges,

the learned and excellent Archbishop of Canterbury. Anselm (we may remind the reader) had belonged to Bec, like Lanfranc, to whose see he succeeded. Like Lanfranc, too, he was of Italian birth—one of that class of enlightened and refined ecclesiastics by the introduction of whom the Conqueror did his best to improve the condition of the English Church. Something of the kind was wanted, if we may believe the excellent chronicler, Malmesbury, who tells us that a Saxon churchman capable of reading and writing was a kind of prodigy!

Anselm loved Hugh de Gournay—as his letters show. "Salute" says he, writing to the monks of Bec, "the Lord Hugh de Gournay, *dilectissimum nostrum*, and the Lady Basilia, on my part, as sweetly as you can (*quanto dulcius potestis*), and comfort them, as becomes them and you, with service and honour."* The monks would not be likely to neglect such words from such a man, even had Hugh been a less valuable accession to their community than he was. For their renowned Abbey was one of the chief seats of the piety and learning of Normandy; a burning lamp of warmth and brilliancy which the world near it enjoyed, and the world far away reverenced. "The monks of Bec," says Ordericus Vitalis, whose copious narrative of the events of those times is of the greatest value, "are so devoted

* Anselm, "Epist." quoted in "Record," p. 48.

to literature, that they seem all to be philosophers. . . The gate of the Abbey stands for ever open to all travellers, and their bread is never refused to him who asks it for charity's sake."

This was a worthy place in which, having done with the world and its cares and glories, to while away the last years of life in good works, meditation, and prayer; passing daily out (under the graceful *Norman arch*) to garden or orchard, and in again when the mid-day sun streamed gloriously through the eastern window, making its venerable figures seem to breathe and live! Hugh gave himself up to it entirely, pleased no doubt by its intellectual, while soothed by its devotional character; and many years rolled quietly over his tonsured head. He endowed the Abbey splendidly with the tithes of many a parish, and brought into the good work his son Gerard, to whom he made over his lordships. Monkish legends long afterwards grew up and flourished round Hugh's memory; and the annals of Gournay were enriched with a miraculous story relating to the transfer of St. Hildevert's bones to their final resting-place within the limits of his principal fief.* That the bones of the worthy saint do lie there to this day, is certain; and the curious may see the whole mediæval fable in the *Acta Sanctorum*. For our own parts, we are content to know that Hugh was

* "Record," p. 50, 51.

deeply pious according to the intense spirit of his age; and that when he died, in some year which we are unable to particularise (probably 1089), he was composed to his rest in the Abbey Church. His consort, the good Basilia, survived him several years. There is a letter of St. Anselm's to the pious lady, written after he became Archbishop of Canterbury, and in a spirit of devout kindliness which gives one a high opinion of both.

On the whole, we have a right to assume that Hugh III. was not only of the best class of the nobles of that day, but of what in modern language we call the most *advanced* class. The friend and correspondent of such a man as Anselm must have had as good cultivation as was then to be obtained; some Latin, for instance, not without many a glimmer of classical poetry; some history (overgrown with wild flowers in the shape of legends—to be sure); traditionary Romance literature, too; and a great body of Church tradition, accompanied with sacred music. Supposing such to have been his *attainments*, they would still fall far short of the discipline which the mere fact of being born a baron insured a man; the discipline implied in being a leader in such a vivid and stirring time. This of course every Gournay was born to, like his neighbour the Mortimer, or the Warren. What seems the most characteristic feature of the family—among families

whose lives and positions were necessarily very similar —was their tendency to push religious zeal to extremes;—though modified by that readiness to accept the nearest culture, which had induced "Old Hugh" to try and place the Confessor on the English throne before his time, and Hugh III. to select the most intellectual community of his province as a place of retirement.

Hugh III. once laid below the heavy slabs of Bec Church—his banner drooping over him from the roof—his funeral dole, masses, and trental duly provided for —Gerard de Gournay became chief of the House. As the reader knows, we have traces of Gerard's existence in 1082, when he witnessed one of the Conqueror's charters. He was probably very young then, and he entered on life early, playing his part in the great world while his father and mother were sitting tranquilly under the shadow of their beloved Abbey. He was of a more stirring and ambitious character than his father, more of the stamp of the earlier men,—a common phenomenon in family history. He acquired greater estates in England than his predecessor had enjoyed;—took part in the struggles of the reign of Rufus;—fought well in the First Crusade;—and died on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Such a career indicates decided capacity for the active, rather than for the contemplative, side of mediæval life.

Gerard de Gournay made a great alliance. He married Editha, daughter of William de Warren, Earl of Surrey, by Gundreda, a daughter of William the Conqueror.* This match, which increased his estates, also influenced his policy. Earl Warren, who was a kinsman of the Conqueror's, had great possessions bestowed on him, chiefly in Sussex, where he built the Castle of Lewes, and founded the Priory of St. Pancras. In 1073, he was Grand Justiciary of England, and in 1074 helped to put down the rebellion—concerted in wine and extinguished in blood—of Ralph Guader, Earl of Norfolk. Many fiefs of that rebel's in Norfolk passed afterwards from De Warren to his son-in-law, Gerard, who acted with him in the troublous time of William Rufus. Not till after the death of the Conqueror—sorely tried by public and private disturbance—not till after that morning of September, 1085, when the bell of St. Mary's at Rouen tolling the hour of prime broke on the ear of the dying king, and drew from him his last exclamation—"*I commend my soul to the Holy Mary the mother of God!*"—did Normandy and England fully know what a true governing hand they had lost. Stern and passionate—though with more piety and kindness in his heart than he gets credit for

* The chroniclers do not mention Gundreda among William's daughters, but there is charter evidence that she was one of them. See Ellis on Domesday, i. 507.

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generally—William loved justice and kept order, and evil days followed after his death. Each of his sons succeeded to something of his characteristics, as to something of his inheritance; but none of them were worthy of his crown. Matilda's spoiled prodigal, Courthose, excites most personal sympathy and affection—gallant, lavish, eloquent—half-hero and half-rake, with a gleam of genius about him into the bargain. Hugh de Gournay had helped Courthose to patch up a reconciliation with his father. Gerard, however, took Rufus's side against him, following the lead of Earl Warren, who had headed the Red King's party, and had obtained from him (1087—1089), the earldom of Surrey, which he lived but a short time to enjoy.

Accordingly, in 1090, when affairs between the brothers had again reached a crisis, Gerard secured his fortresses of Gournay, la Ferté, Gaillefontaine, and others, for Rufus, and had an important influence in bringing over some great barons to his cause.* The King's troops occupied his castles. A negotiation was entered upon. Next year this negotiation resulted in a treaty, by which Rufus was to recover such of Gerard's castles as Duke Robert and the King of France had taken. About the same time we have other proofs of the great weight of the Baron of Gournay in such commotions. When Courthose wanted the aid of Fulke of

* Ord. Vit. . Carte's "History of England," i. 462.

Anjou against the people of Maine, Fulke would only promise it on condition that he should have the hand of Beldrade, daughter of Simon de Montfort, and niece of William, Count of Evreux. The Count, on his part, stipulated that in exchange for his niece, there should be given him a batch of the manors of Raoul de Gacé. These he obtained, but with the exception of *Esconché*, which belonged to Gerard de Gournay, who liked that residence, and whose power and valour made him an unsafe man to meddle with.*

Partly from the Red King, and partly from the Earl of Surrey, Gerard acquired great estates in England. His family tree took deep root in the county of Norfolk, where he possessed the manors of Caistor, Cautley, Kimberley, Lesingham, Swathing in Hardingham, Bedingham, and Hingham; as in Oxfordshire he possessed Maple-Durham, and in Bucks, Wendover. These together constituted the English Barony of Gournay, of which Caistor, in Norfolk, was the *caput baroniæ*. Caistor had belonged to Ralph Guader, who held a fortalice there before his rebellion. It stood on the sea near Yarmouth, which seems to have sprung up under the protection of this lordship. Thus, in an old pedigree, we find Gerard de Gournay described as "Baro de Yarmouth," and in the church of St. Nicholas there occur several shields bearing pure *sable*, the

* Ord. Vit. lib. 8, c. 10.

ancient traditionary arms of Gournay.* The Lords of Gournay were, no doubt, established on the eastern coast, to hold it against sea-rovers, just as Hugh *Lupus* and Roger de Montgomery looked after the Welsh; or the Earl of Mortaigne after Cornwall; or the Romaras, and their successors the Gaunts, kept Lincoln in order. The great Norman barons were at once militia, police, and judges; saved England from foes without; and *drilled* and administered her at home. Their castles, set on high grounds, and defended by lofty keeps, rose grand and grey, visible over miles of the country which they defended and controlled. From these they rode out at the great festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide to attend (as *proceres, magnates, comites,* &c.) the Royal gatherings,—half feasts, half councils,—which were the forerunners of the Parliaments of the kingdom. The English barony of Gournay would send its baron to such; but we suspect that Gerard passed most of his time in Normandy, where his position was greater, and where, under the reign of Robert Courthose, there was plenty of occupation for him.

The truth is, that Robert Courthose could do almost everything but govern, which he was plainly unfit for—in his own case, as in that of his subjects. A stout, burly little Duke,—overflowing with personal gallantry

* "Record," p. 78, 79.

and free lively eloquence,—he won plenty of admiration; but, as his father predicted on his death-bed, no good came of his sovereignty. Normandy was filled with private brawls—disorderly little wars—in which crops were burnt, and castles taken, and misery inflicted on the poor peasantry, who had nothing to gain whichever way the feuds ended, and everything to lose by their existence. Courthose himself began to weary of affairs in Normandy. His temperament and talents were of a nature to fit him for adventure rather than for government, and the close of the eleventh century presented him with such a prospect of adventure as the daring spirits of Europe have never had before or since, and will never have again! Can we even fancy, in the routine of modern existence, what it was to a gallant Christian gentleman of that epoch to hear the first murmur of the coming CRUSADE?

Well, at least we have one advantage in the matter over our shrewd, accomplished, and sceptical great-grandfathers. We appreciate the Crusades more truly, and feel them more vividly, than they did. We should hardly any of us, now, speak of Peter the Hermit as a knave and madman.* Poets have taught us to honour

* Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son." Jortin called the "*Gesta Dei per Francos*" (the well-known collection of chroniclers of the Crusades) the *Gesta* DIABOLI *per Francos*; and the great Gibbon approved the joke.

the zeal, philosophers to value the results, of those wonderful movements which precipitated our ancestors on the burning shores of Asia, and carried them through fearful battles and trials to the Holy Sepulchre. We see that the Crusades were the heroic times of Europe,* and surely we may say that the inspiration was nobler (inasmuch as it was a transcendent movement of religious *love*), which sent the heroes of a dozen distant nations to deliver the spot where Christ's body had rested, from infidels, than that under which the old Achæan warriors attacked Troy!

Such, at least, is our belief; and we do not hesitate to say, that to have a clearly-ascertained ancestor in the First Crusade, is the *blue-ribbon* of genealogy.

That the crusading passion seized Europe with a fierceness to explain which is impossible, (and impossible just because man is an immortal being, with relations to the unseen world which we cannot understand), has always been one of the best-known facts about the whole history. But though the religious depths of the movement cannot be sounded, we are able to see the minor influences which helped to swell it. Chivalry, which had made valour sacred, had ripened the European nature for such deeds. Pilgrimage had worn, as by pious feet, the channels in which such a burst of enthusiasm might flow. Then, the races of Europe

* Guizot.

were gloriously fresh, the Normans still carrying, especially, the Norse heart under their mail; and the mere human and animal delight promised by such a war must have intoxicated the young. There was not sufficient literature or science, nor any cumbrous artificial framework of life calling itself exclusively "civilisation," to wear out the energy and repress the imagination of Europe. These powers still slept in the European blood, and helped to keep it red and rich. But why attempt to *dissect* our old sires, and peep at the secrets of their being? Rather let us think of them as noble living warriors, and,—as the Indian puts his ear to the ground to catch the sound of those far off whom he cannot see,—let us listen to their tread as it shakes the Eastern world, and try and realise to ourselves what their actual doings were.

Courthose, we say then, weary of his Norman government, and feeling no doubt in some form or other the crusading fever, resolved to leave for the East in 1096. Gerard de Gournay had been opposed to him all along, even up to that very year;* but his new object was sacred in Gerard's eyes, touched his zealous heart, and rallied him under the Duke's banner. Courthose had to pawn his duchy to his brother for the necessary funds for the expedition, and ten thousand marks of silver were raised in the cause by Rufus,—not with-

* Carte's "History of England," i. 469.

out oppression, we fear.* This done, the gallant band, —including, besides Courthose and our hero, Odo the stout and sagacious Bishop of Bayeux (always of the Duke's party); Stephen de Blois; Rotrou, son of the Earl of Mortaigne; Philip *the Clerk*, son of Roger de Montgomery; Walter de St. Valerie, two Grantmesnils, and other *eximiæ strenitudinis milites* ("of noble courage and corresponding valour," says an old writer),— left for the South in September with a great following.† Basilia, Gerard's mother, was still alive, and many a prayer from among the shades of Bec Abbey would rise for the son who had left kindred and castles to war in a distant land under the Holy Cross.

Passing the Alps, the party arrived at Lucca (by the "Crucifix," at which Rufus used to swear), and found Pope Urban there, with whom they had a conference. They next proceeded to the Norman kingdom, some thirty years established in Southern Italy, where they were hospitably received by Duke Roger, son of Robert Guiscard. The southerly winds prevailing in the Mediterranean at the time (and we suspect also Courthose's natural love of good quarters and amusement), induced them to quarter in Calabria. Bohemond was there, when they arrived, and that renowned crusader (whose blue eyes raised a flutter in the bosom of the Greek

* Malmesbury.

† Ord. Vit. Malmesbury.

Emperor's daughter) welcomed his fellow Normans to the new Italian home of the race. Ordericus mentions that he *scrutinised their badges*,—an expression which shows that heraldry was now growing, though we have no evidence of its existence *as a system* so early. It is with institutions and customs as with trees,—we see the result of the growth, without seeing the process of it.

Courthose and his band were thus some months behind the other great leaders of the Crusade, for they did not embark on the Adriatic till the spring, by which time Bohemond had joined Godfrey of Bouillon and other mighty potentates of the Holy War, whose banners were flapping in the breezes of Asia. Meanwhile, the disorderly rabble which under, or rather with, Peter the Hermit and Walter *Sans Avoir*, poured through Hungary and Bulgaria in advance of the regular movement, had mostly perished in misery, stained with many crimes, and brutalised by many follies.* Never, perhaps, was a greater testimony to the value of the feudal organisation than the dismal catastrophe of that rout. They failed precisely for want of leadership and mastership; and when these appeared on the scene, the whole view brightened. A hundred thousand of the chivalry of Europe made such

* Albertus Aquensis tells us that they *worshipped a goose* a dangerous superstition!

a spectacle of war as Asia had not seen since the days of Alexander. The infidels fell before their swords in thousands; great cities yielded to their siege. And all this was done with so many accompanying prodigies of genius and valour, that we may well look back to the Crusades, not only as having coerced the onward movement of the Crescent for ever, but as having founded that general supremacy of the Cross which is still working out its destiny on the face of the world at this day.

In the spring of A.D. 1097, the Duke of Normandy and his brother crusaders crossed the sea from Brundusium, and landing in Thessaly, proceeded to Constantinople. Many a feudal flag shone round the beautiful city, and mixed its hues with those which adorned the gardens of the Bosphorus. Here, like most of the crusaders, Robert Courthose made feudal submission to the Emperor Alexius, who gave handsome presents to the more important of his visitors, and disguised his jealousy under the mask of munificence. Our party then moved on, and in June they joined the Christian army before Nice. Nice, once famous in Christian history, was now, with its lofty walls and seventy towers, deep fosses and blue lakes, held against Christendom by the deadliest and bravest enemies of its faith. We can only appreciate the deep feelings which must have played through the breast of Gerard

de Gournay, when the thousand tents and the beleaguered town broke upon his sight, by remembering how various they must have been. *There* was to be found the soldier's honour, there the martyr's crown. But there, too, were heard the tongues of many Christian nations, and warriors of the highest feudal type rode through the camp, and formed a general brotherhood in the sacred cause. The whole scenery, again, was new to one fresh from the woods, and from the marshes haunted by the heron—that North which, as yet imperfectly cleared and peopled, was struggling, half-consciously, into a generous civilisation. How wonderful must everything of the South—the dreamy heat, the feathery palm, the milder air, the picturesque people—have seemed to the young Norman; and that, when a belief in a myriad of quaint fancies and superstitions was familiar from childhood to all the youth of Europe! Gerard must have gained, in various knowledge, a great advantage over his worthy monkish sire, and over the fighting grandfather of Mortimer and Hastings. What Europe could give of culture to the crusaders, however, they brought with them. For the first crusade was not, any more than the Norman invasion, a disorderly or irregular expedition. The Church, in the persons of its bishops and abbots, held its due place in that camp before Nice. The stateliest ladies of the age came from their "bowers" and their embroidery-

work to share the fortunes of their husbands and sons. Ancient writers testify expressly to the good order and the good feeling towards each other,—the general decorum, in short,—of that immense band of warriors of the eleventh century which sallied daily from its tents to assault the walls.

The whole story of the siege is for the historian of the Crusades. Albert d'Aix* mentions Gerard de Gournay among the conspicuous leaders of it; and that he belonged to the Duke of Normandy's division we have seen already. Duke Robert's name occurs honourably in those antique narratives—among anecdotes of Godfrey's cutting a heathen in half with one whistling blow of his fearful Lorraine sword (the body still sticking to the saddle, "so close the miscreant sat") —among terrible tales of Franks slain from the battlements, and dragged up by hooks from the inside— of Turks decapitated wholesale, the heads being flung into the city—and other instances of the endless horrors of a war of enthusiasm. As for our Courthose, "neither Christian nor Pagan could ever unhorse him," Malmesbury says; and Gerard could not have combated under a gallanter man. The city was yielded, when the crusaders had brought up boats seven miles overland from the sea to launch them on the lake; when the Sultan Kilig-Arslan had come down from the

* "Gesta Dei per Francos," part 1, p. 205.

mountains to assist it, and had been beaten back in blood. Now came the march across the region known to the ancients as the Burnt Phrygia, some reminiscences of the terrors of which must have haunted Gerard's dreams for the rest of his life. Gasping with the drought, maddened by the heat and the glare, the crusaders stumbled on. Men and women fell down in the sand, rolled, and expired. The hawks that the knights had brought with them died on their masters' wrists, and the dogs at the horses' feet. After leaving Nice, the army had divided into two bodies, one of which was commanded by the immortal Godfrey of Bouillon, and the other by Bohemond and Courthose The latter was assaulted by the Moslems, and only saved, it is said, by Godfrey's coming up. Courthose and his comrades met the enemy with the most fiery valour, the daring little Duke charging with the white standard to the cry of "*Deus vult!*" and (what must have warmed a Gournay's heart equally) to the cry of "*á moi Normandie!*"

We have evidence that Gerard completed the campaign with his leader, Duke Robert *Courthose;* that he was present at Jerusalem, which was stormed (with such a frenzy of blood and zeal as the world has rarely witnessed; for the crusaders were ankle-deep in blood when the Temple was taken, and knelt and wept bitterly at the Sepulchre the same day) in July,

1099. The venerable Lady Basilia, his mother, died in January that year, in the veil of a nun at Bec, not having lived to see her boy come home. He returned to Normandy about the year 1100, early in which Courthose arrived again in Apulia. Courthose married there one of the loveliest women of the age, Sibylla de Conversano. The gallant prodigal seems to have expected that he would pass the remainder of his life in ease, plenty, and jollity—a re-action rather frequently remarked in the case of men who had made his grand campaign; but his old ill-luck pursued him. The lovely Sibylla died in a few years. He fought against his brother King Henry as he had against his brother William, and against a father greater than both; and the closing years of his long life were spent in prison in Cardiff. So passed away Gerard de Gournay's leader, one of the most remarkable and, on the whole, engaging, of what may be called the *spoiled great men* of our history. Showy, gallant, kindly men, with the same good qualities, mixed with the same faults, as those of Courthose, are not uncommon in the records of Norman families.

Gerard de Gournay died years before the chief, to whose flowing talk and jokes he must have listened many a time—under whose lance, he had seen many a turban go down. We lose sight of him in the chronicles after the siege of Nice; though we have

charter-evidence that he was at Jerusalem—that he returned to Normandy (probably in 1099 or 1100) —and that he was alive in 1104.* The return of a crusader was an event in those days. The monks of his favorite monastery marched before him, singing "*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini!*" His red cross was an object of admiration in his district. His sunburnt face, his collection of Oriental curiosities —bezants, shells, holy relics from the sacred city, spoils of slaughtered infidels, presents from Greek lords—all contributed to invest him with an interest scarcely less vivid than the reverence which he otherwise inspired. How long Gerard remained at home in the midst of all this, cannot now be exactly known. But we are informed by the writer who continued William of Jumièges, that he once more set out to the Holy Land, accompanied by his wife Editha, and that he died during the journey: "*Hierusalem petens in ipso itinere mortuus est.*" His widow afterwards married Drugo de Moncy, the turbulent head of a great family in the Beauvoisis.

This second expedition,—or rather pilgrimage,—of Gerard's, indicates the strong degree in which he shared the piety of his House; and all that is said of him by the outspoken and *naïve* old chroniclers (always honest enough to lash the "wicked barons" of their time), is

* "Record," p. 68.

much to his honour. That he should have been on the side of Rufus against Courthose has been already attributed to the influence of his father-in-law the Earl of Warren and Surrey. But Courthose assuredly was a bad ruler, and if there had been anything ungenerous in Gerard's opposition to him, is it likely they would have shared each other's fortune in the Crusade? What remains but to dismiss him to his long warrior-pilgrim's rest, with the sympathy due to one who left his bones in a foreign land,—

> And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
> Under whose colours he had fought so long.

It is a curious coincidence that Shakspeare should have spoken these words of a Mowbray who was descended from Gerard de Gournay's own line.

For, by his high-born consort, Edith de Warren, he left the following children :—

1. Hugh—whom we call Hugh IV.—to be treated of in his turn, presently.

2. A daughter, married to Richard de Talbot. (The Talbots held various lands under the Gournays and Giffards, and rose to a celebrity and station which need no detailed exposition here.)

3. Gondrée, known as *la belle Gondrée*, married to Neil or Nigel d'Albini. Neil was a younger son of Roger d'Albini, by his wife Amicia de Mowbray. The elder brother William founded the house of the Earls

of Arundel; while Neil himself by Gondrée de Gournay became the ancestor of the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk, and so of him of whom Shakspeare speaks the words just quoted. Families are to be estimated in historical dignity, not only by the men whom they directly produce, but by those who spring in other lines from their daughters; and the Gournay blood runs in the veins of some of the greatest nobles in the history of England.

4. Walter, a landholder in Suffolk and Normandy in the time of Stephen. That he was of the blood of the Lords of Gournay is proved by the fact that his son held a portion of their fief of Bray by the tenure of *parage;* a tenure by which a younger son possessed a portion of the family property *pari conditione* with his elder brother. But as the severance of land in this case occurred at the time of the death of Gerard, when Walter, who profited by it, was alive, he cannot have been remoter from him than the degree of son. Walter was the proved ancestor of the Gournays, afterwards Gurneys, of Swathing and West Barsham in Norfolk, who in their turn were the proved ancestors of the family of Gurney still settled in that county.

CHAPTER IV.

GERARD'S SON, HUGH IV.

GERARD having died while on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, the Lady Edith returned to Normandy, where her younger children were. This was some time not long after 1104, apparently; during years when Henry I.—crafty, clever, and practical—was securing his crown by putting down the most turbulent of the barons, and imprisoning his brother Courthose. The generation after the Conquest were a somewhat extravagant and imperious race, and gave Henry (who had more head than Rufus, and less heart than Courthose), a great deal of trouble. Hugh IV. we shall see, was not a model of good conduct. But he had valuable points; and his position gave him great temptations; and every family produces its eccentric members, persons in whom the qualities of the race are not so well mixed or balanced as in its best specimens. Hitherto the reader must have been struck

with the *respectability*—to use a very modern word—of the Gournays. They have been gallant, chivalrous, warlike, but with a marked leaning to the peaceful and homely virtues. Witness their friendship with Anselm—the most philosophic of prelates—"the best of monks"*—who survived Gerard only a few years. Queen Matilda quotes the *De Senectute*, once, in writing to Anselm, who was venerated by the ladies of that age, and whose canonisation gives a kind of sanctity to the memory of his friends. Hugh IV. was hardly, we fear, up to this high mark.

When the Lady Edith de Gournay returned to Normandy, she showed before long that she had not left her heart buried in the pilgrim's grave. She re-married, as we have said, with Drugo or Drue de Moncy of the Beauvoisis, a neighbour of the Gournays. He was of an overbearing character,—not so bad, of course, as a man like Robert de Belésme, whose thirty-two castles were so many strongholds of tyranny, and who is spoken of by the chroniclers with a mixture of awe and anger,—but disposed to exercise his rights imperiously. He was quick in seizing the fair lordships of his step-son, and had the charge of the Honour of Brai while the boy was being educated at Henry's Court. Henry acknowledged the claim of blood in little Hugh (his

* "Saint-Anselm de Cantorbery," par M. Chas. de Rémusat (1853). He mentions Anselm's respect for this family (p. 87).

grand-nephew through Gundreda), and acknowledged it handsomely, for he brought him up, says Ordericus Vitalis, "like a son." This was a great advantage to Hugh de Gournay. The Court of Beauclerc had many attractions; it was at once splendid and intellectual. The saintly Saxon Queen shed a pure light like that of a church-taper through it. The clergy were in favour there. Though the king was not very generous, he wanted neither prudence nor sense. He tried to reform the abuses in the coinage, and those of purveyance, the last so scandalous that it was not uncommon for the followers of the Court on a journey to waste what they could not use, and even to wash their horses' hoofs in the wine. Hugh would hear all these things talked over, as he followed his patron from London to Winchester, or from Winchester to Woodstock, where his Majesty kept his menagerie of lions, leopards, lynxes, and camels—a collection on which he set great store. Education in those days was not an affair of books, merely, but of personal influence and of experience. The young men modelled themselves on their elders, to whom they paid a part of that abundant reverence which was shown from inferior to superior all through the feudal organisation. We have proof that Hugh de Gournay was not indifferent to learning, in a curious letter which we shall quote presently. But as a boy, in times like those, his chief pleasure

would be in horses and arms. It would be a great day for him when he first mounted *hauberk* and *chausses*, and brandished his oak lance, shod with iron of Poitou. War was almost the natural state of life then, and was, indeed, *consecrated* by the institution of chivalry.

Henry I. knighted this Hugh de Gournay, as Ordericus Vitalis expressly tells us. The ceremony corresponded to our "coming of age" in modern times, but was accompanied with circumstances more solemn than bonfires, marquees in the park, the broaching of beer-barrels, and a ball. Through the proudest, through the most reckless heart, some sense of its sacredness must have pierced. There were austere fasts for the young novice. He had to pass nights in prayer. He received the Holy Eucharist with devotion. He underwent penance. He purified himself in the symbolic bath; and arrayed himself in garments of the mystical and significant white. These preliminaries prepared him for the day of his initiation, the day that he was to be received into the brotherhood of Christian knights.

When the day arrived, our novice carried his sword, hanging on a scarf round his neck, to the altar of the church, and presented it to the priest for his blessing. The priest blessed and replaced it. The novice then stepped, with bearing at once stately and modest, up to the *Seigneur* who was to admit him into the order,

and presenting the sword, knelt before him with clasped hands. Some questions put and answered, the knights gathered round their new young brother, and clothed him successively with spurs, mail, gloves, and sword. And so he rested kneeling before the lord till he lifted him up, giving him the *accolade*. When all was done, the new knight mounted his horse, and caracoled joyously, to air his dignity before the people. A proud occasion for him, it was also a glad one for his retainers. There was feasting in *château* and *chaumiére*, and minstrel and jongleur and tambourine-girl made many a sward on the domains of the house ring with merriment.

One person cannot have taken a very vivid interest in the *début* of young Hugh de Gournay IV. We allude to his stepfather, Drue de Moncy, in whose hands the control of the youngster's castles had been all this while. Henry reinstated Hugh in them, and this was a great favour in an age when powerful barons were not very willing to yield up advantages in the name of the law. Hugh de Gournay ought to have been grateful—ought to have put the best interpretation on all that King Henry did after this kindness. Nevertheless, we find him in open rebellion, while still in the flower of his youth, in 1118; to the great indignation of his contemporary, Ordericus Vitalis of St. Evroult, who had a kindly side for a monarch bent on

maintaining order and protecting the Church, "Ingratitude,"—this is the stain which the good chronicler attaches to the old shield (*pure sable*, according to tradition) of Hugh IV.

Unfortunately, it is too late now, seeing that he has been near seven hundred years in his grave, to ask Hugh himself for an explanation of his conduct. The facts were these. Once in possession of his ancestral estates of Gournay and Brai, bordering, as we know, on the French king's territory, Hugh fell into all the associations—Norman and French—of his position. There were always Norman nobles at variance with the Crown—especially as Henry had triumphed over his brother and his party; and a Lord of Gournay had, besides, special relations (alluded to before) to the French king. Hugh IV., in addition to such influences, may have quarrelled with Henry (who was certainly disposed to be jealous of his nobility*) during the interval between his accession to his estates and the year 1118. We cannot say. In that year, however, when Amauri de Montfort, son of Simon de Montfort, by Agnes, sister of William, Count of Evreux, just dead, claimed that uncle's lordship from Henry, and failing to get it rebelled at once, Hugh de Gournay rebelled along with him. Nearly the whole of France espoused the cause; and young William, son of Court-

* Carte, i. 493.

hose, and heir of the Conqueror, was set up against the King of England. Henry had a difficult game to play in these Norman troubles. He had to manœuvre France, Flanders, Anjou, and Maine against each other; and to the necessities of this stormy diplomacy we owe the marriage between his daughter Maud and the son of Fulke of Anjou, which brought the Plantagenets to the English throne.

Hugh's first rebellion was a failure, and led to a negotiation. The wary king managed to seize Hugh at Rouen, and compelled him to come to terms. Then it was that the marriage between Gundreda de Gournay and Neil d'Albini was arranged. Neil, or Nigel (who was a widower), had fought with Henry against Courthose, on that unlucky prince's last field of Tinchebray, in 1106. It was natural that the king, always shrewd, should wish to bind his supporters together—and what firmer links than the tresses of *la belle Gondrée?* The espousals took place in the summer of 1119, with much revelry and splendour, no doubt, for there was something fierce in the pleasures as in the battles of those old barons. But neither the summer nor the wedding of his sister brought any charm to Hugh's mutinous heart. That very day he broke out again, seized with his friends the Castle of Plessis, and murdered Bertrand the governor, placing his kinsman Hugh Talbot,

in charge instead, with a garrison.* Neither time nor the church had yet tamed the old heathenish sea-roving blood in Hugh IV.; and it was at the price of outbreaks like this, and characters like these, that Europe acquired the government necessary to its development. When all character is rubbed out, and all individuality smoothed down, why, perhaps we shall find the new extreme worse than the old!

So passed the month of June, 1119, the roses of which smell so faint across all the centuries. The king recovered the Castle of Plessis. He concluded, too, his arrangements, pecuniary and matrimonial, with Fulke of Anjou; and, freed from the troubles which employed his soldiers on that side, marched against Louis of France, and defeated him and Courthose's son William, at Noyou. Beauclerc was not warlike, but he could fight when required, and on this day he fought well.

Such a success was a bad omen for our rebel baron. But Hugh was obstinate. He swept the country clean to stock his castles of Gournay, la Ferté, and Gaillefontaine, and held out against all comers. The "baron in rebellion" was a familiar picture in those days, and what the old monkish chronicles tells us of Hugh may help us to conceive what it was like. All the loose disorderly younger sons gathered at his castles, with the general idea of living riotously upon plunder—Fécamps,

* Ord. Vit.

Cressis, Vasceuils, and so forth. In the long winter nights the clatter of their horses was heard in the roads, and woe to him whose door could not keep his house, or whose arm could not keep his head! These mail-clad men carried off knight or farmer, and kept him in the dungeon till his ransom was forthcoming. Such were the proceedings of Hugh de Gournay in the winter of 1119—20. He was so formidable, as to have eighteen castellans with him, to ravage the Talou and Pays de Caux, and to threaten Rouen itself. There can be no doubt, also, that he was *en rapport* with the French Court. King Henry, after pitting William de Romara (afterwards Earl of Lincoln) against him, marched in person into the Pays de Brai, and laid it waste with fire and sword.

One would think that after such a struggle as this a reconciliation was almost impossible. But the rapid changes are what chiefly strike us in the personal politics of feudal life. In 1120, Hugh had submitted, and was received again into the "king's peace." Normandy was all reduced to tranquillity that year. Everything promised well for the sagacious king, when the fatal *Bldnche Nef* struck on the rocks, and his two sons, daughter, and niece perished in the waves. Hugh de Gournay must often have played with the princes, and the shock of horror with which the news was everywhere received, would reach

him, and set him thinking again after his lawless campaigns.

In 1121, we find Hugh and his stepfather at Henry's Court, apparently in full amity with the king and with each other, witnessing a charter * in company with the king and the young Queen Adelicia of Louvaine, whom he had married ("for her beauty," says Henry of Huntingdon) that year.

Hugh himself took a first wife much about the time that his Majesty took a second. We cannot but connect his marriage with his rebellion, which otherwise must remain a purposeless disturbance. The truth is, that he married into the French interest, for his spouse was Beatrix, daughter of Hugh le Grand, Count of Vermandois, second son of Henry of France.† These Vermandois, who had thus merged into the royal French line, were themselves descended from Charlemagne, and belonged to a race of nobles long since absorbed into the kingly houses of Europe. Beatrix's father had died from wounds received in the First Crusade, at Tarsus; one of her sisters (Elizabeth) married the second Earl of Warren and Surrey, thus reviving the tie between that family and the Gournays. Alliances like these stamp the Lords of Gournay as holding a kind of *quasi*-princely position in *Haute Normandie*, and explain the

* Chart. ap. "Record," note, p. 86, 7.

† Contin. of Jumièges.

sort of footing on which Hugh IV. must have dealt with Beauclerc in arranging their reconciliation. The key to this baron's politics is afforded by the feudal pride of a position which tempted him to choose as he pleased between the friendship of the English and the French kings. And no Norman was yet an *Englishman*, in spite of the green manors which he might hold in Norfolk, Essex, or Bucks; he came and went between Normandy and England according to his taste or convenience; he spoke Norman-French from the cradle; and was too apt to despise the conquered race, whose aristocracy (what was left of it) were now sub-tenants for the most part, and rarely rose in State or Church.

In 1128, Hugh appears in the best capacity in which we have yet seen him, founding or confirming the foundation of the Abbey of Beaubec. Already he had confirmed the family donations to *Bec*, so cherished by his house. Perhaps it was remorse for the cruelties of his rebellion which, helped by an ecclesiastical suggestion or two, made him anxious to atone for the winter of 1119-20. The Church was always ready with good advice of the kind, and men passed with startling rapidity from festivity to piety, from blood to tears, in so wild, primitive, and natural a time. Beaubec took its rise in the thick umbrageous woods of the forest of Bray, between two rivulets, where a little hamlet

already stood. One William de Fécamp, a vassal of the Gournays, has the credit of taking the first steps in the matter. But Hugh de Gournay followed it liberally up, and a copy of one of his charters still exists to show us in its quaint semi-barbarous Latin what he did for the Cistercian monks at the foundation. They were to have the *terram et nemus* (land and wood) in which the abbey was situated with "every dominion round the same wood, in lands, meadows, and waters, roads and paths," from the ford at Sommery to the fish-pond of Mauquenchy, and from the lands of Sommery to the water of Roobeck. They were to have wood wherever they liked, and of whatever kind they liked, in the Forest of Bray, a waggon-load at a time, with pasturage and water, and brushwood for firing, and many gifts of land besides, which it would be tedious to enumerate. "All these we will guarantee you—*garantizabimus*," says Hugh's charter, in an anti-Ciceronian manner.*

Hugh IV. now remained faithful to King Henry, who, in 1134, joined him with his old opponent William de Romara as a commander of the frontiers. Next year the king died while over in Normandy settling a dispute with the Count of Anjou; killed, says the story, by a surfeit of lampreys, a fish so popular in old times that we frequently find presents of them made to our

* See it in the original, Record, p. 97, *sqq.*

kings by barons suing for a favour.* Henry the First raised one or two families to the baronage (*novi homines,* in Hugh de Gournay's eyes, but now among our highest aristocracy), the Clintons, Spencers (from his Despencer or *steward*), Hastingses, and perhaps the Herberts.

During Stephen's reign, with its wretched strife and turbulence, Hugh was not more consistent than he had been in Beauclerc's, unless, indeed, we say that he *was* consistent in acting for his own interests as a *quasi*-independent potentate on the frontiers of Normandy. When Stephen, who had plenty of vigour and some chivalry, sailed across the Channel in the Lent of 1137, to come to terms with the French king and with the Count of Anjou, whose wife's crown he had usurped, Hugh was against him, and was taken prisoner at Pontaudemar. His kinsman, the third Earl of Surrey, was on the same side—the natural one for the family under the circumstances—and joined him in making a truce with Stephen, from whom the Count of Anjou also agreed at that time to take a pension of five thousand marks. The truce became an alliance of some kind or other, for Hugh is soon found acting with the King's son, Eustace; yet, as if it had been his intention to puzzle posterity, he turned again, and gave up his castles to the Count, then wheeled round once more,

* Madox's "Hist. of the Exchequer," *passim.*

and is discovered witnessing a charter of Stephen's at the blockade of Shrewsbury.* The truth is, that repeated usurpations had confounded for the time all clear notions of fealty, while the intoxication of conquest had not been without its bad effects on the Norman character.†

The date of this blockade was 1138, the year of the famous Battle of the Standard. William Fitzalan held the town (one of those Shropshire Fitzalans from whom the Royal house of Stuart descended), and Stephen carried it by storm, hanging several of the prisoners.‡ What shows that it was *our* Hugh de Gournay who witnessed the charter above mentioned, is that another of the witnesses was William de Albini, elder brother of Nigel, husband of *la belle Gondrée*. This William's son married Adeliza, widow of Henry the First, who held Arundel Castle in dower; and hence the Albinis were so constantly called Earls of Arundel, though strictly and legally they seem rather to have been Earls of Sussex. The *territorial* character of ancient dig-

* Charter, quoted in Record, p. 110.

† The Norman pride, which had its bad—as well as its good—consequences, is vividly depicted in the speech which Henry of Huntingdon puts into the mouth of Ralph, Bishop of Durham, before the Battle of the Standard—"Brave nobles of England, Normans by birth . . . . no one ever withstood you with success. Gallant France fell beneath your arms; fertile England you subdued; rich Apulia flourished again under your auspices," &c. (Forester's "Hunt.")

‡ Hunt.

nities is well worthy of notice, for every title was *a fact* before it became *a form.*

We hear nothing else of Hugh during the wars between Stephen and the high-spirited and haughty Empress Maud. His kinsman, Earl Warren, was in Stephen's army fighting at the battle of Lincoln when the King was taken prisoner (1141), while his nephew, Geoffrey Talbot, distinguished himself under the banner of the Empress. Hugh remained faithful to Stephen, however, for he obtained from him the manors of Wendover in Buckinghamshire, and Houghton in Bedfordshire,*—a respectable addition to his English barony.

In a few years the eloquent voice of St. Bernard had roused again the crusading passion in Europe. At Whitsuntide, 1147, Hugh de Gournay assumed the Cross, and accompanied Louis *le Jeune* and his queen to the Holy Land. The Count of Vermandois, brother to Hugh's first wife, Beatrix, and himself married to a sister of the Queen of France, remained at home as one of the Council of Regency. Hugh had before this married a second time, into the great house of Coucy, renowned chiefs in war, and renowned patrons of song. A son of this marriage—another Hugh, who continued the line—is mentioned in a curious document connected with this Crusade. It is an Act of

* Plac. Rolls, *temp.* John, ap. "Record," p. 174.

Mortgage, by which Hugh IV. raises sixty-five pounds on the feudal due of a hundred measures of wine, payable to him annually by the Bishop of Beauvais.* A quaint little bit of prose this, in the middle of a preparation for the Holy Land, but welcome for its homeliness and reality. The feudal life was not all plumes and poetry, trumpet and tourney, and loses something by being contemplated exclusively from that point of view. The Crusaders especially had solid cash to raise, real sacrifices to make of a prosaic character, before what *we* call the romantic part of the expedition began,—before they planted their little crosses in Lebanon to kneel before, or gathered shells on the beach near Acre.† The costliness of the Crusades, as is well known, embarrassed or ruined many a noble house.

Hugh was the second Crusader of his family, but he had not a leader like Courthose, and the army in which he served never won such glory as that in which Gerard de Gournay stormed Nice, traversed Phrygia, and avenged the degradation of the Holy City. Yet, they did not want a cause, for the Infidels were everywhere pressing the Christians to extremities. Nor did they want power, for there were immense armies under the

* De la Mairie's "Hist. de Gournay," i. 188; ap. Record, p. 111.

† So originated the cross *fichée*, and the escallops, of heraldry.

banners of Conrad of Germany, Lewis of France, and the endless wave of chivalry rolling southwards behind them. All, however, went ill. The Emperor of Constantinople played them false, and they were overtaken by famine—naturally followed by losses in war. Conrad and Lewis took refuge at Antioch, and afterwards at Jerusalem. The King of France then attacked Damascus, with the Knights Templars and other troops at his back; but this, too, ended badly, and he returned home. Hugh de Gournay, who was of his Majesty's party, would naturally accompany his retreat, and would make a less glorious entry into his town and tower of Gournay than his gallant and triumphant father had, some fifty years before. We hope that it was partly the want of "success" (which went for something in the twelfth century, as now) that made our countryman Henry of Huntingdon give the bad account he does of these crusaders of the Second Crusade. "The same year," says he, "the armies of the Emperor of Germany and the King of France were annihilated, though they were led by illustrious commanders, and had commenced their march in the proudest confidence. But God despised them, and their incontinence came up before Him; for they abandoned themselves to . . . adulteries hateful to God, and to robbery and every sort of wickedness."* Great and

* Forester's "Huntingdon," p. 286.

glorious as the Crusades were, they had their ugly aspects, and even their ludicrous ones,—both freely handled by the men of that generation, who had much more of our criticism, cleverness, and common sense than we are apt to fancy. One of the Grantmesnils, having slid down a rope to escape from Antioch, was nicknamed the "Rope-dancer;" and all steel-clad Europe gossipped about the French Queen Eleanor's flirtations with dark-eyed Paynim princes. What a theme for the wood-fires of the Castle of Gournay in the winter-nights! It was the century of Walter Mapes.

Having made, as we fear, but a poor hand of establishing the Cross in Syria, Hugh de Gournay cannot, nevertheless, be charged with neglecting it at home. In conjunction with his second wife Millicent or Melisandra de Coucy, he established a nunnery near Gaillefontaine, which, being afterwards moved, became rather famous under the name of "Clair Ruissel." The church was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; and the whole foundation was supported (among other resources) by certain charges on the baron's English lordships of Maple-Durham and Kimberley. His double position as a Norman and an English baron is emphatically expressed in the commencement of one of the charters—still extant at Rouen—"*Hugo de Gornaio omnibus hominibus suis tam Francis quam*

Anglis salutem!"* But this was not his only service to the cause. He improved and enriched the Church of St. Hildevert in his town of Gournay, and the beautiful arches on its west front are still fine specimens of the Early-Pointed style which began to prevail in his time. The Church of Notre Dame in Gournay was also attributed to him; and the tomb of himself and Melisandra was shown there, till the black sea of Revolution rolled over the relics of a distant past.

The year 1151 found King Louis and Stephen's son Eustace (who had married his sister Constance) at war in Normandy with Henry Plantagenet—afterwards Henry the Second. Hugh IV. adhered faithfully to the French interest and Stephen's, and his castles were fortified in their cause. Henry laid siege to La Ferté, carried it and set it on fire, and a single tower on a hill alone escaped the wreck. There had been a priory there, established by his collateral ancestor Gautier de la Ferté, which, after this catastrophe, he transferred to St. Laurent-en-Lions.†

And now (except during an interval or two, when, by the light of a charter, we get a glimpse of him as still living‡) we lose sight of Hugh de Gournay for more than twenty years. An enemy to Henry the

* Printed entire in Record, p. 119, with others from the Rouen archives.

† Dugdale. "Hist. des Gaules," vol. xiii. p. 290.

‡ Supplement to Record, pp. 736, 7.

Second when that prince was striving for his crown, he was not likely to be distinguished by his favour afterwards; while his position as a Norman baron and a friend of the Court of France raised him beyond the level of a man easy to ruin. Henry, on his accession to the throne, seized into his hands the manors of Wendover and Houghton, given to Hugh by Stephen,* and made a grant of them to a stranger, with whose posterity we shall find the Gournays afterwards disputing the property. So, Hugh seems to have stood aloof in a dignified and perhaps sullen independence, and to have grown old in the quiet of his castles. We know not what his views were on the great question between Henry and Becket. He outlived two whole generations, and saw great changes in his order. Some of the Conqueror's most powerful families—Mortaigne and Chester for instance—ended in his lifetime. The Clintons, we know, had risen during his youth; and the renowned names of Clifford and Courtenay made their first appearance in our English aristocracy, in his old age. He must have been grey when he saw war for the last time. It was in 1173, when young Prince Henry, rising against his father, stormed and burned Gournay Castle, taking prisoner Hugh, his son, and more than a hundred and sixty persons.† This was

* Pipe Roll, ap. "Record," p. 233.

† "Hist. des Gaules," xiii. p. 191. Dugdale's "Baronage," *ubi sup.*

the last great trial of his long and various life. Prompted by that religious enthusiasm of which all the family seem to have had more or less, he set off again for the Holy Land, and breathed his last there, about the year 1180. He must have been on any computation more than eighty years of age (for authentic documents make a mistake of identity impossible) when he undertook this journey. His longevity—judging from the case of his great-grandfather "Old Hugh"—was probably hereditary. But he must also have had the great physical organisation proper to a real aristocracy, and which, indeed, is the material basis on which its superiority has always rested.

When placing Hugh IV. in the Gournay family group, we are bound to say that he cannot be esteemed amongst the best men of his line. His youth was turbulent and irregular; and it is not easy to acquit him of ingratitude towards Beauclerc; or of an interested inconsistency under Stephen. He did not want the vigour and enterprise which were almost matters of course in such races; but he never acquired the dignified repute of the old man who headed the family and retainers at Hastings; nor displayed the conspicuous gallantry of him who, fighting alongside Courthose under the white standard, scattered the Saracen hordes. All one can say is, that he somewhat atoned for his youth by his benefactions to the Church;

that his great alliances show that he knew how to maintain the status of his house in the eyes of its feudal rivals; and that death found him a very old and frail man painfully making his way to the distant spot where his Redeemer's body had lain.

There is, however, something more to say after all for Hugh IV. A curious proof exists that he had one characteristic, at all events, of the family beloved by Anselm,—a respect for letters. Here is an epistle to him from Baron de Clermont, the same, it is supposed, who was Constable of France about 1170. We translate from a MS. "Histoire des Seigneurs de Gournay," itself indebted for this document to the celebrated genealogist Duchesne.

"Raoul by the Grace of God, Count of Clermont, to Hugh Lord of Gournay, to whom he wishes that he may choose with the simplicity of the dove that which is better. Knowing that the ardour of friendship renders almost possible things even impossible, that the advantage one ought to draw from the possibility of things is to execute what is demanded one from the others, I have not hesitated to address to you this letter, to you, and your ecclesiastics. I have at Clermont, a Master who has taught there during this year, who is still actually employed in conducting the public schools. This person excited by the regulation of your town, and by the desire of meriting your friendship, wishes

me to obtain for him the object of his desires. He is well versed in the knowledge of authors, and in the science of philosophy, very accomplished as to the manner of teaching grammar and the different arts, sufficiently instructed in the Holy Scriptures, and, what is the principal thing, well-regulated conduct. Wherefore, I beg of you to accord to him, next year, the management and instruction of your town, all obstacles being removed,—and this is what I ask,—at the instance of you and your clergy."*

Surely, this singular and valuable letter says a good deal for Hugh IV. That some schools already existed at Gournay is proved from its whole tone—indeed, from its being written at all; and Raoul shows that the reputation of his friend in such matters had reached the ears of the *protégé* on whose behalf he is writing. These Lords of Gournay, then, were not the illiterate and ferocious warriors that some people assume all the old barons to have been, but were wise enough to respect knowledge, and honest enough to propagate it. Let Hugh IV., as an offset to his faults, have the credit of representing this tendency of the family in the twelfth century.

One word now on his immediate relations, and we leave him to rest with his forefathers in the pleasant Norman land.

* Supplement to Record, p. 747, 8.

By his second wife, Melisandra de Coucy, Hugh de Gournay, whom we call the Fourth, had issue—

1. GERARD, who died before his father, we believe in 1151.

2. HUGH V., his successor, whom we treat of in the next chapter.

3. GUNNORA, married to Nicholas de Stuteville. This lady received in marriage from her father the manors of Bedingham and Kimberley, in Norfolk.* The Stutevilles, de Stotevilles, or d'Etoutevilles long flourished both in France and England; the French line ending in an heiress, who married, in 1534, Francis de Bourbon, a Prince of the Blood. Eleven Stutevilles of the senior branch were barons of England successively, from the Conquest to 1266; and five of a junior one flourished between the days of the first Richard and the first Edward.† Kimberley, given *en dot* to Gunnora de Stuteville *née* Gournay, passed, after several generations, to the Fastolfs, and from them to the present noble family of Wodehouse of Kimberley, several centuries ago.

Hugh's beautiful sister, Gundreda—*la belle Gondrée*, wedded to Nigel d'Albini—lived chiefly in the north of England, and was a great friend of the Church. It was

* Blomefield's "Norfolk," *in voc.*; Close Rolls, 8 John, ap. Record, p. 93.

† Nicolas' "Peerage," by Courthope.

at her request that her son, Roger de Mowbray, founded that Abbey of Byland, the noble ruins of which still keep her memory green. She survived her husband (who died a monk, in Bec) for several years.

Melisandra de Coucy also survived her husband, but it is not exactly known how long.

Her nephew, Hugh Talbot, whom Hugh IV. had placed in the Castle of Plessis, as we have seen above, lived long enough to see the vanity of his earlier and stormier days, and died a monk, like Neil d'Albini. He was a younger brother of the Geoffrey Talbot so active in the cause of the Empress Maud, and was the direct lineal ancestor of

——"that great Alcides of the field,
Valiant John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,"

who had the Gournay blood in his veins.

CHAPTER V.

HUGH V., THE FRIEND OF CŒUR-DE-LION.

THE Hugh whom we have just lost sight of as a grey-headed pilgrim, seeking in extreme old age the Holy Land, was followed in the pedigree by another Hugh, sprung (as we know) from his second marriage with Melisandra de Coucy. The new baron (Hugh V.) first makes his appearance, as usual, witnessing a paternal charter, that by which Hugh IV. and Melisandra founded the priory at Clair-Ruissel.* He was then called Hugh *Junior* in the family documents; and one thinks of him as a gallant young chevalier—half Gournay, half Coucy—drawn towards war by both bloods, but with a kindly side for letters as Gournay, and for song as Coucy. It was just the combination for a friend of Richard and a Crusader against Saladin; and we are justified in placing *this* baron among the most distinguished men of his line. The great trunk-line of the house of

* Record, where it is given.

Gournay was now drawing towards a close. The *Norman* mission committed to it was done, and it was destined to leave the properly *English* mission of the race to other branches. But Hugh V. had his career for all that. As his ancestors had helped to develop Normandy, to conquer England, to take Jerusalem, to strengthen the Church, to forward letters, so he was not without his work. He followed Lion-Heart to Acre, where he did him good service; he showed energy in the troublous reign of John; and the time being come when a Gournay had to choose between France and England,—and no mortal skill availed to enable anybody to be a great man in both,—he lost his French fiefs without losing his honour. A most curious game—an involved, perplexing game—of politics was that imposed upon Hugh V. in his latter years. But let us contemplate him first in his warrior's heyday,—in the brilliant part of a stormy and various life.

For a moment we see him (by the light of the taper used for the charter's lump of wax) witnessing the foundation of Clair-Ruissel. This was in Henry the Second's most palmy days, when the long-headed Plantagenet—at peace with Louis, and triumphant in Ireland and at home—seemed about to close his reign in a sovereign tranquillity. But the year 1173 told a different story. "God," says Wendover, "to punish King Henry for

his conduct towards St. Thomas, raised up against him his own flesh and blood." "It was Queen Eleanor's doing," says Lord Lyttelton, "incited to it by rage at finding herself neglected, and other women preferred to her by a husband she had loved."* The three sons of the King, the eldest only eighteen, rebelled against their father all at once, with the King of France at their back; and then it was that young Henry laid siege to the Castle of Gournay, making prisoners Hugh IV. and Hugh V., with knights to the number of twenty-four, and retainers in a number much larger. The castle was set fire to also, and the townspeople, whose houses clustered under its shadow, were forced to pay ransom.† This is Hugh V.'s first appearance in regular history. One would like to know how his venerable father, who must have been drawing towards eighty at this time, fared in such a scene!

But it is an old complaint with us, that we find the lines connecting even such great barons as these with public events drawn so faintly. We know that the Gournays were loyal to Henry II. at this time, and that their kinsman Albini, Earl of Arundel, was on the same side. But who shall tell us where Hugh was when King Louis fled from Verneuil, or what he thought of his King's sturdy "Brabanters," or of the

* Lyttelton's "Henry the Second," iii. 104. † Wendover.

memorable penance at Canterbury? As well attempt to conjure up the old castle from the boulevard and gardens now occupying the site of its wall, and ask what architect directed the masons who were doubtless repairing it just then, and busy every day over the smoke-blackened towers!

We have but a few scanty notices of Hugh V. during the interval between the rebellion of 1173 and King Henry's death,—broken-hearted, worn out, and with curses on his lips, at Chinon, in 1189; yet, let us make the most of them. The castle's existence is not more certain than the truth of what *is* recorded about these long dead men, and we have a right to fill up freely, by help of the imagination, everything that can be proved to be absolute fact.

It was in 1181 that he succeeded to his lands, on which occasion he confirmed the family donations to St. Hildevert, adding a grant to the canons from his mills of certain measures of wheat, and grants of money in exchange for former rights of theirs.* He was now Lord of Gournay, heir of all the old lords, Gerard, "Old Hugh," and others, back to the Norseman Eudes, of whom the tradition must, by this time, have been waxing faint. Did it occur to him, we wonder, that he was to be the last lord of that fair and rich Pays de Brai, on which he could ride thirty English miles

*. Chart. ap. Record, p. 153.

seeing nothing but his own lands; right and left, as far as the sky-line;—passing manor-house after manor-house of knight and vavassor, all owing castle-guard or horse service, watch and ward, rent in money or rent in kind to the great château of Gournay?* Hardly, we should think, for as he was of two great houses, and holding Gournay under the ablest sovereign in Europe, the probability is quite the other way. We rather picture to ourselves a proud, confident man, carelessly accepting the reverences and thanks of Canon Godfrey and Monk William, as they witness his charter, and talk of the masses to be said for the late baron's soul.

A year or two after this, in 1183, we get a transient glimpse of Hugh V.—(a single flash, revealing him, so to speak)—attending the King's court at Caen.† Henry II. was frequently at that town—always a favourite with our Norman kings—and still justifying their taste with its quaint cheerful populous streets, and pleasant prairie country round, over which the towers of the Conqueror's Church of St. Stephen loom grand and solemn and gray. Hugh would be in that Church—so affecting by its grave early simplicity—so memorable as containing the Conqueror's remains. Nor would he forget—unless sadly wanting in *esprit de race*—that his great-grandfather, Hugh III., had been one of the

* Reg. of Fiefs (MS.), ap. Record, p. 169.

† Supplement to Record, p. 750.

witnesses to the charter of its foundation in the year of grace 1077.*

In 1184, Hugh consented to a donation by "Girardus Talebot," and in 1185 witnessed a charter of King Henry's, at Rouen, in favour of the Abbey of Barberi.† It is pleasant to find the family connection with the illustrious Talbots kept up, and the Church continuing to get her share. During the same 1185, he paid 100*l.* for livery of his lands in England ‡—one of a class of fines paid by everybody for everything in those days—when you gave the king lampreys for a right to marry, wine for a right to have wine over, a palfrey to get you a manor in ferm, and so on.§ Before the end of the reign, he also granted to one "Hugh the Burgundian" (what a medley of blood we have in England!) the manor of Swathings, in Hardingham, in Norfolk. It became vested, afterwards, in the younger branch of the Gournays, settled at Harpley and West Barsham, in Norfolk, the descendents of Walter, son of Gerard, mentioned before.

This is pretty well all that is to be known of Hugh V. during the reign of Henry II. He moved about from Gournay to Rouen; from Rouen to Caen; and no

* "Gallia Christiana," xi. p. 66.
† Supp. *ubi sup.*
‡ Rot. Pip. 31 Hen. II. (Record, p. 128).
§ Madox's "Exchequer."

doubt visited England occasionally, and saw his estates there. Normandy, however, was his head-quarters. And here it is worth while to remark that the Gournays had not spread much. The chief enjoyed his old fiefs; there was a branch in Somersetshire, and a branch in the Eastern Counties. But they had not flung out off-shoots, banyan-tree fashion, as other Norman families had done. We meet no Gournays in Scotland among the Lindsays, Hays, Setons, Bruces, Herizes, Bissets, Gordons; none in Ireland among the De Burghs, Fitz-geralds, Botelers, De Courcys. This is a pity: for both countries owe much to "the gentle Norman blude," which fertilised, wherever it fell, like a pleasant rain.

Henry II. died, in the mood of mind above mentioned, in 1189. His son Henry had died before him, more miserably still; gasping out his confession upon a bed strewn with ashes, and writhing in all the spiritual agony of the intense mediæval times. As they carried the old king's body to the Church of Fontevraud, "Earl Richard" met it, and "wept bitterly," whereupon "blood flowed in streams from the nostrils," says Hoveden. They were profoundly superstitious in that age, when earth and air, land and sea, were still full of terror and mystery. Think, then, what it *was* to be brave; and (remembering the Walter Mapes Poems, and many a trait of the old reckless jollity mentioned by the chroniclers,) what it *was* to be genial.

Richard himself was not a mighty warrior only, though his lion-heart was famous through Europe. He loved song and beauty; and a light of humour played over his great and energetic character like the sunlight on his polished mail.

We know not where Hugh V. first met Richard, whose confidence we shall show him to have possessed. But we may assume that he was present at his "girding with the sword" of the Dukes of Normandy at Rouen, when fealty was sworn by the province; if not, at his coronation in London, in September. "Nearly all the abbots, priors, earls, and barons of England" were there, the chroniclers say; making a sight for the good old town, whose citizens served in the cellars, while those of Winchester served in the kitchen,* at the coronation-feast. These splendours over (not without suffering to the Jews, on whom the populace made a desperate assault on this occasion), Richard began active preparations for the great event of his life and reign—his Crusade. Our next view of Hugh V. is before the walls of ACRE—an appearance too memorable in the family history not to deserve copious illustration from our pen.

Things had gone ill, as all readers will remember, with the Christians in the Holy Land. Their bells had been silenced in Jerusalem, and no longer sent music

* Hoveden, A.D. 1189.

floating towards the Mount of Olives. The great Saladin had regained the Temple, and purified it with rose-water;* and his dusky vassals had spit upon the Cross of Christ, and trampled it under their feet.

Our pious ancestors (to whose own testimonies we owe our knowledge of their faults) had a simple way of accounting for the misfortunes of their kinsmen in Palestine. They attributed them to degeneracy and misconduct—to offences which God they thought punished more severely when committed in His own land than elsewhere. "From the beginning," says William of Newbury, "the Divinity is known to have more patiently tolerated sins, in all regions under heaven, than *in terra illa—in that land.*"† There were no longer religious men from every nation there, he adds; "but wicked men, luxurious ones, drunkards, buffoons, actors—*hoc genus omne*—had flowed into the sacred territory as into a common sewer." We must suppose that there was truth in these representations. The crusaders, when the first reverence had worn off, would, no doubt, give way to the temptations natural to a conquering race: and we must not forget that beautiful as chivalry was, it was at best an *ideal* which could only be reached by a few. The truth about our ancestors and their actual life is not to be found in

* Guill. Neubrig, ed. Hearne, i. 312.
† Neub. i. 299.

poetry only, though still less among those who systematically exaggerate their vices and their "barbarism."

Whatever the sins of the Christians in Syria, at this time, they were fearfully chastised. All the troubles inherent in feudalism raged amongst them, setting baron against baron, and priest against templar.* They sallied out against each other from towers planted amongst the rocks and palm-trees just as if they had been in the woody Norman valleys, or in the long low moss-country of the western Scottish border. The Count of Tripoli disputed the crown of Jerusalem with Baldwin the Leper; and a French adventurer, Renaud de Chatillon, planted on the frontiers of Arabia with a handful of desperadoes around him, defied equally Saladin and his own feudal lord. Weakened within, and threatened without, the Christian kingdom had to fight for its existence, and the Holy City fell a prey to the great Moslem chief, after terrible battles, in the year 1187.

There were symptoms before this, in Christendom, that the crusading zeal was dying out. But the loss of Jerusalem was an event too terrible not to rouse an age which was equally sincere in its worship of Christ and its glory in war. The Pontiff Urban died of a broken heart at the news that such a calamity had happened in his time.† Preparations were everywhere

* Michaud's "Crusades." † Hoveden.

begun for another Holy War. A "Saladin Tithe" was imposed; "to be collected in each parish in the presence of the priest of the parish, the rural dean, one templar, one hospitaller, one member of the household of our lord the king,"* &c. The tithe was laid on the revenue of each person for the year, and on his chattels likewise; being an "income tax" and "property tax" to some purpose! They were no niggards in what they thought a good cause—the men of the twelfth century, at all events; and if any *were* contumacious, they were laid in irons till they paid. Even the Jews had to subscribe †—most unwillingly, no doubt—towards the recovery of their own ancestral city,—a provision smacking of the peculiar feudal humour of a remote age!

Richard had assumed the Cross before his father's death, as had the old king himself. No sooner was he crowned, than "he put up for sale everything he had,"‡ and raised immense sums. He was, indeed, a sumptuous, profuse, and splendid monarch—to a degree which is hardly excusable, when we remember how he made himself master of his mighty drains of gold.§ To Richard, as earlier to Courthose, a Crusade was not a

* Hoveden. † *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid.*

§ "Richard's presence-chamber was a market-overt, in which all that the king could bestow . . . was disposed of to the best chapman." (Palgrave's "Pref. to Rot. Cur." p. xlii.)

pious enthusiastic piece of duty only; it was an occasion for gratifying the love of war and enterprise; it supplied an arena for the display of brilliant prowess, beautiful armour and caparisons—all the pomp and glory of old romance. The generation of Hugh V. were gayer and finer gentlemen from this point of view, possessed more showy accomplishments, than the generation of Gerard, Bohemond, and Godfrey de Bouillon. Like their architecture, their life was more "decorated;" and it was not less as Preux Chevalier, than as Mediæval Christian, that Richard wept and averted his eyes, when he drew near the sepulchre and city which he could not save.

The sales of manors, vills and rights having gone merrily on, and the king having acquired a very large sum of money, a council was held in London, where all swore on "the Holy Evangelists" to be "at Vezelay at the close of Easter (1190) prepared to set out for Jerusalem." Finding, as we do, Hugh de Gournay in attendance on the king at Acre, we may assume that he took the same route southward that his sovereign did. Gerard had done so, as we have seen, with Courthose; and it was more natural for a noble whose headquarters were in Upper Normandy, and whose means were great, to travel by land than by sea. Nevertheless, let us not forget that the seafaring share of the expedition constitutes a marked epoch in the history

of the British navy.* The first "articles of war" date from 1190, in the April of which year a crusading fleet of one hundred ships sailed from Dartmouth, and weathered, admirably, a rough gale of wind on their way out to the Mediterranean.

While these galleys,—bluff "busses," "dromons," and "ursers," for carrying horses—were bowling away at sea (at no great rate of knots *per* hour), the two Kings of England and France proceeded southwards by land. Fancy pictures Hugh de Gournay in the retinue of his lord, with many a follower from the Pays de Brai whose names have long been forgotten, and whose unconscious descendants are probably making butter and cheese there at this hour. At Tours, King Richard received the scrip and staff of his pilgrimage from the hands of William the Archbishop, the "staff" breaking while he leant on it, which his army would not like.† From Lyons they went to Vezelay, "where rests," says an ancient writer, "the body of Saint Mary Magdalen." At Lyons a bridge over the Rhone gave way, "being thronged with men and women," and injured great numbers.‡ The kings separated here, the multitude who followed them being too large, and

* "Hist. of the Navy," by Sir Harris Nicolas, (to whom all genealogists owe so much,) i. p. 89, 90.

† Hoveden, A.D. 1190.

‡ *Ibid.*

Richard made for Marseilles, while Philip made for Genoa. How trifling a thing it sounds to us to have arrived at Marseilles, and to be waiting for the steamer! But to have arrived at Marseilles in 1190, and to be waiting for the fleet from England, was something very different. Not to mention the fatigue of the recent journey, the daily adventures among such a crowd of followers, the strange legends everywhere meeting one, and inspiring wonder and awe,—how vast must have seemed the Mediterranean sea to the mail-clad pilgrims of that time! What a medley of classical and scriptural tradition would vaguely wander about the crusader's memory and imagination, as he gazed upon its glittering blue waves.

King Richard waited several days at Marseilles, and waiting was a kind of torture to a man of his temperament; but the fleet from England still tarried. So, in a gloomy and restless mood, he hired some galleys, and proceeded on a cruise along the coast of Italy. Whether Hugh V. attended him there, we cannot say; but we are inclined to think that he did not; that he either sailed to Acre direct from Marseilles (as we know Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, Ranulph de Glanville, and others, to have done*), or, at least, that he separated from the King's party at some subsequent stage of the journey.

* Hoveden.

A passage in the chronicler Vinsauf* leads us to this belief, where Hugh is mentioned among some eminent Normans arriving at Acre, in a way which shows Vinsauf to mean that they were earlier at the siege than the English king. This might well be, if Hugh pushed on from Marseilles, or afterwards from Messina, before Richard's Cyprus adventures. We cannot decide how this was, but we know that he did arrive at Acre during the siege, along with other Normans, of whom were Walkelin de Ferrars, Robert Trussebot, and Ivo de Vipont.†

The famous city of Acre still interests a Mediterranean tourist, with its gray sea-walls stained by time and the shot of the British squadron in 1840; with its venerable Mount Carmel, an eternal reminder of the holy antiquity of the land. But what a contrast to the stagnant Turkish loneliness of the present town was the Acre at which Hugh de Gournay landed in the Third Crusade! An immense Christian army besieged the town, while Saladin, with his thousands of many-coloured tents gleaming along the hills, watched and threatened them. All day long the desultory fighting of the siege went on. Stones hurled from *petrariæ* whizzed through the air, those from the city sometimes

* Vinsauf in "Chronicles of the Crusades," p. 123. This writer was himself in the expedition.

† Vinsauf, lib. 1. c. 42.

crushing the rival machines of the crusaders, by one of which, too, a priest preached steadily from hour to hour as the engines worked it.* Slingers plied incessantly against the walls wherever an infidel's head was seen, with all the more vigour if (as sometimes happened) the infidel mocked them by spitting on the symbolic Cross. Greek fire flung from the walls burnt unquenchably among our troops at intervals. Now and then there were sea fights — forerunners of our naval victories—when galley met galley with a dead shock, and some Norman knight "led the boarders," battle-axe in hand. In the midst of such daily slaughter, famine for a time afflicted our camp, near winter, too, "*when*," says Master Geoffrey Vinsauf, unconsciously testifying to the old love of Christmas cheer, "*they were usually more prodigal and luxurious.*" Horse-flesh became a luxury, and there were hungry men who ate grass; while heavy rains fell, soaking and making sick the weary troops. "I have remained long enough in this army!" groaned Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, hearing that amidst all these miseries, drinking and vice were not unknown; and in fifteen days he was dead. . . . . Such were the scenes and events which Hugh V. had to meditate over in his tent "towards the plain" †—(for so far we can fix his exact position),—but

* Vinsauf, lib. 1. c. 42.

† Giles's "Wendover," ii. 91.

it is pleasant to find Vinsauf mentioning that the Norman group in which he has already placed him were especially active in relieving their poorer brethren.* Things brightened again; but the forced fasting of the winter was not allowed to excuse the crusaders from the pious fasting of Lent.†

King Richard in the meantime had been displaying in the Mediterranean a romantic personal heroism that might have been sung by Homer. At Messina, at Cyprus, every provocation had found him ready for combat; and Cyprus, where he married Berengaria of Navarre, he seized from the Emperor Isaac, whom he chained in silver fetters, and kept prisoner. The Greek "civilisation,"—cunning and rhetorical talent, *plus* the mechanical arts,—was not a kind of thing that our ancestors either worshipped or feared. Loyal heart and manly hand, these were their favourite qualities; their good sense had a stalwart character about it, like their valour; and the clever slippery Comnenos writhed as helplessly in Richard's mailed hand as an eel. The King *feudalised* Cyprus; left it in hands that knew how to keep it; and then turned the prows of his galleys towards Syria, sinking a Turkish galley in a sea-fight by the way. He arrived in Acre soon after the French King, on Saturday "in Pentecost week" (a time always associated by the troubadours

* Vinsauf, lib. 1. c. 79. † *Ibid.*

with the nightingale and the rose), the 8th June, 1191. His landing was a great event for the crusaders of all nations, and is described by the chroniclers with something like rapture. The night that followed was beautiful and calm, and the camp resounded far and wide with trumpets, horns, and ballad-singing. Everywhere there was drinking and dancing, and so many lights blazed among the tents, that "the Turks," Vinsauf says, "thought the whole valley was on fire."

The city was taken in July, and the capture supplies an important event to this family history. The two kings divided the city, and all that was found in it, the *pagani* included, amongst themselves; divided it fairly, by numbers and measure, *numero et mensura*, says Benedict of Peterborough.* To carry out this important proceeding, each monarch selected on his own part a baron and a hundred knights. The baron chosen by King Philip of France was Drogo de Merlou; the baron chosen by King Richard of England was Hugh de Gournay.†

To be so chosen was a very great honour to Hugh de Gournay. If it was partly owing to his family that he obtained it, so we may fairly suppose that his personal qualities went for something in the matter. Cœur-de-Lion was likely to have an eye for a man, and he had

* Bened. Pet. ed. Hearne (1735), p. 664.

† Bened. Pet. p. 664; Riley's "Hoveden," ii. 215.

the flower of European chivalry to choose from. The division took place on the 18th July,* when Hugh V. would be busy enough, telling off swarms of dusky captives, and bags of bezants, arms, ornaments, and spoils of the East. The banners of each sovereign were hoisted on his respective parts of the town, and that of King Richard waved from the royal palace. "Thus, each obtained his portion in peace," says Vinsauf, which must partly, no doubt, have been owing to the good management and temper of the two barons to whom the business had been committed.

Among the articles of the treaty when Acre was yielded, had been one for the delivery of the *True Cross:* how unspeakably sacred an object in the eyes of the crusaders, we need not say. Hostages were given by the Saracens for the fulfilment of this and other stipulations, but in August they had not been performed. Richard then threatened to cut off the heads of the pagans in his possession, and Saladin anticipated him by sacrificing the Christians in *his.* The king kept word; the captives were led out and beheaded in sight of Saladin's army. As we have never professed to be giving only the sunny side of mediæval life, we may add that the bodies were "disembowelled" and "much gold and silver" found in "the entrails."† Hugh—in

* Hoveden.

† Riley's "Hoveden," ii. 220.

whose charge the captives had once been—would see all this. But we must not too strongly condemn those stern crusaders. The lives taken had been forfeited by the laws of war. A pagan to them was Christ's enemy as well as their own. And the disembowelling of the remains was, after all, but the "dissection" of an early and unscientific age.*

We do not find from the old writers that the Christian army ever recovered anything but a part of the *True Cross.*† Of that part, however, some fragment came into the possession of Hugh de Gournay, and was presented by him, as a relic, to his Church of St. Hildevert.‡ Hence, no doubt, the *engrailed cross gules* borne for so many centuries by the Gournays of Norfolk. Nothing is so certain about Heraldry as that it was flourishing in the twelfth century, and that it was influenced by the crusades. We do not know its origin. We cannot describe its growth. But no one who studies it can fail to see its beauty, significance, and use. With the symbolism which the Middle Ages loved, and the ornamentation which decks war whilst it refines it, Heraldry combined a useful means of distinguishing families, and marking gentle blood. We

* They used the "gall" so obtained for "medical purposes," according to Hoveden.

† Vinsauf, lib. v., c. 53, 54.

‡ Record, p. 129.

may still study its remains—pretty shells flung up on the dry beach for us by the feudal sea—and not refuse the name of a science to a system which helps us to know the details of the Past.

That Hugh accompanied Cœur-de-Lion on his march from Acre to Ascalon, we know from the same contemporary writers who assure us that he was at the siege. The army moved between the enemy and the sea; over bad roads, through thickets and copses, and always in danger of the Saracens breaking upon them from the hills. When these warriors did descend, the battles were fierce, and the sword of Richard played "like lightning" among their files. At night, when the tents were pitched, and the crusaders breathed themselves after the toilsome march, brushing away the insects that hummed through the hot air, a voice regularly cried from the centre of the camp, "*Help! Help! for the Holy Sepulchre!*" The army took it up, and it was shouted again and again; with "abundant weeping" too, from those fierce men, in whom *all* passions, hard or tender, existed in such freshness and power.* So, they marched on, from Acre to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Capernaum, and thence to Cæsarea. It was after leaving this town, that they fought a great battle with Saladin at Assur. The Normans and English were in the "fourth line," and had charge of

* Vinsauf.

the standard; so, it was in the place of honour that the chief of the Gournays fought that day.* His nearest companions were the Earl of Leicester, the last of the Bellomonts;† Walkin de Ferrars; Roger de Tony; and the gallant James D'Avennes, who fell covered with blood and glory, and was mourned by all men including Richard himself. The rout of the Infidels was complete, and the slaughter of them immense. Joppa and Ascalon were abandoned by their forces after this blow; from which "Melech Ric," as they called Richard, became more formidable to them than ever. Our army advanced to Joppa; encamped among its olive-gardens; and revelled in the pleasant fruits of the land.

But we are not called upon to follow the lion-hearted king through the remainder of his adventures. For, soon after this, he detached Hugh de Gournay from military service, and sent him home, on what we now call a "diplomatic" mission. As all readers of our established historians know, England had been thrown into great confusion at this time, by the proceedings of William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, the king's chancellor. The story of this man has its significance in aristocratic history; since he had risen to the greatest

* Vinsauf, lib. iv. c. 17.

† Robert, surnamed "Fitz Parnell." It is worth while to observe how the earlier class of Normans were going out. The Hamiltons are said to have descended from the De Bellomonts—but this is more than doubtful.

position in the kingdom, though the grandson of a serf in the Bearnais, and was thought by his contemporaries to be all the more offensive in the exercise of his power from that circumstance.* This shows us, first, that talent could raise a humble man in the height of the feudal system; secondly, that aristocracy was so ancient, long-established a thing in Europe as to make such elevation remarkable; thirdly, that the conduct of new men did not dispose the people to encourage them: three positions well worth consideration by all who interest themselves in the questions on which they throw light.

Longchamp, we may remind the reader, was deposed by Richard's brother, John, then Earl of Cornwall, with whom there acted in the affair many barons and bishops as well as the citizens of London, in the autumn of this year, 1191. Both parties appealed to Pope Celestinus, and to the king, while excommunications flew about from one side to the other. Richard was much vexed by the trouble which the dispute gave him, in the midst of a kind of strife which was much more in his way; and Hugh V. was one of those whom he sent to Europe to try and arrange matters. It was a proof that Hugh was thought to possess civil as well as military talent (which confirms much that we have said of the race before); and he seems not to have

* Riley's "Hoveden," ii. 232.

disappointed the king. We find him at Rome in the spring of 1192, in deep converse with "the clerks of the archbishop of Rouen," Longchamp's successor in the chancellorship;* and the historian of the Præmonstratensian Order claims for him an important share in the negotiations.† A compromise was the result of this controversy. Longchamp did not regain his great position in England, but neither did he lose the generous Richard's friendship.

The captivity of Richard,—who by the way did not only solace his confinement with

". . . . . Songs below the waning stars,"

but used, in the rough feudal manner, to make his guards drunk, and fight with the huge brawny fellows,‡ —brought Hugh more serious employment.

Philip of France, ever mindful of the Acre quarrel, ever jealous of Lion-Heart's romantic renown, (as the shrewd man is so apt to be of the brilliant man), eagerly longed to strike him while his hands were bound. But if Philip was an ungenerous rival, John was a disloyal subject and false brother. They plotted together, for their common benefit, against Richard and England. Philip invaded Normandy.

* Riley's "Hoveden," ii. 276.
† Record, part i. Appendix, xxviii.
‡ Giles's "Wendover," ii. 127.

A traitor yielded Gisors. Hugh V. was not in a position to resist under such circumstances, and surrendered Gournay.* This was in 1193; while Richard was still in prison, and England was ransacking itself for money (so proud was it of the man), to raise his ransom. Richard spurred the willing horse, too; and once said in his wild humorous way, that "he would sell London if he could find a purchaser;" an extravagance which beats the Arabian Nights.

It was now that the Lord of Gournay began to feel the full difficulties of his ancestral position. It was a very splendid one, no doubt. The family matched with princely houses, and enjoyed the friendship of sovereigns. They were great barons on both sides of the Channel; leaders in war, and in politics. But "Gournay" was just situated in one of those posts of honour which are emphatically posts of danger. Although the "Key of Rouen;"† it was almost the first spot on which the blows of a French invader of Normandy fell. This might matter little, while a great monarch held the crown of England and its neighbouring dukedom. But with a Richard in captivity, or a John on the throne, it was a very different thing.

* Giles's "Wendover," ii. 133; Carte ("Hist. Eng." i. 757) makes Hugh "join" the baron who yielded Gisors, but this is an error on the part of that very learned writer.

† It was attacked and defended as such down to the wars of Henry IV. of France.

Then, the whole force of a French monarch attacking England was brought to bear on the family at once; and they were the first sacrifice to the evil genius of the time. We are to remember, also, that every Lord of Gournay was, for a part of his possessions, a vassal of the King of France; that the extent of his Norman fief and the traditions of his continental alliances made his position essentially a *continental* one. Here, then, was a source of moral embarrassment to him, in relation to the two kings between whom he was placed. He constantly ran the risk of falling to the ground between two thrones. He could not feel towards either monarch as a Shropshire squire of Norman blood did towards the descendant of William, or as a *gentilhomme campagnard* of the Isle of France did towards the potentate called "King of the Franks." Like some Normans settled on the borders of England and Scotland, he was apt to be uncertain in his allegiance; all the more from that ancient sentiment of independence, which, while both baronial and feudal, was older than baronies or feuds; can be traced far away to the heroic and mythical epoch of the Gothic races; and is the real source of the truest liberty existing among their descendants.

When we bear these facts in mind, we must not be too hard on Hugh V. if we find certain "variations" in what we should now-a-days call his "public career."

The kings of France and England seem to have made allowances for it themselves. Thus, in the truce made between Richard and Philip, in 1193, we find a special article relating to Hugh de Gournay, which is evidently intended to *recognise* the dubiety of his political position, so to speak, and to leave him considerable freedom of action in his attitude towards both kings; showing that neither of them had anything to complain of in his conduct, so far. The article is obscurely expressed.* But the substance of it amounts to this, that he was to continue "holding" under the two potentates, and that if he ever wished to belong more decidedly to either of them he was to have fair terms from the other. We cannot ascertain his *exact* position at this point, though it would seem that the advantages gained by the French king in his late irruption had brought Hugh more under his power than before.

At all events, when Richard was free, and war going on again between the kings the year after this (1194) (John being then partially restored to his brother's favour), a sally was made by the Earl of Leicester and others into the Gournay territory, to lay it waste, on which the Earl was taken prisoner by the King of France. And in the fresh truce that followed, that same July, Hugh is among the persons named by

* Rymer, vol. i. 82; Record, App. xxv.

Philip as to be included in it;* which confirms what the old historian of Normandy says about his rather leaning to France at this time.† The stormy life Hugh would lead that summer, with war ever roaring through the Norman woods, the swarms of armed vassals always ready throughout his territory, and the keen look-out kept from his towers over the valley, our readers can faintly imagine for themselves. Next year (1195) another agreement made between the kings about Hugh was, that he should remain in Philip's homage for his life, unless he wished to return to Richard's; but that such of his knights as had gone over to the English king should still pay him homage, saving only their faith to Richard.‡ Here, then, we find Hugh in formal alliance with the King of France, and on the surface it would seem as if he was wholly of his party. Yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that these political changes involved any personal dishonour, or broke off Hugh's connection with his patron and brother Crusader. On the contrary, during the closing years of the fighting king's stormy reign he appears in several of his public documents. He was one of those bound to the performance of a treaty between him and Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, in 1197. And in 1198 he

* Riley's "Hoveden," ii. 330.
† Dumoulin, "Hist. de Normandie," p. 473.
‡ Rymer, i. 91.

witnessed charters of his to the Abbeys of Perseigne, Jumièges, and Mortemer.* In the feudal sense, he was the vassal of both kings; but he was, in the long run, the friend only of one—of that matchless warrior, the ashes of whose lion-heart are now shown, a tiny heap of white dust, to the visitor of the Museum at Rouen.

It is now time to say something of the benefactions of Hugh V. to the Church, before we show how he lost his Norman possessions in the evil days of the worst of the Plantagenets.

The House of Gournay had always loved and favoured the Church. Hugh V. did not neglect the family tradition. He thought of his own St. Hildevert at Gournay when he was warring in Syria, and he brought home many relics for it—"some hair of St. Mary Magdalen," it seems, among others. During his stay at Rome, he had obtained "indulgences" for such as came to worship there—especially to worship the portion of the True Cross mentioned earlier in this chapter. He founded an altar of the Holy Cross in St. Hildevert, where a lamp was kept burning at matins, and mass was celebrated every day. Hence—so strangely and significantly are things spiritual and things temporal connected in this world's history, so closely did they bind themselves together, above all in the Middle Ages, —hence, we say, the origin of the fair at Gournay, which

* Charters quoted in Record and Supplement to Record.

this Hugh founded, and which was much frequented.* The country-folk coming to worship, came also to buy and sell—a healthy association, and by no means so incongruous a one as we are apt to think. A speculative man might thus, without exaggeration, trace some relation between the Crusade of Hugh de Gournay V. and the excellence of the Gournay butter at this day! For it was not by their fighting, nor even by their administration only, that the old barons served Europe, but by forwarding such social conveniences as fairs, markets, and so forth, in their own districts,—like our present one. To make his hereditary seat of Gournay a still more effective centre of spiritual interest, Hugh also presented the chapter of St. Hildevert with a silver chest, to take the place of the wooden one which had hitherto held the patron saint's bones. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated at the ceremony of their transfer, which took place in March, 1201.†

A few years before this—in 1198—Hugh V. had done a more important service to religion by founding the Abbey of Bellosanne. This house was devoted to the Præmonstratensian Order under the rule of St. Augustine, and stood in a forest of the same name on the ancient lands of the family in the district of Brai, five miles from Gournay. The charter which endows it incidentally tells us that the Lords of Gournay had a

* Record, p. 130. † *Ibid.* pp. 133, 134.

curia, or country-house there, with a private chapel dedicated to Our Lady. This was probably a hunting-seat, such as most great families had; and the chapel would be the scene of many a curtailed *hunting-mass,* suited to the impatience of those old barons when the dew on the Norman woods was beginning to glitter in the morning sun. Bellosanne Abbey was endowed by Hugh, with lands and churches, rights of pasture, and of buying and selling, with the details of which we need not trouble the reader.* His obit-day was kept there in due time, and the house survived till the Revolution. We may couple with it, in this paragraph, the foundation in 1200, by the same baron, of a convent of Cistercian nuns at St. Aubin, near Gournay. Both charters are witnessed by men of honourable names; and that of Bellosanne was confirmed by King Richard and his successor.

Some minor donations—though by no means unimportant—may be similarly classed together, to show how Hugh V. recognised the claims of religion and charity. He endowed his favourite chapter of St. Hildevert with the tithes of Caistor and Cantley, in Norfolk. And he granted to the sick poor of the hospital of Lisieux a rent of a thousand eels, paid yearly at the

* See the Charter in "Gallia Christiana," xi. p. 29; and Record, Append. xxviii.

feast of St. Andrew, from his lordship of Ecouché.* There was a "Leproserie," with its little chapel attached, at Gournay also, for the comfort of the forlorn leper of those times—dreariest of all outcasts, at the tinkling of whose bell in his wanderings the stoutest warrior felt the flesh creep under his mail.

Enough has been said to prove that the Fifth Hugh was not less interested than his predecessors in the cause of the good and of the poor. We resume the narrative of his career after Richard had fallen by the arrow of Gurdon, and John succeeded to the English crown. It was the darkest and most troublous period of his life.

"Philip," says a good modern historian of Normandy,† "took a hostile attitude to John as soon as the death of Richard was known." But the new king, weak, vicious, ill-conditioned, had neither the wit to check the French monarch peacefully, nor the gallantry in war which his brother had successfully opposed to his shrewdness and energy. He began by making a bad bargain with him in 1200, the year after his accession, when he ceded Evreux and other places to Louis, his son—finding the son a wife at the same time in the person of his niece, Blanche of Castille. On this occasion, Hugh de Gournay was certainly not, even as far as his Norman

* Record, p. 134, and Append. xxix.

† Depping, "Hist. de la Normandie," ii. 411.

position went, a subject of Philip. It was agreed in the treaty that if John died without heirs the Norman homage of Hugh should belong to Philip;* but meanwhile the right vested, as of old, in the English king. Hugh was one of the sureties for the execution of this treaty, on John's part, together with Baldwin, Earl of Aumarle,† William Earl of Pembroke,‡ Robert de Harcourt, and others, who all swore to come over to the King of France "with all their fiefs on this side the sea," if John failed to keep his covenants.§ This "treaty of peace and final reconciliation," as a chronicler calls it, proved neither final nor reconciliatory. At once weak and turbulent, with every quality of a tyrant except the vigour, John could not resist his rival king's policy by cunning, and quarrelled so early with his barons that neither could he defeat it by force. In 1201 there were disturbances in Poitou; and the barons of England refusing to cross the sea till their "rights" were restored, gave the first impulse to the great—essentially *feudal*—movement which produced Magna Charta, and made tyranny impossible in England. One of the first castles John would fain have seized on this occasion was Belvoir,‖ the seat of a

* Riley's "Hoveden," ii. 511; Rymer, i. 118.

† Baldwin de Betun, ob. 1212.

‡ William Marshal (Marshal of England), ob. 1219.

§ Hoveden.

‖ Hoveden. Belvoir then belonged to William de Albini, one of the

branch of the De Albinis, kinsmen (as has been shown before) of the Lords of Gournay.

The peace between the kings of France and England was an uneasy and insincere one. Philip was scheming to obtain Normandy, and John's own character was the best point in his favour in the game. He soon summoned him to appear and do homage for Aquitaine, Touraine, and Anjou; and in 1202 he invaded Normandy in force. Gournay was immediately invested. Part of its defence was a great lake which fed the moats of the castle, and by piercing the "digues," Philip threatened to submerge the flourishing town itself, which had grown up under its protection. Again was Gournay yielded. King Philip liked the place, and it was there that he knighted Arthur,*—unhappy young prince, so soon to disappear for ever, and to leave a dark shadow of suspicion on John's memory! A poetical narrative of the capture of Gournay on this occasion is found in the ancient "Philippiad" of William Brito. He describes the town as

> —— Vicum populosâ gente superbum,
> Divitiis plenum variis, famaque celebrem
> Rure situm plano, munitum triplice muro . . .

adding many lines which testify to the goodliness of the

celebrated Twenty-five Barons, who formed a "Lords' Committee" afterwards, to see the Great Charter carried out. From his family it went by blood to the Rooses, and so to the Mannerses.

* Depping, ii. 454.

inheritance that the Gournays were now about to lose. From this time, indeed, they were never masters of their ancestral domains again; never enjoyed again either the lordship of their spreading territories, with its power and honour, and country sports, or the domestic life within the walls of the castle, which was all the more intense from the energy and frequent danger of the life without.

Hugh V. adhered steadily to John for some time in this war, and especially distinguished himself among the defenders of Chateau Galliard on the Seine.* In the fourth of John (1203) he occurs in the Patent Rolls as having French prisoners committed to his charge.† But there is no doubt that he changed sides that same year. Probably he always held himself free to choose between the two monarchs, and John was not a man to bind him to an affectionate or loyal allegiance. The reader, too, will remember what has been said of the peculiar position, geographical as well as feudal, of a Lord of Gournay. Whether, however, the mode of Hugh's transition—for he yielded the castle of Montfort to Philip under suspicious circumstances ‡—was questionable; or, whether he suffered himself to be made a cat's-paw of, certainly he lost some dignity by

* Speed. Wendover.

† Dugdale's "Baronage." Part 4, Joh. m. 11.

‡ Hist. des Gaules, xviii. p. 342; Carte, i. 798.

this proceeding. Neither king would have him; and he was stripped of his lands on each side the Channel by both. A French chronicler says, Philip thought him "*manifestus proditor*;"* and John, in distrusting his Norfolk and Suffolk lands to one of the Marshals, calls him "Hugh Gournay, the traitor."† But we cannot help thinking that a thorough rogue would have made a better thing of it, and that he was simply ruined when trying to do his best, by the extreme complexity of his position, and the violence of the times. If Philip wanted his Norman, and John his English fiefs, it was hard for him to contrive to keep both. The attempt hastened his losing both, and he fled to Cambray. There, in exile, and probably in narrow means, (for those great barons when they did fall, fell with a severe crash), he could at least console himself by reflecting that he had broken no tie of generous or grateful affection. His heart would not reproach him for abandoning a man like John; and we know of no obligation that he owed to Philip. They had been playing a round game, and he had lost, and that was all.

There is a good story,—a mediæval anecdote,—about this residence of Hugh V. at Cambray. We welcome it in the pages of an old French chronicler, published by

* Hist. des Gaules, *ubi sup.*

† Dugdale. Cart, 5 Joh. Record, p. 138.

Michel,* for its sprightly little bit of humour in the midst of the dust and din of old wars. Hugh, it seems, was riding round the town one day, and observed to an honest bourgeois, who did not know him, "*Ciertes, moult a bièle cité en Cambray*" ("A fine city this Cambray of yours"), with the good-natured condescension becoming an old baron. "*Ciertes, sire,*" was the answer, "it is a fine city and a good; but it has one too bad custom!" ("*Elle a trop mauvais coustume!*") "What is that?" asked Hugh. "Sire," said the honest bourgeois, "there is not under heaven a thief or traitor that it does not receive" ("*Sous ciel n'a larron na trahitour k'ele ne recet*"). "There was much laughter in many places at this," the chronicler adds, for the bourgeois was "*simple homme,*" and did not know that he had said a good thing, much less that he would have the honour of being quoted in the nineteenth century! How one tries to picture to oneself Hugh riding home to dinner, and chewing the cud, half mirthful, half melancholy, of the unconscious burgher's joke.

Hugh now remained for some time in Germany, while Normandy was being conquered by Philip, and the lands which his ancestors had held for three centuries, since the days of Eudes, the sea-roving follower of Rollo, were being permanently annexed to the French

* "Histoire des Ducs de Normandie, et des Rois d'Angleterre," p. 92: quoted in Record, p. 138, 139.

crown. In 1204, Philip guarantees to various peoples, including those on the lands of Hugh de Gournay, their franchises and customs.* He had taken Gournay, in the district of Brai, into his own hands, and the Register of the Fiefs, made by his order, still exists in the "Bibliothèque de Roi" at Paris. We glanced at the evidence furnished by this document of the power of the family, earlier in Hugh V.'s story. The Brai country was covered by the tenants of the house, who lived now at their halls, and now at Gournay, when performing their services. Watch and ward, castle-guard and horse-service, rents in money, rents in kind, all kept up the strength and enriched the exchequer of the chief. It must have been with a gloomy feeling that Hugh thought of all this, and of the woods in which he had hunted as a boy, in his exile at Cambray. But the doom had fallen, and in one more generation, the male line itself (cadets always excepted) was destined to expire. Hugh V. meanwhile was living, we may well suppose, in very diminished splendour, partly, it is believed, on property which he had inherited from his mother Millicent de Coucy.† That he had a family at this time who probably shared his retirement, we know from a charter which he executed just before his ruin. The date of this is 1202, and its object to make a grant to the

* Depping, "Hist. de la Normandie," ii. 454.
† Supplement to Record, p. 759.

Abbey of Fécamp.* He there speaks of his wife Juliana, his boys, and heirs. Juliana was one of the Dampmartins, a race known on both sides of the Channel, and allied to the houses of Boulogne, Coucy, Montmorency, and others even of higher rank.†

Hugh's sun was not destined to go down altogether in cloud. He attracted the attention, and evidently commanded the respect of Otho, King of the Romans, afterwards the Emperor Otho IV. This great potentate interceded with John for him, and that John had any very serious ground of complaint we are inclined to doubt from Hugh's not being taken up by Philip. The letter of the English king, in which he forgives the baron his *malevolentia*, and permits him to pass freely to England with his wife and children, is still extant, bearing date 1205.‡ Hugh was to return into his homage, and may be looked on from this time as an Englishman. That he had never been in England before is by no means probable; he had been a baron of England by his possessions there till his forfeiture; but the greater part of his life had clearly been spent on the continent, and the people and their language would be quite unfamiliar to him. We find the king restoring his English estates to him, or granting him

* Supplement to Record, p. 756.

† Pedigree in the great genealogical work of Père Anselm, viii. 401.

‡ Rot. Parl. m. ii. p. 57; Record, p. 139.

new ones.[1] With the names of some of these, Mapledurham, Gurney, Caistor, Cautley, Kimberley, the reader has been made acquainted before. They constituted the English barony of Gournay, which existed independently of the original Norman barony, and which survived the separation between Normandy and England for some years,—in fact, till the death of the last direct male, Hugh VI., whose life will be noticed presently.

We should have hailed with great pleasure the name of GOURNAY amongst the barons of the Charter; above all, in the list of the TWENTY-FIVE appointed to enforce its observance, and of whom D'Albini and the two Mowbrays were connected with or descended from the Gournay family. But neither Hugh V. nor any son of his appears in that immortal roll, among the Bigods, Bohuns, Marshalls, De Lacys, De Clares, whose names have long vanished from the Peerage of England. Their diminished grandeur—though they perhaps still ranked with the *barones majores*—may help to account for this. But Hugh V., who owed the decent prosperity of his old age to the king, probably thought it his duty to remain in harmony with him. The few notices we possess of his latter years exhibit him as possessing the king's confidence. He was one of his sureties, when he betrothed his daughter Joanna to Geoffrey de

[1] Claus. 7 Joh., p. 65; 9 Joh. p. 87; Blomefield's "Norfolk."

Lusignan; and in 1214, he was sheriff of Bucks and Beds, and accompanied him to Poitou. He died there on the 9th September that year, as we know by the date of his obit-day at Bellosanne; and was probably buried in the Cathedral of Rouen, the resting-place of Rollo, and no doubt of his ancestor Eudes, but where no Gournay Lord of the Pays de Brai was ever to be laid again.

Hugh V. had a *sobriquet*, as was common in old times. He was nicknamed *The Cuckoo*, but for what reason we are unable to guess. Much of the rough humour of the Middle Ages down to Rabelais' days, turned upon the marital relation and its mishaps; but no scandal is preserved in this respect about our baron or his spouse, the high-born Dampmartin. His children by that lady were,—

Gerard—named, of course, after his ancestor the Crusader. He disappears from record, after the death of his father: perhaps pre-deceased him.

Hugh, his heir. We shall deal with him, as the last direct male of this line, in our next chapter.

Millicent. This lady—christened no doubt after her grandmother of the House of Coucy—made two marriages: first with Almaric Count of Evreux, uncle to the famous Simon de Montfort Earl of Leicester; secondly, with William de Cantelupe. She had no issue by her first husband. By her second, she was mother of Saint

Thomas the canonized Bishop of Hereford, and of Julia, the wife of Sir Robert de Tregoz.*

If it be fair, as we think it is, always to give some honour to families for the memorable men that spring from their daughters, and not only for those who inherit the name; then, the House of Gournay may justly pride itself on the good Bishop just mentioned, the last Englishman canonized by the Holy See. The age for believing in miracles wrought by his remains is gone by. So far from a tendency to credit everything miraculous, that of the present age is to believe that nothing is so. But this Saint Thomas was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men of his generation, quite apart from that wonderful piety, austerity, and charity which made his name famous and beautiful, and led a generation more deeply, though more blindly, spiritual than ours, to dream that there lurked some holy power in his very bones. He was a true offshoot of the stock of the pious Basilia, and Hugh the Monk of Bec, old friends of Anselm, as has been shown before; carrying the lowliness of a pilgrim into the high places of the Church, and the courage of the Crusader into the councils of the State. We may have a word or two more to say of Saint Thomas, in dismissing his kinsman the sixth Hugh, when we shall have to sketch the group surrounding the Last of Our Barons.

* Dugdale's Baronage, i. 430.

Meanwhile, let us leave the friend of Cœur-de-Lion with a simple indication of his place in the family circle. His share in the Third Crusade with Richard, and the good opinion in which that king evidently held him, compel us to recognise in him one of the bravest and most energetic of the House. But the interest of his life clings all around just that early portion of it; and fades away as he advances in years. The good he did for his place of GOURNAY, and for the Church, indicates those civilizing and humane instincts, the union of which with the usual feudal gallantry constitutes, we think, the ἦθος of the race, and marks it out honourably in periods when there was greater excuse for being wild and lawless, cruel or barbarous, than now. It is not easy, however, to say more in praise of Hugh V. than this. His talent deserted him in the struggle of faction; and he fell from a great position, without escaping, altogether (as the *popularity* of the Cambray anecdote shows), the repute of a tergiversation conspicuous even in spite of its being partly excusable. Still, we must not, as has been already urged, be too hard upon him. His Norman ruin was traceable, originally, to a leaning to the English side of his twofold allegiance; a circumstance that draws one towards him in contemplating English and French history, since his distant age. Nor can we reflect without pleasure, that the most brilliant deeds

of this baron, as of his predecessors, were done under the English banner; and that the failure of his attempts to hold his ancestral Norman territory at all events deprived our French rivals of all future advantage from the services of one gifted race at least. When we boast of our *English* blood, we are really praising, in part, that *Norman* element which enriched and invigorated it all those ages ago.

France too—with her active and prosperous Normandy—must not forget the services of that old blood which fertilized it so early. On the rich plain that surrounds the homely little "Gournay" of our own day, still lingers the blessing of the good rule that watched over it for three hundred of the important years during which the land was passing out of barbarism. It is not easy to stand on the hill that overlooks Rouen, with its swarming industry and ancient memories; with the smoke of its many chimneys drifting over its venerable spires; and not to follow eagerly the winding Seine, and bless the fortune that connected the city with the Northern Sea.

CHAPTER VI.

HUGH THE SIXTH, THE LAST BARON.

THE gentleman with whom we have now to deal was a much less important personage than any of his predecessors. The Norman fiefs of the family being lost, it sank into a mediocre rank in the English baronage; and the Sixth Hugh does not seem to have had energy to distinguish himself even in that rank. Indeed, he can hardly be said to have had a public career at all, though there are signs that he took an obscure part in the movements of his time; and we are indebted for our only knowledge of him to those legal records which in the case of his ancestors receive an honourable illumination from the pages of the chronicler or the poet. "Old Hugh" was one of the foremost gentlemen of the eleventh century. The monk of Bec was at least the friend of Anselm. Gerard took a brilliant share in the First Crusade. The career of Hugh IV. was capri-

cious and unintelligible, but it was conspicuous and important. And though the life of Hugh V. terminated unsatisfactorily, he had played a great part under the banner of Cœur-de-Lion. But in the last male chief of the line its life ebbed obscurely away—as the Rhine ends its long course of historical glory, a quiet Dutch canal.

We first find Hugh VI. mentioned in the Fine Rolls of the year 1216, the seventeenth year of King John.* The fine he paid was for the recovery of his Norfolk and Suffolk possessions, which had been in the hands of the king's enemies, and were now in those of the king himself. History knows nothing of Hugh as a Magna Charta baron. But the fact just mentioned shows that he acted with the barons, which is confirmed by a Close Roll entry of the same year.† On the 17th September, according to that entry, his Norfolk and Suffolk fiefs were placed in the hands of John Marshal, to be held by him until the king and the barons made peace, and then awarded by judgment of court. King John was in Norfolk about this very time, making Lynn his head-quarters and rendezvous for the eastern counties.‡ The renewed chastisement of Hugh must have been one of the last acts of the life of the king, who died at Newark, having imprudently indulged in

* Record, p. 184. † *Ibid.*

‡ Carte's "History of England, i. 843.

fruit and cider during his illness,* a month afterwards. Next year, Hugh de Gournay was still out of the Crown's favour, for his lands were given into the hands of William de Cantelupe.† This William, the first of the Cantelupes known in England, had been Seneschal under King John, and now supported the Regency of William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, who was Rector Regis et Regni during the minority of Henry III. The year after this, 1218, another order addressed to the sheriffs of Norfolk, Lincoln, and Bucks, placed Hugh's lands in those counties in the charge of the same de Cantelupe.‡ He was Hugh's near relative, for his son and heir, another William de Cantelupe, had married Hugh's sister, Millicent, widow of Amaury, Count of Evreux. This event had taken place in the latter years of King John, who had excused the payment of 200 marks due for permission to take the lady's hand. The Cantelupes seem to have remained steady to the side of the monarchy at this troublous and confused period; whereas we scarcely ever hear of Hugh de Gournay except as in opposition to the authority of the central power. The inner history of his proceedings is all dark to us; but it may be believed that the Cantelupes exercised a restraining influence over him, for in 1222 he again obtained full

* Wendover. † Record, p. 184.

‡ *Ibid.*

seisin of his estates.* Only two years later, "Hugh de Gournay" is found under the king's displeasure for being present at a tournament in Nottinghamshire, contrary to his prohibition. Tournaments were disliked by the religious for religious reasons, and often by sovereigns for political ones. In a vision of the infernal regions, described by Wendover, the damned are represented as tilting at each other with red-hot lances. And statesmen well knew that a tournament, as in later ages a hunting-party, was often the pretext for an armed gathering, which might become a revolt. But the "Hugh de Gournay" of the tournament in question seems, from the position of his lands, to have been a Gournay of Somersetshire—one of that distinct branch mentioned earlier in our narrative as having been founded after the Conquest by a comrade and kinsman of "Old Hugh."

A brief mention of Hugh in the Fine Rolls for 1229 shows that he is not likely to have been rich. His father had borrowed a hundred marks from King John in Poitou; and he is allowed to pay it by instalments of ten marks a year—five at Easter, and five at Michaelmas.† He lived for ten years after this, but we hear no more of him, except that he gave two acres of land in his manor of Maple-Durham, in Oxfordshire—

* Record, p. 185.

† Fine Rolls, Supplement to Record, p. 767.

apparently one of his favourite residences—to the convent of Clair Ruissel, in Normandy. The tide of events rolled by. There was the foolish expedition of Henry III. to Brittany. There was the clamour and rioting on account of the engrossing of fat English benefices by Italian priests. There was the king's marriage with Eleanor of Provence, followed by bitter agitation against the foreigners, who, in consequence of it, flocked into England. But the last of the Chiefs of Gournay was either a mere spectator of the gradual ripening of things towards the Barons' Wars, or his action was too insignificant to have left any trace. He died in 1239, soon after Simon de Montfort's marriage with the king's sister, and the very year of the birth of the great Edward, destined to redeem the position of the English monarchy. It was a year of unusual interest, too, in his own family history; as that of the death of the elder William de Cantelupe in Gascony,* and of the marriage of the beautiful Mary de Coucy with Alexander II., King of Scotland. Mary was the daughter of Enguerraud, Lord of Coucy, Hugh VI.'s second cousin; and she became the mother of the last of the old race of the Scottish kings. So numerous are the threads which join the line of Gournay to those of the Sovereigns of the Middle Ages!

It will be seen that we have little material on which

* Matthew Paris.

to base an estimate of the character of the Sixth Hugh de Gournay. The last of the line is as dim a figure from that point of view, as the founder who came into Normandy with Rollo. He may have been a weak man, or he may only have needed his ancestors' opportunities. However it was, he has left a mere name in the pedigree. And though many a man of whom the same is true has yet (as we ought always to remember in estimating the value of an aristocracy) done good service by simply discharging in obscurity the daily duties of his generation, we are not content with such merit in illustrious lines. The House of Gournay had now stood for three hundred years and more, not in power only, but in splendour and fame. The misty image of the founder who stood by the side of Rollo cannot be recognised. But we have seen Gournay after Gournay pass across the historic stage on the greatest missions; to plant churches amongst the Norman woods, and make them ring with a new and nobler melody; to conquer with William in England, and Courthose in Palestine; to pray with Anselm, and fight under Cœur-de-Lion; to wed the daughters of houses whose daughters were sought by kings. It was hard for the descendant of such men to live on a manor in Oxfordshire a life like that of one of his ancestors' squires. One wonders whether the great tradition weighed heavily on him, and pressed his spirits down;

or, whether he was at once the obscurest and the happiest man of the whole line?

By his wife, of whom we only know that her Christian name was Matilda, Hugh VI. left a daughter Julia married to William Lord Bardolf of Wormegay in Norfolk. Matilda his widow remarried with Roger de Clifford of Bridge Sollers in the county of Hereford. The Bardolfs continued, for five generations after this, to be barons of England. Their male line terminated in Thomas Lord Bardolf, who died of wounds received when in insurrection against Henry IV. about 1404. He left two daughters, Anne, who was twice married without issue; and Joan wife of Sir William Phelip, a Knight of the Garter, whom some writers assert to have been created Lord Bardolf by patent, but who was never summoned to parliament.* The daughter of this William and Joan, Elizabeth Phelip, married John Viscount Beaumont, the first man who bore the dignity of Viscount in England. Their heiress Joan married John Lord Lovel, through whose two daughters the representation of the Gournays came to be divided between the Errington-Stapletons, and the Berties Earl of Abingdon. The present Lord Beaumont is the nearest representative, as descended from the elder co-heir; and the blood of the old barons whose fortunes

* Nicolas, by Courthope, p. 40.

we have traced, still lives in the veins of many flourishing English families.

By far the most interesting relation, however, whom Hugh VI. left behind him, was his nephew Thomas de Cantelupe, then a young man of twenty-one, afterwards Chancellor of Oxford, Chancellor of England, and Bishop of Hereford, and who was canonised in the generation which succeeded him, by Pope John XXII. He was brought up under his paternal uncle Walter de Cantelupe Bishop of Worcester, a man of much mark in that age, and frequently found acting on the barons' side in the great struggle of Henry III.'s reign. But he derived still more important instruction from Robert Kilwardby, a famous and learned Dominican, who before he died, became Archbishop of Canterbury, and a Cardinal. He studied at Paris, at Orleans, and at Oxford, of which he was for some time Chancellor, before being Chancellor of the kingdom during a portion of the latter years of Henry III. Neither, however, his learning, nor his administrative talent, distinguished him so much, as a deep-seated religious enthusiasm, a saintly beauty of character, which radiated from the inner life of the man, over the whole circle of his influence. It was the spirit of his maternal ancestors, Hugh the Monk of Bec and Basilia, heated to a sevenfold heat of spiritual fire. All the deeper feelings of man in those days were readily

kindled into passions. We are told that St. Thomas de Cantelupe, having when young taken a vine-prop out of a vineyard in France to prop up his window with, punished himself for the offence by a seven years' penance. He treated the poor as his brothers, received them at his table, and shared with them his purse. His thoughts dwelt in an atmosphere of prayer; and his body was subdued by frequent vigils, and almost constant pain. So, when after a long life of purity and kindness and holy zeal, the good old prelate's bones were laid in Hereford Cathedral, stories flew ever more and more about, of his transcendent merits, and miracles attributed to him were reported in large numbers. When his canonisation was before the Holy See, which pronounced for it in 1310, "four hundred and twenty-nine miracles" were solemnly accepted as having been wrought through his merits. It is impossible to believe such things. But it is also impossible to despise them. The truth is that in those early ages, the lines between the visible and invisible worlds were very faintly drawn; and the constant action of one world upon the other was a fundamental belief. The thousand supernatural stories of the Chronicles reveal to us a people to whom the idea of miracles was as familiar as the faith in God; and whose whole existence, if it was made more terrible, was also made more glorious, by the perpetual presence of unseen and spiritual powers. We may

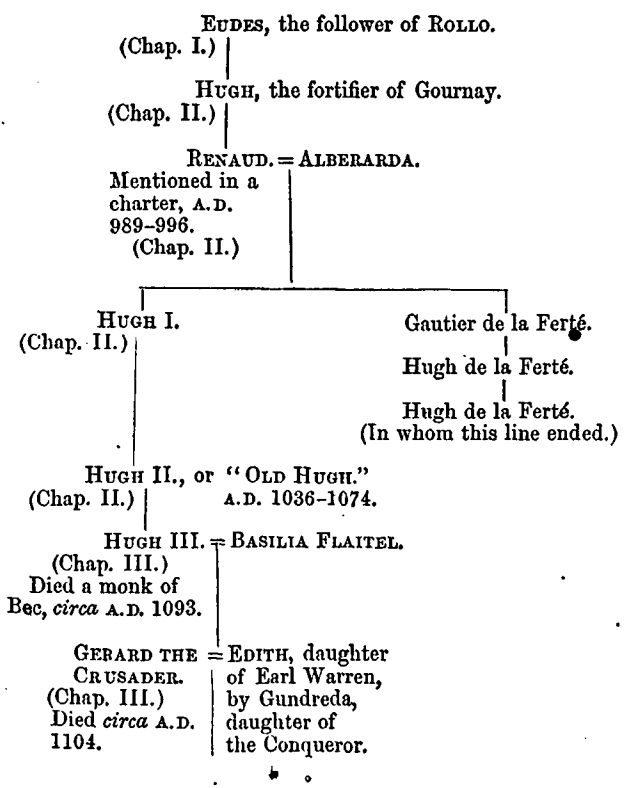
pity their ignorance; but we may also envy their faith.

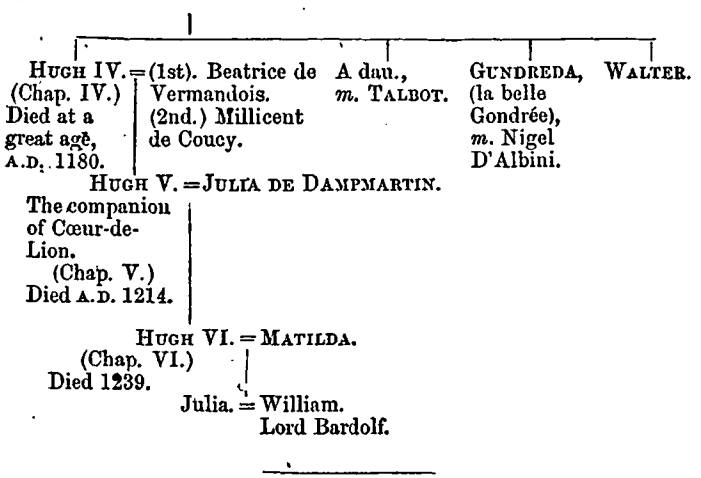
Two families of Gournays represented the name in England when the death of Hugh VI. put an end to the main or chief line. One was settled in Somersetshire, by independent descent since the Conquest. The other was settled in Norfolk, having been founded by Walter, that younger son of Gerard the Crusader, who has already been noticed in these pages. Both were destined to play a considerable part in the subsequent history of the country.

APPENDIX.

PEDIGREE OF THE LORDS OF GOURNAY.

THE following Pedigree of the Barons of Gournay will assist the reader to have a clear notion of their order of succession to each other, as narrated in the foregoing history:—


EUDES, the follower of ROLLO.
(Chap. I.)
HUGH, the fortifier of Gournay.
(Chap. II.)
RENAUD. = ALBERARDA.
Mentioned in a charter, A.D. 989–996.
(Chap. II.)
HUGH I.
(Chap. II.)
Gautier de la Ferté.
Hugh de la Ferté.
Hugh de la Ferté.
(In whom this line ended.)
HUGH II., or "OLD HUGH."
(Chap. II.)
A.D. 1036–1074.
HUGH III. = BASILIA FLAITEL.
(Chap. III.)
Died a monk of Bec, *circa* A.D. 1093.
GERARD THE CRUSADER.
(Chap. III.)
Died *circa* A.D. 1104.
= EDITH, daughter of Earl Warren, by Gundreda, daughter of the Conqueror.


HUGH IV. = (1st). Beatrice de Vermandois. (2nd.) Millicent de Coucy.
(Chap. IV.) Died at a great age, A.D. 1180.
A dau., m. TALBOT.
GUNDREDA, (la belle Gondrée), m. Nigel D'Albini.
WALTER.
HUGH V. = JULIA DE DAMPMARTIN.
The companion of Cœur-de-Lion. (Chap. V.) Died A.D. 1214.
HUGH VI. = MATILDA.
(Chap. VI.) Died 1239.
Julia. = William. Lord Bardolf.

YOUNGER BRANCHES OF THE HOUSE OF GOURNAY.

OUR history, as the reader has seen, only professes to deal with the trunk-line of the Barons of Gournay, who had taken part in nearly all great public transactions from the reign of Edward the Confessor to that of Henry the Third, in which they ended in an heiress. But though the direct male line failed in the person of Hugh VI., branches of the family continued to exist in England, and descendants exist still. Thus, there were Gournays in Somersetshire, founded by one Nigellus, who figures in the Exon Domesday. Eva de Gournay, who represented this Nigel in the thirteenth century, married the heir of the barons of Harpetre; and their son Robert, one of the most powerful men of the West in Henry the Third's reign, was the ancestor of these Somersetshire families of the name of Gournay. The Englishcombe branch was the best known of these, having produced Sir Thomas de Gournay, one of the murderers of Edward the Second; and his son, the Sir Matthew de Gournay, of Froissart, who did something to redeem his house from the infamy of that deed by his gallantry in the wars of Edward the Third and the Black Prince. Joan de Gournay, the heiress of

the chief line of Somersetshire Gournays, married, in 14 Rich. II., George de la More, from whom the Earls of Egmont descend. Hence, there is a great deal of information about these Gournays in that curious book, the "History of the House of Yvery," some notice of which will be found in my paper on "British Family Histories," reprinted in the present volume from my *Essays from the Quarterly Review*.

While the Gournays of the West of England are represented by the Earls of Egmont, those of the Eastern counties are still represented by male descendants, the head of whom takes the designation of "Gurney of Keswick." The ancestor of this family was Walter de Gournay, a landholder in Suffolk of the time of Stephen. Our reasons for believing this Walter to have been a son of the Gerard de Gournay of the First Crusade, have been indicated already, at page 117. His son William held lands which had belonged to Gerard by the tenure of *parage*,—a clear proof that he was of the Gournay blood; and the dates show that he could not be of the Gournay blood in any remoter degree. William de Gournay's descendants became Gournays, Gurnays, or Gurneys, of Swathings and West Barsham, in Norfolk, and existed there for many generations as Norfolk squires, whose succession and alliances may be seen in the excellent county history of Blomefield, and elsewhere. Sir John Gournay was sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk in 1399, and knight of the shire for Norfolk in the Parliament of 1404. The family, like other Norfolk families, had a town house in Norwich, in which they passed the winter, and as generations rolled by, and the estates of the house of West Barsham diminished, its younger sons began to seek their fortunes by entering into trade in the ancient county town so long distinguished as a seat of commerce. Among these was a Francis Gurney, of James the First's time, the direct progenitor of the present family of Keswick. He was a sixth son of Henry Gurney, Esq., of West Barsham, in whose will he is mentioned; and he and his children are entered in the Herald's Visitation of the City of London for 1633. He had begun life in Norwich as an agent for some of

the Norfolk county gentlemen, and banker, and had afterwards established himself in the parish of St. Benet Finck, in London, as a merchant, and a member of the Merchant Taylors' Company. The line was carried on by his second son, Francis Gurnay, of Maldon in Essex, mentioned in the Herald's Visitation for Essex in 1664, whose eldest son, John Gourney, or Gurney, settled at Norwich. This John Gurney, the first of the family to join the Society of Friends, realised a considerable fortune in commerce. His son, Joseph Gurney, acquired Keswick, and was great-grandfather of the late Hudson Gurney, Esq., F.R.S., of Keswick, the chief of the name. Verily, one family, like "one man," plays "many parts" in its time!

BRITISH FAMILY HISTORIES.

THE re-action in favour of what may be called the literature of feudalism, which has been going on ever since the publication of "Percy's Reliques," has as yet done but little towards supplying us with good histories of private families. We have had ballads, diaries, collections of papers almost innumerable. The invaluable writings of Scott have everywhere made the ancient life of Europe far more intelligible to us, and more affectionately regarded by us, than it was a hundred years ago. Indeed there was need of some such influence, after the predominant tone of the eighteenth century. The worldly wits of that period, though they had, among their unquestionable merits, much good sense and good nature, seem to have lost both when they meddled with their own ancestors. If they wanted an heroic example, they

were willing enough to go to Plutarch; but they thought, with Gray, that the age of Froissart was "barbarous." Voltaire treated the Crusaders as knaves and madmen. Horace Walpole sneered at Sir Philip Sidney. Lord Chesterfield, forgetful of the saying of that maternal grandfather, Lord Halifax, from whom he derived so much of his peculiar wit, that "the contempt of scutcheons is as much a disease in this age as the over-valuing them was in former times"—delighted in ridiculing pedigree and heralds. One of his cleverest essays in the *World* was against birth. He hung up two portraits, "Adam de Stanhope" and "Eve de Stanhope," among his ancestors. And he said, with a great deal of humour, to a herald of that time, "You foolish man, you don't understand your own foolish business!" Voltaire, Walpole, and Chesterfield represent thousands of inferior minds; and this way of talking on such subjects was long a predominant fashion. The higher class of wits have now given up ridiculing the traditions of Europe, though the taste for joking on the old text "Stemmata quid faciunt?" is still prevalent among those Cockneys who fancy that a sentiment which has survived the ridicule of Juvenal is likely to fall before the wags of the nineteenth century! People are more ready, however, in spite of these deriders, to inquire what good family histories we possess than they were some time ago; partly because of the taste for anti-

quities diffused by Scott and others, partly because the feeling against such studies was carried so much too far, and partly because, after some generations of experience, we begin to see that our modern men are not so superior to the ancient gentlemen as they often loudly proclaim themselves to be.

The uses of good family histories are many and various. In the first place, they are excellent illustrations of general history, inasmuch as the history of a few families of a certain rank is the history of their whole times. Then they embody a vast number of those personal details and bits of local colour which help the narrator to describe an age, and the reader to feel as if he had lived in it. They have a human, a tender, and a personal interest. Their poetic value is not to be forgotten; that by which they enable us to trace character from generation to generation, and touch the mind with admiration or awe as it watches the conduct of a high race in the varying events of successive ages. To the families themselves such histories are of the highest importance, and by them they ought to be treasured as were by the old Romans those *laudationes*, some of which were extant in Cicero's time, and were used at family funerals, and which they preserved "ad memoriam laudum domesticarum et ad illustrandam nobilitatem suam." That robust people, we need scarcely say, set the highest store on family

traditions; and when they yielded their political liberty at last, the truth of these traditions asserted itself—for the greatest man the change produced came of one of their oldest houses. It is as well to remember this by no means irrelevant fact; since we cannot for an instant admit the justice of the vulgar prejudice that such fundamental truths as that of race can cease to be true because the conditions under which they exhibit themselves are changed. And we say so *in limine*, that we may vindicate our subject from the suspicion of being merely of antiquarian curiosity.

In former days, it was the custom in most families to keep a kind of register, wherein the head of the house entered from time to time such notes respecting its members as seemed good to him. Fine, quaint, pious old documents they were, and as different in moral as in physical colour from the more business-like records which now stand in their stead. Their object especially was to keep the rising generation in mind of the virtues of their progenitors, and to teach the heir to avoid, above all, becoming *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can befal a man, as Sir Philip Sidney's father observes to him. To be sure, literary merit was not a characteristic of these works. If they soared above being registers, it was usually at the risk of the gravity of remote descendants. Our early genealogical and heraldic literature is perhaps the most

curious we possess. "Here endeth," says Caxton, commending to the reader a book of a similar class in 1484, "the book of the Ordre of Chivalry, which book is translated out of French into English, at a request of a gentyl and noble esquire, by me William Caxton." .... "Which book is not requisite to every common man to have, but to noble gentylmen." In the "Boke of St. Alban's," two years later, we are informed that Japhet was a gentleman, but that Cain and Ham were churls, and that the Virgin Mary was a princess of coat-armour. One principal object of such treatises was to teach the reader how a "perfit gentylman" might be known from an "imperfect clown." Indeed old Sir John Ferne, the author of the "Blazon of Gentrie" (1586), hurls defiance at an imaginary "churl" on his very title-page, by describing his work as "compiled by John Ferne, gentleman, for the instruction of all gentlemen bearers of arms—whom, and none other, this work concerneth." A number of "privileges of the gentry" —unknown, of course, to the law of the land—are usually strung together in old heraldic books, along with facts about lions at which the Zoological Society would burst with laughter, and traditions about the assumption of shields which would cause merriment in Hanwell. No wonder that a similar oddity extends itself to early family histories, such as in time came to be written at formal length, instead of the mere

registers in question. No wonder that a thorough-going ancient—for *the* "ancients" are modern in tone compared with these genealogical men—loved to begin with the patriarchs; while Urquhart of Cromartie carried off the palm by fairly deducing his lineage from Adam without a break, in that "Promptuary of Time" which still, we believe, fetches some three guineas at sales as a curiosity. The Emperor Maximilian once took a turn in a similar direction, and had a mania for being traced to Noah. Sages reasoned, and counsellors coaxed in vain, till the cure came from his cook, who was also no common buffoon. "As it is," said that functionary, "I reverence you as a kind of god; but if you insist on being derived from Noah, I must hail your majesty as a cousin."

A good old family history invariably begins with a family legend. Like nations, families have their mythical period. The first man of the line is generally the mythical personage. Sometimes he is a gigantic reflection of the descendant, like the Spectre of the Brocken—a king, or a demigod, or a wizard. Sometimes the same love of wonder takes just the opposite turn; and he is a poor reaper or a forester, raised to wealth and fame by an act of romantic heroism. Take the "History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus," by David Hume of Godscroft. Could we do better than begin with that Edinburgh folio of 1644, which was a

first favourite with Sir Walter Scott? Godscroft was, like his illustrious namesake, a cadet of the great family of Hume, itself a branch of the still greater family of Dunbar. He flourished in the time of James VI. Here is the account which he gives of the celebrated tradition about the First Douglas. It is a pretty fair specimen of an old manner of telling an old story—a feudal fable in the language of a pedantic age:—

"According, then, to the constant and generall tradition of men thus was their originall. During the reign of Soloathius, King of Scotland, one *Donald* Bane (that is, Donald the White or Fair) having possest himself of all the Western Islands (called Ebudes or Hebrides), and intitling himself King thereof, aspired to set the crown of Scotland also upon his head. For effectuating whereof he gathered a great army, wherein he confided so much that he set foot on the nearest continent of Scotland, to wit, the province of Kintyre and Lorne. The King's Lievetenants, *Duchal* and *Culen*, made head against him with such forces as they could assemble on the sudden. Donald, trusting to the number of his men, did bid them battell, and so prevailed at first that he made the King's army give ground, and had now almost gained the day, and withall the kingdome that lay at stake, both in his own conceit and the estimation of his enemies. In the mean time a certain nobleman, disdaining to see so bad a cause have such good successe, out of his love to his prince and desire of honour, accompanied with his sons and followers, made an onset upon these prevailing rebels with such courage and resolution that he brought them to a stand, and then heartening the discouraged fliers, both by word and example, he turns the chase, and instead of victory they got a defeat; for Donald's men being overthrown, and fled, he himself was slain. The fact was so much the more noted as the danger

had been great, and the victory unexpected. Therefore the King being desirous to know of lievetenants the particulars of the fight, and inquiring for the author of so valiant an act, the nobleman being thene in person, answer was made unto the King in the Irish tongue (which was then only in use), *Sholto Du glasse;* that is to say, Behold yonder black, grey man! pointing at him with the finger, and designing him by his colour and complexion, without more ceremony or addition of titles of honour. The King, considering his service and merits in preserving his crowne, and delighted with that homely designation, rewarded him royally with many great lands, and imposed upon him the name of Douglas, which hath continued with his posterity untill this day. And from him the shire and county which he got is called stil Duglasdale; the river that watereth it Douglas River; the castle which he built therein Douglasse Castle. This narration, besides that it is generally received, and continued as a truth delivered from hand to hand, is also confirmed by a certain manuscript of great antiquity, extant in our days in the hands of one Alexander Macduffe of Tillysaul, who dwelt at Moore alehouse, near Strathbogie."

The last touch about Mr. Macduffe of the alehouse contrasts quaintly with the poetic incident of the dark-gray man. But George Chalmers of the "Caledonia" is a better authority than Mr. Macduffe. That laborious antiquary was as fatal to these old spectral figures, in which our ancestors believed, as a policeman is to a ghost. He turned his lantern on the corners of gray castles, and away flew their giant shadows. In plain English, he produces a charter from Arnald, Abbot of Kelso, 1147—1160, granting lands on the Duglas-water—"Theobaldo Flamatico"—to Theobald

the Fleming—and adds, "As this grant of Arnald to Theobald is the first link of the chain of title-deeds to Duglasdale, this family must relinquish their original domain or acknowledge their Flemish descent."* Chalmers took a kind of savage pleasure in demolishing a tradition, and he handled the descent of the Stewarts from Banquo in the same way as he does the story before us. But the moral influence of such traditions is not shaken when the literary form is broken up. That they were ever believed is the best proof that the family was great and illustrious. An imaginary hero was thought the natural progenitor of a real living one, just as the Scandinavians derived their kings from gods because their actions were godlike. We may add here, that several similar legends appear to have been invented to account for the arms of families. The Hays do not carry three escutcheons because three heroes saved a Celtic king long before arms were dreamed of, but these having been carried from remote ages, the myth was formed for their explication. And so with regard to stories of a similar kind not exactly heraldic. The Worm of Somerville, of which we shall presently hear more, and the Lambton Worm, are plainly incredible. The truth is, they are cases in which symbols

* It has been shown, however, since Chalmers' days (see "Origines Parochiales" *in voc.*) that the lands were not the same. The present opinion of antiquaries is that the Douglases had the same origin as the Murrays.

have come to be taken for facts, owing to the realistic tendency of the popular mind; and in the course of ages what was an abstract fancy has become a concrete bit of history. What they really prove is the antiquity of the families. In the existence of the "dark gray man," we see how truly great the Douglases were in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries by a legend assigning their origin to the eighth. Godscroft is careful to remark with regard to his time-honoured tale, that "this our narration doth better deserve credit than those of *Romulus, Numa,* and *Theseus,* seeing that it contains nothing that is impossible." He was evidently anxious to prove the Douglases a native Scottish family likewise; probably because the Stewarts were then universally considered to be so. Yet nothing can be more certain than that nearly all the great families which figure in the history of Scotland since the authentic period were Norman, Saxon, or Danish—as the Bruces, Ramsays, Lindsays, Maules, Maxwells, Dunbars, and scores of others—a few were Flemish, like the Douglases, or said to be Hungarian, like the Lesleys,—even the heads of some Highland clans were plainly Norman—and for Celtic families we must go to the distant hills of the north, or to the remote south-west, where the M'Dowalls, sprung from the old *reguli* of Galloway, have long survived the abolition of Celtic usages and the extinction of the Celtic tongue. With

regard to the Stewarts, there seems no reason to doubt that they came from the great Norman family of Fitz-Alan, whose heiress in England carried their representation to the Mowbrays, and so to the Howards, towards the close of the fourteenth century.

However, no one is likely to regret the disappearance of this shadowy warrior or that romantic reaper, who reflects that a stout Teuton flourishing *circa* 1100 is as substantial an ancestor as gentleman could wish. From the influx of these brave men dates the real history of Scotland. They brought with them talent, courage, and organisation; Scotland became a kingdom with definite bounds and a definite character, having found right leaders. In the long course of years, from the defeat of the English till the establishment of the Reformation, what a part the Douglases played! A Douglas received the last words of Robert Bruce; a Douglas spoke the epitaph of John Knox. They were celebrated in the prose of Froissart and the verse of Shakspeare. They have been sung by antique Barbour and by Walter Scott, by the minstrels of Otterbourne and by Robert Burns. Indeed, it is a matter of general consent among our Scottish neighbours that the Douglases are their most illustrious family. Even a Glasgow radical warms at the name.

We must not, therefore, be hard on Hume of Godscroft if we find him possessed by that zeal for the race

which is the first characteristic of a family historian. "I think," says he, in his old-fashioned way, "it will not be amisse to place here before the doore (as it were) and entire into this discourse and treatise (like a signe or ivie-bushe before an inne) an old verse which is common in men's mouths—

> "So many, so good as of the Douglases have been,
> Of one sir-name were ne'er in Scotland seen."

And he proceeds to give us a dissertation in proof of this, under four heads:—1. Antiquity; 2. Nobility; 3. Greatness; 4. Valour. What he means to show is, that though certain families excelled them in some particular point, no one family united so many different claims. "The Grahams have produced individuals as eminent," he would argue, "but they were never so powerful. The Cummins were earlier great, but they have not lasted. We are more ancient than the Hamiltons, and more renowned than any of you." He would be a bold man who ventured to deny this general pre-eminence.

Every historic family has in broad terms its popular renown, which can be traced through different generations by the favourite epithets of the singers. So in Scotland—the lightsome Lindsays, gay Gordons, gallant Grahams, are all familiar expressions—not so accurate as *we* could wish in an age which delights in subtle delineations of character and refinements on motives

and counter-motives, but generally true, all the same. The "doughty Douglas" is a phrase which no doubt seems at first the mere jingle of an alliteration; and yet, when we look at the history of the family, we shall find that it is admirably expressive. They always had force of character—a massive emphasis of "pluck"—such as the word implies. The first famous Douglas was a "William *the Hardy.*" Two generations later came an Archibald *the Grim.* Later still came *Bell the Cat,* with his terrible decision and rapidity of stroke. You feel at once that they were strong, emphatic, weighty characters; and it seems natural to learn that physically they were stalwart and tough. Many instances show that physical and intellectual vigour usually went together in early times—as in Charlemagne, William the Norman, and Robert Bruce—and that the true old baron was our "premier" and "champion of England" in one! To such a mass of manhood as an early Douglas men naturally gravitated. No family was so loyally loved and obeyed:—

> "O Douglas, O Douglas,
> Tender and true!"

exclaims the author of the "Buke of the Howlat," a faithful retainer who wrote about 1453. Their followers flocked to the Bloody Heart against their own sovereign as naturally as they had flocked to it against the princely Percys, the Cliffords, Nevills, and Umphra-

villes. There was a time when they could raise thirty thousand men. They made the crown itself a doubtful possession, and fell before nothing less than a king's dagger and a king's army.

Yet, if the Douglases were pre-eminently "doughty," they produced men also of the gentler and more purely chivalric type. Such was he who is remembered as the Good Sir James, the comrade of Bruce in his wars, when—

> "Edward the Bruce, was there als way,
> Thomas Randell and Hew de la Hay,
> And good Sir David the Barclay,"

and the friend to whom he committed it, to carry his heart to the Holy Land. Godscroft is not so happy in his accounts of the very early men as of later ones. He is occasionally apt to be long-winded and tedious—to prose about "the noteable example of that worthy Fabius Maximus." An old editor justly objects to him "the number and prolixity of his reflections." He is at his best when he forgets his classical learning and narrates from his heart; and at such times, full of the greatness of the family, he becomes delightfully quaint. He then describes one of them as "a true member of such a house well retaining that natural sap sucked from his predecessors of valour and of love to his country." Speaking of the sixth Earl of Douglas, he says, "he was of the old spirit of the ancient nobility;

he could not serve or obey but whom he ought." "They must have muffles that would catch such a Cat," he adds. "The raising of new and mean men was the thing that he and his house did ever dislike very much," is a remark of his, in speaking of the eighth Earl, which brings the Claudian family to mind, and shows us how great power bred great haughtiness, and the house became unfit to be quiet subjects. The eighth Earl went to the Jubilee at Rome in 1450—"as his enemies did interpret it, to show his greatness to foreign princes and nations. There went with him in company," Godscroft goes on, "a great number of noblemen and gentlemen; such as the Lord Hamilton, Gray, Salton, Seton, Oliphant, and Forbes; also Calder, Urquhart, Campbell, Fraser, Lawders of Cromarty, Philorth, and Bass, knights, with many other gentlemen of great account." We may see the hold which such a family had on their tenants from the fact about the same Earl in our next quotation. During his absence, "the king sent W. Sinclair, Earl of Orkney, to intromit with his goods and rents in Galloway and Douglas to satisfy complainers therewith. But it was to no purpose, for he was eluded and almost mocked by the tenants." This loyalty to the old families it was that preserved so long those beautiful ballads which embody the sentiments of ancient Scotland. In no country had the aristocracy more power; in none are

they more respected. To this day, amidst all the changes going forward, when names that defied a thousand battles are falling before the iron trade, the old families enjoy a popular affection which money can never buy, and which covers their hoary antiquity with a fresh verdure such as spring brings regularly to their ancestral trees.

With this William, the eighth Earl of Douglas, fell the greatness of the Black Douglases, the descendants of the Good Sir James. He was stabbed by James II. in 1452. His brother died a monk. Galloway, where the ruins of their castle of Thrieve are still worth seeing, was annexed to the Crown. The Red Line of the Earls of Angus, which had sprung off the stock in the person of a son of the first Earl of Douglas, now represented the power of the house; and they were worthy of the honour. One of them had married a daughter of Robert III. They sent two hundred gentlemen of the name to die at Flodden. The Regent Morton, who played such a conspicuous part in the sixteenth century, was one of their cadets. Their descendants became Dukes of Hamilton by marrying the heiress of line; and in rank, connection, and possessions, the family may still vie with the proudest in Europe.

Godscroft, we have said, is most readable when he is most simple and unpretending; and no doubt the pass-

ages which he thought least of are those in which lovers of Scottish history now take most delight. There is a certain charm of homeliness about him when he tells us of the old proverbs by which the family expressed their love of freedom: "Better hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep!" or "Loose and living!" for an ancient race has its own proverbs, as it has its own ghost; its own oaths, even; or its own personal characteristics. There is a "Hamilton chin," which the curious in portraits know, as well as our progenitors knew that the Drummonds were famous for their fair women, or the Ruthvens for dabbling in unholy witchcraft, or that "Grizel Cochrane," with the same spirit which the late Lord Dundonald showed in Basque Roads, dressed herself in man's clothes, and attacked the mail which was bringing her father's death-warrant. It is by gathering together such particulars that we learn how family propensities show themselves; and we should say to all family historians,—get as many anecdotes as possible: if you love your reader and want to be read, get anecdotes! Character manifests itself in little things, just as a sunbeam finds its way through a chink. A likeness in little is as valuable as a likeness in large; and how much better than a bad likeness on an enormous canvas! Unfortunately most writers labour at describing a character, instead of collecting the facts about it; and we find an inventory where we

hoped to find a portrait, or at all events a relic, which would put us in contact with the person.

Here are two curious anecdotes from our historian of Archibald the sixth Earl of Angus, the man who married Margaret of England, widow of James IV., and so became grandfather of Darnley, and ancestor of Her Majesty:—

"They tell also how at another time she [viz., the Queen Regent, Mary of Lorraine] desired to have his castle of Tantallon to keep warders in, or upon I know not what pretext or for what use. To this hee gave no answer for a long time; but having a gose-hawke on his fist, which he was feeding, spake of her, saying she was a greedy gled. 'The devill is in this greedy gled, she will never be full!' . . . They tell also how the Queen Regent had intention to make the Earl of Huntley a duke; whereof when she was discoursing with Angus she told him how Huntley had done her very good service, for which she intended to advance him, and make him a duke, to which he answered, 'Why not, madam; we are happy that have such a princesse than can know and will acknowledge men's service, and is willing to recompense it.' But "by the might of God!" (this was his oath when he was serious and in anger; at other times it was "by St. Bride of Douglas!") *if he be a Duke I will be a drake,*' alluding to the word Duke, which in Scotland signifies a duck, as well as that title and dignitie, which being the female, and the drake the male, his meaning was, he would be above and before him. . . . So she desisted from further prosecuting of that purpose."

This earl was a grandson of Archibald the fifth Earl of Angus, the famous "Bell the Cat." Of that stalwart potentate Godscroft tells a story which illustrates his

stormy and violent times, and brings the man before us:—

"The King on a time was discoursing at table of the personages of men, and by all men's confession the prerogative was adjudged to the Earl of Angus. A courtier that was bye, one Spense of Kilspindie, . . . cast in a word of doubting and disparaging: 'it is true,' said he, 'if all be good that is up-come,' meaning, if his action and valour were answerable to his personage. This spoken openly, and coming to the Earl's ears, offended him highly. It fell out after this, as the Earle was riding from Douglas to Tantallon, that he sent all his company the nearest way, and he himself, with one onely of his servants, having each of them a hawk on his fist, in hope of better sport, took the way by Borthwick towards Falawe; where lighting at the brook at the west end of the town, they bathed their hawks. In the mean time this Spense happened to come that way, whom the Earle espying, said, 'Is not this such a one, that made question of my manhood? I will go to him and give him a trial of it, that we may know which of us is the better man.' 'No, my lord,' said his servant, 'it is a disparagement for you to meddle with him.' . . . 'I see,' said the Earle, 'he hath one with him; it shall be thy part to grapple with him, whilst I deal with his master.' So fastening their hawks they rode after him. 'What reason had you,' said the Earle to him, 'to speak contemptuously of me at a such a time?' When the other would have excused the matter, he told him that would not serve the turne. 'Thou art a big fellow, and so am I; one of us must pay for it.' The other answered, 'If it may be no matter, there is never an Earle in Scotland but I will defend myself from him as well as I can.' . . . So, alighting from their horses, they fought a certain space; but at last the Earl of Angus cut Spence's thigh-bone asunder, so that he fell to the ground, and died soon after."

Such stories were evidently genuine traditions, and

tradition preserves much which mere charters cannot embody. While admitting the frequent admixture of fable, we must be careful—to borrow a metaphor from the diggings—in washing the earth not to lose the particles of gold.

Godscroft gives a pretty full narrative of the career of the Earl of Morton, and preserves his appearance for us, in his dry but sometimes picturesque way:—

"He was slow of speech, by a naturall stayedness and composed gravity. He was of a middle stature, rather square than tall, having the hair of his head and beard of a yellowish flaxen."

It is characteristic of the tendency of family historians to make the best of their heroes, good or bad, that he soon after adds:—

"He kept a concubine or two, because of his lady's being frantic, and was even too much set to heap up treasure."

"Master David" could not have found it in his heart to say that a Douglas was grossly profligate and abominably avaricious!

The "History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus" ends with the death of Archibald, the eighth Earl of Angus, a friend of the historian's, in 1588. With all its defects—occasional exaggeration in the early parts, and here and there a genealogical error, which the more accurate science of to-day enables us to correct, and in spite of a certain pedantic tediousness and pro-

lixity—this book of Hume of Godscroft still remains an excellent specimen of its class. Antiquaries esteem it as of good general authority; and its loyalty of spirit, antique dignity of style, and occasional gleams of picturesque colour, make it worthy of a larger number of readers than it has lately found. It were to be wished that any English family of corresponding rank had a history of corresponding excellence. But it is a curious circumstance, that while England is a thousandfold richer than Scotland in antiquarian literature—in county histories, for example, those monuments of the greatness of English families—Scotland has produced the best family histories, from the days of Godscroft to the days of the "Lives of the Lindsays." We shall now turn to a work which belongs to the interval between these, we mean the "Memorie of the Somervilles." That delightful specimen of the *genus* turned up among the MSS. of the family in the time of Sir Walter Scott, and was published by him in 1815. It had been written by James the eleventh Lord Somerville, in the time of Charles II.

There can be little question that it were better in all cases that the history should be written by a member of the family. He is the proper man to crown the Lar with flowers. He is the natural historian of those whose blood he inherits. What is his remotest ancestor but his father so many steps back? The love of the

subject, which is the root of all excellence in writing, can be so strong in no man as in him. We may have valuable histories from others; from him we expect a warmth of sentiment and tenderness of feeling which shall stamp the work with a charm beyond mere literature. In the case of biographies, for instance, do we not see that a tender tie between biographer and hero has existed in the case of some of the very best, and imparted a peculiar colour of human attraction to the "Agricola," to Roper's "Sir Thomas More," and to Lockhart's "Life of Scott"?

The chief charm of the "Memorie of the Somervilles," is an affectionate, antique enthusiasm for the subject, which gives a delightful *naïveté* to it. There is an air of ancient domesticity about it, as if you had been transported into the feudal days; not into the romance of them, but into their homely and everyday life. In order to put our readers *en rapport* with the kindly and quaint historian, we shall transcribe from the preface, "by way of ane epistle to my sones," dated 1679:—

"I first intertained the thoughts and set about this worke, when your loveing mother and my dearest wife attended her respective parents at the place of Corr-house dureing their long sicknes, which gave the first ryse to that of her oune, and depryved me at length of that happyness enjoyed in her sweet societie above most of men; and good God! how could it otherwayse be, seeing all that could be wished for in any woman was

eminently to be found in her. In birth, worshipful, being the second daughter of as ancient a house and familie as any within the shyr of ther degree; * her parents not only honoured but much beloved of all for ther hospitalitie and vertue. It was truly said of Corr-house that he was the soonest and longest a man of any gentleman in Scotland; and indeed he was company for a prince, and the greatest of our grandies. . . . Now, by what I have said of her near relations, her oune personall worth can hardly be conceaved, far lesse expressed, by soe un-learned and dull a pen as myne, if not supplied by the affectione of a kinde husband, and enlyvened by the remembrance of soe excellent a wife. Consider her, then, in her parents, in her relationes, her education, and as a mother, but above all in her understanding and persone. For the first, she had so clear and piercing a witt in apprehending any matter, religious or civill, that her answers were ready and pertinent, home to the purpose proponed, without affectation or wrangling to hear herself speak. . . . For her knowledge in civill business, I can give her this testimonie from my oune experience, that never was any more happy to bring the most intricat and desperat affairs in all men's judgments to ane fortunate issue than she. When my estate was looked upon as quyte ruined and undone, her prudence, conduct and vertue only preserved it; for to speak the truth, in my younger years, when I came first to the management of my estate, notwithstanding of the bad conditions I found it in, I mynded more my halkes and dogs than business, which was well supplied by my wife's indefatigable pains as to my concerns; neither did her diligence abroad make her neglect the care of her familie at home by her oune hands, at most tymes with a watchfull eye over her servants, with whom she conversed pleasantly and familiarly, which made them doe more than all the rigiditie that a sullen or dogged mistress can extract from them.

"For the proportione of her bodie, pureness and delicacie of her complexione, the sweetnes of her air, the best of meanes,

* The Bannatynes of Corr-house, in Lanarkshire.

with the statelyness of her port, all concurring to frame and make up an excellent creature, gave her absolutely the advantage of most of the women of her tyme, as cannot, nor will not, be denyed by any that ever had the happyness to see her, save such of her oune sex as might have grudged and fretted at the universall applause she receaved, and testimonie of being the master-piece of women-kynde that the present or future age may readily behold: from whose fruitfull womb four of yow, my sones, sprang before she attained the twentie-fourth year of her age, as exact modelles of her delicate self, being all of yow nursed with the teates and weaned upon the knees of a most indulgent mother, who cared for yow in the womb, in the cradle, up-bringing and breeding in all sciences and befitting exercises that might qualifie you in your generatione and statione to be serviceable to your prince, country, and relationes, and before her death was soe happy as to see yow settled in your patrimonies, according to your birth-rights. Haveing proceeded thus far, I can add noe more; the sad remembrance of my unexpresseable losse hes quyte dulled my inventioune.

Yor affectionate father,

Sic subscribitur,

JAMES SOMERVILL."

This is as quaint as anything in Pepys, and much superior to the domesticity of Pepys in delicacy and chivalrous dignity, qualities which the writer inherited from as ancient and gentle a stock as Great Britain could furnish. The Somervilles are descended from Sir Gualter de Somerville, a knight who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and obtained lands in Staffordshire. The Scottish branch was founded by a younger son, who attached himself to the good David I.; and they possessed lands in Roxburghshire

as early as A.D. 1174. By a very curious accident the English and Scottish properties became re-united, after a lapse of six hundred years, on the death of the last of the English line, the well-known author of the "Chace." Shenstone observed of him that he loved him for his "flocci-nauci-nihili-pilification of money," a quality which the Scottish race possessed likewise, and which led them to entertain the Jameses at Cowthally Castle with a hospitality that, along with other circumstances, had much reduced them by the time of our historian. Perhaps, but for this temporary eclipse, the eleventh lord* would not have had leisure or inclination to work away at the book before us; for though *Fortuna non mutat genus*, and can no more destroy *noblesse* than confer it, it is often observed that a family rises refreshed like the old giant from a fall on the earth; that a Byron, a Mirabeau, a Chateaubriand appears to assert the principle of "blood," just as the world is beginning to moralise on the decay of his line. At such periods, too, a man cherishes the memory of his family honours with a peculiar tenderness, as they say the descendants of the Moors keep the keys of their

* The peerage dates from 1430. The first Lord Somerville married a daughter of Stewart Lord Darnley, and had a daughter, Margaret, married to Roger Kirkpatrick of Closeburn. If the Kirkpatricks, from whom the Empress of the French is descended, sprang off, as is supposed, at this point, her Majesty has the royal blood of Stuart in her veins. How Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, elegant antiquary as he was, would have delighted to trace the connection!

Spanish castles to this day. There are some pleasant little touches of this family pride (never ungracefully shown) in the "Memorie of the Somervilles;" and the personal interest its author exhibits in the history makes the book more amusing and dramatic than that of Hume of Godscroft, or, indeed, than any other family history with which we are acquainted.

Our readers would scarcely thank us for extracting the prolonged detail which Lord Somerville gives us of the way in which a remote progenitor daringly encountered and slew "ane hideous monster in the forme of a worme, soe called and esteemed by the country people (but in effect has been a serpent or some such other creature), in lenth three Scots yards, and somewhat bigger than ane ordinary man's leg." How the creature gradually became the terror of the neighbourhood—its consumption of food—the deliberate sallying forth of the brave Somerville with an attendant—how he set a lighted peat on the top of his lance—charged the monster, 'spite of its mighty jaws, and slew it—all this is detailed with a fond minuteness by the stout knight's descendant. But are there not proofs? Is not the Somerville crest to this day a wyvern *vert* on a wheel *or*? Is there not—somewhat defaced by time—a rude sculpture of a horseman charging the foul beast on the old church in the parish of Linton, Roxburghshire? Will not the country people tell you the story even

now, as it is delivered by the "constant tradition of men?" Unfortunately, the sculpture (which probably suggested the story in the first instance*) proves, on examination, says Sir Walter Scott, not to represent a serpent at all. The spirit of these old fables is eternally true, become of the letter what will; and

"Somervel, a squire of great renown,"

who, as Blind Harry tells us, fought by the side of Wallace, had done as tough work in his time, no doubt, as ever "ane hideous monster in the forme of a worme" could have given anybody. These stories—like the ballads which nothing but the popular reverence for the heroes of them created and preserved—are among a hundred proofs of the unbought loyalty and love which the brave yeomen and peasantry of this country felt towards those whom modern ignorance and impudence describe as their oppressors.

It is not, as we have hinted, in the early parts of their narratives that family histories of the old school are strongest. They are pretty sure—we do not say only to give legends—for these are interesting and curious, and we are glad to have them—but to make blunders in facts of connection as well as in facts of

* "One would suppose that sometimes the sculpture said to commemorate the legend, had *vice versâ* given rise to the legend."—*Surtees'* "History of Durham," vol. ii. p. 172.

history. Not only were the writers credulous—and naturally so, when writing of families so ancient and distinguished, that people would almost believe anything of them—but they were lamentably uncritical. They consulted evidences, but did not test and compare them, and were content, in using authorities, to transcribe from them. Errors thus crept in, as they did into those *laudationes* of the Romans, alluded to before, and about which Cicero tells us in the "Brutus," that they often contained false triumphs and false consulships. There was no deliberate invention of falsehood in these cases; but errors grew which were as like truths as some weeds are like flowers, and their pretty colours saved and disguised them. Nay, these very falsities had a kind of moral truth in them—a value like that of truth itself; they would never have been believed of any but families with regard to which much was really true—families that everybody admired as extraordinary. In the time of Lord Somerville, Dugdale was laying the foundations of a sound knowledge of family history by the publication of his great work, the "Baronage;" and the influence of the new era so far extended to our historian, that the "Memorie" is in great measure sound, even in its purely antiquarian parts (the "worm" story being professedly given as a popular tradition), and wholly free from such mad absurdity as distinguishes the work of Urquhart of

Cromartie. The most fascinating portions are, of course, those where the narrator gives anecdotes of the last few generations—which have all the attraction of true traditions—which are told with an old-fashioned humour and colour indicative of real literary talent—and which light up bygone days with an effect like sun-light on tapestry. In their palmy period, the pride of the Somervilles was in their hospitality; and their castle of Cowthally, in the lovely Clyde region, was by a rude pun called Cow-daily from that circumstance. It is not without a pardonable enthusiasm that the old lord tells us of the feasting which took place when the young James IV. honoured the "infare" (or entertainment of a bride on her reception at the bridegroom's house) of a Somerville with his presence. The young lady was a half sister of Bell-the-Cat's; for that stalwart Douglas was busy making connections to strengthen his great house; and in those days when you married a gentleman's daughter, the chances were you had to turn out with your tenants, with "spears and jacks," and help him before long. Nevertheless men ate and drank, and laughed and joked, and loved, much as they do now—some say with a more buoyant and bounding pulse than their descendants! But let us hear Lord Somerville:—

"In September following [1489], his father being yet alyve, he bringes home his young ladye to Cowthally, where the infare

was honoured with noe meaner guest than the King's majestie James the Fourth, being then in the second year of his reigne, and in the eighteenth year of his age.

"The King, near to Inglestoune Bridge, had been met with by Sir John of Quathquan [the bridegroom], with some fiftieth gentlemen of his oune name and his father's vassalles, who waited upon his Majesty unto Cowthally Castle. John Lord Somerville, by reasone of his age, was not able to meet the King at any distance. However, being supported by William Somervill, younger of Plaine, and William Cleilland of that ilk, both his nephewes, he receaved the King at the west end of the calsay that leades from Carnwath toune to Cowthally house, where his majestie was pleased to light from his horse, as did his wholl retinue, and walked upon foot from thence to Cowthally, being near a quarter of a myle of excellent way. At the outter gate Dame Marie Baillzie, then Lady Somervill, being at this tyme not above the fortieth and sixth year of her age, with her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth Carmichaell, Sir John of Quathquan's lady, the lady Applegirth, the lady Cleghorn, the lady Carmichæll, and the Captaine of Crawfuird's lady, with a great many others that both by affinitie and consanguinitie were related to the house of Cowthally, with severall other ladyes, were ther present to well-come his majestie to the infare and make the intertainment more splendid. What ther fare was needs not to be discussed upon; it is enough to know it was in Cowthally House, where three of his Majestie's predecessores had been intertained before, and his successor, King James Fyfth, often. How long his Majestie continued at Cowthally, I cannot be positive, but by the chamberlaine's and steward's accompts I find there was noe fewer beastes killed than fiftieth kyne, two hundered sheep, fourtieth bolles of malt, and of meall sexteinth, of butter twentieth stone, spent at the infare, besyde fishes, tame and wilde foull in such abundance that both the King and the nobilitie declared they had not seen the lyke in any house within the kingdome; and yett this intertainment was short by neer a third as to that the first Hiugh Lord Somer-

vill gave to King James the Fyfth at the marriage of his eldest daughter, Lady Cookpooles."

Elsewhere he has a paragraph which makes the precise character of these Homeric feastings more clear, where he speaks of—

"wholl sheep and legges of cowes being served up in timber plates, or rather in troches [troughs] of ane awell [oval] forme. . . . This was a vanitie and unthriftie custome they observed at ther treates in those days, for it was in the great quantitie of these and abundance of tame and wyld foull that they gloryed most. The fashione of kickshoes and desertes was not much knoune and served upon great men's tables before Queen Marie's reigne."

The very best story in the book turns upon feasting. We allude to the incident of the "Speates and Raxes." One of the Jameses having intimated that he would honour Somerville with his company at his castle, the Baron despatched a missive to his lady, with the significant postscript, "Speates and Raxes!"—implying that spits and ranges were to be put into instant service. Unluckily, the letter fell into the hands of a new steward, who, not knowing the writing, read "Spears and Jacks!" The lady, instantly concluding that there was war in the wind, raised the followers without delay; and the King and Somerville found a couple of hundred armed men, under the command of a neighbouring laird, awaiting them on the road. At first the King feared treason, but the mistake was soon

explained. Few Stewarts, from the first James to Topham Beauclerk, were without a keen sense of fun, and the monarch's delight was long and loud. This tale, which was a favourite with the diners-out of Edinburgh for many a day, is of course told with minute detail by our historian; but as his narrative is lengthy, and has found its way into the "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy," we have preferred to abridge it.

The lad who figures in the following narrative, as receiving chastisement according to the ancient severity, was James Somervill of Drum, the author's father. The Drum branch took up the succession of the line, and honourably distinguished themselves in the Civil Wars. Our author, by the way, was rigidly loyal and strictly episcopal, and lays well about him upon all foes of crown and mitre when they come before him:—

"His infancie and youth during his abode at schooles with his grandfather, Raplock, with whom he continued, or least was upon his charges, untill the eighteinth year of his age, I shall pass with two or three remarkes. The first two evidences how sensible he was of correctione and apt to take with rebuke att a tyme when he could hardly discerne betwixt his right and left hand. The house of Raplock being much frequented by strangers, and the familie itself numerous, it cannot be imagined but servants took occasion to spend much of their tyme idly, if not profanely; there was nothing wherein they exercised themselves more than in dyceing and carding. One evening while they were gameing (ther master's grandchylde James looking on, being then in the fyfth year of his age), they first contended and then quarrelled with much noyse, which comeing to ther

master's eares, resideing in the garden chamber directly opposite to the kitchen lights, who hearing this great noyse, he makes doune the stairs to understand the cause, but not soe quickly but the putting of his staff upon the steppes of the stair discovering his coming, which made all of them betake themselves to their heeles to seek for a place of shelter, knowing well that if they were catched they would be soundly battoned, forr he was a man naturally cholerick, severe, and superstitious, ffearing every bad man that might presage the least misfortune to his house and ffamilie. Being come to the kitchen he finds non there but his grand-chylde James, and the cards upon the table, which he takes up and throws in the ffyre: when they were burning the chylde cries out, 'Dear grandffather, the bonny king of hearts is now burnt!'—whereupon his grandffather with his staff strykes him twice upon the head, saying 'ffalse knave, know ye the cards allready? Soon get out of my sight, otherways ye shall be soundly whipt.' This correctione even then took soe deep impressione that during his wholl life, he hated the playing at cards, neither did he ever but un-willingly exercise himself therein."

Lord Somerville, we may see, was, notwithstanding his natural gifts, by no means a finished writer; and has sentences which are as long as his pedigree, without being nearly so clear. He has not the air of the gown which distinguishes his more pretentious predecessor, Hume of Godscroft. Yet his book is the more agreeable of the two; and besides its nature and its heart, its very garrulity is one of its principal charms. He lets you entirely into his confidence and company, in the oddest bursts of feeling, such as, "Pardon these hard words from a Scots gentleman of noe meane extraction!" and his book has many of the qualities of a

good novel, along with the immeasurable merit of reality and truth. In times when artificial antiques in literature find as good a sale as those bits of ancient art which are manufactured at Naples for travellers, it is worth while to keep genuine old literary curiosities in public remembrance. The domestic life of its forefathers is as respectable an object of inquiry as a nation could have, and such books very notably contribute to the understanding of it.

We should not be surprised if lumps of old treasure like this "Memorie of the Somervilles" were yet lying buried in the charter-chests of ancient and considerable families, along with other valuable and neglected papers. Would that we could be certain they were not rotting with damp, or travelling by slow but certain stages to an ignominious grave in the snuff-shop or the cheesemonger's. We cannot afford to lose them, for the truth is, as Sir Harris Nicolas observes in his edition of the Scrope and Grosvenor Roll, that "if the literature of this country be compared with that of France or Italy, it will be found extremely defective in memoirs of eminent families." This is an old complaint; but it is always finding fresh illustration. While we write, a new "History of the House of Colonna" is announced. But we are still without a decent history of the Percies, the Talbots, the Greys, the Hastingses, Devereuxes, or Nevilles. It would be

no easy matter to produce a book which an Englishman could see without a blush lying alongside the sumptuous and splendid volumes of Litta. And if a reader desires information about our families, he must be content with the compilations of Collins, the ponderous folio of Dugdale, county histories which for the most part give mere pedigrees and law documents, or Peerages which tell little more than tombstones.

Not in the whole list of family histories, in the pages of Moule's "Bibliotheca Heraldica," are there two books so intrinsically valuable—we speak of moral, historical, and artistic value—as the two of which we have endeavoured to give our readers a notion. There are however some curious specimens, and some which are important for their genealogical information. The first are the results of accident; the second are usually written either by professed genealogists or by domestic chaplains of an antiquarian turn. Neither class is readable; that is to say, neither has exercised any influence on opinion, or has done justice to the houses which it celebrates in the eyes of the world.

Of the first class—those which we owe to the accident of some retainer's having taken up his pen to do honour to his masters—we have a specimen in Seacome's "House of Stanley," published at Liverpool about 1741. "John Seacome of Liverpool, gent.," had been house-steward to Earl William, grandson of the

Earl James who died on the scaffold for the Stuarts. An honourable loyalty to the family characterises Mr. Seacome, but his intellect is of the humblest order. One paragraph will show us how the rationalism of the century was exploding old legends, and how Mr. Seacome reasoned according to the spirit of the age. He is speaking of the well-known legend of the Eagle and Child of the Lathams of Latham, whose heiress of line, as everybody knows, carried Latham to the Stanleys:—

"Whoever knows anything of the nature of hawks in general (of which the eagle is principal) must of consequence know with what fury and violence they strike their prey, killing all they stoop to at one stroke, or before they leave it; and knowing this, must allow it morally impossible that a bird of prey of that strength and rapacious nature that an eagle is known to be should carry a live child to her airey unhurt."

The gravity of this is irresistible, nor does the style of the work rise anywhere above this level. He gives us an odd old rhyming history of the Stanleys, and we are very sorry to say that the poetry which he preserves is no better than the prose in which he embalms it:—

"Their names be Audley, of verry right descent:
I shall show you how if you give good intent,
As quickly as I can, without more delay,
How the name was changed and called *Stanley*.

"In ancient tyme, much more than two hundred years,
Was our Lord Awdley, as by stories doth appear,
Awdley by creation, also by name Awdley,
Then haveing a lordship that is called *Stanley*,

Which lordship he gave unto his second sonn,
For valliant acts that before he had done.
Their this man dwelled many a daye,
And many yeares was called Awdley of Stanley;
Afterward he marry'd the heire of Scurton,
And when Scurton dyed thither he went to wonn,
And then he was called Stanley of Scurton,
The which name sticketh still to all his succession."

Ohe! jam satis—the reader no doubt exclaims. Compared with this, Dugdale is like the Arabian Nights, and Collins gay and graceful. Tradition, like amber, preserves sad trash sometimes. Weeds fasten themselves on the walls of old castles. It is melancholy to find such a singer in the train of a family with seven hundred years of gentility and four hundred years of peerage—such a poem, preserved by such an historian.

But this book, like most sincere books—for we are certain that poor Mr. Seacome did his best, and would have been a tolerable historian for a less renowned line—has its points of interest. His detailed account of the fate of Earl James gives particulars which have historical value, and touches of personal interest:—

"When his body was taken up," he tells us, "and laid in his coffin, there was thrown into it the following lines by an unknown hand:—

'Wit, bounty, courage, all three here in one lie dead—
A Stanley's hand, Vere's heart, and Cecill's head.'"

And we may learn from him, on the best authority, the

degree to which the family suffered for their loyalty—loyalty how requited is but too well known!—

"Earl William, whom I had the honour to serve several years as household steward, hath often told me that he possessed no estate in Lancashire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, Warwickshire, and Wales, but whenever he viewed any of them he could see another near or adjoining to that he was in possession of, equal or greater of value, lost by his grandfather for his loyalty and service to the crown and his country."

In fact, the poorest and most meagre family record, written from *personal* feeling and *personal* knowledge, is sure to have some value; the instinct of affection will direct the writer to points of sentimental interest, and his position will throw in his way details which may often prove of no little historical importance. There is an attractive little "Genealogical Account of the Barclays of Urie," which was written by Robert Barclay, a son of the Apologist, and published at Aberdeen in 1740. Small as it is, it illustrates every advantage which this class of books possesses. The earnest religious character which appeared so strongly in the vindicator of the Quakers is there shown to have distinguished his ancestors; especially one Alexander Barclay of Mathers, who had a charter in 1483, and married into the Wisharts of Pitarrow, also an earnest stock. And here let us say, that nothing is more curious and touching to the student of this branch of antiquities than to see fine races transmitting their

virtues through their women. This is a matter of which common biographers and historians take little heed; but we humbly submit, that when a great man is talked about we should have due honour given to his mother and ancestors in the female lines.

Few writers in our day have a word of decent civility for the family of Stewart. It would be curious to trace its hereditary character in the chief line: our present purpose is only to remark on the greatness attained by some men who descended maternally from it. We need scarcely say that the mother of William of Orange was a Stewart princess. The mother of Cromwell was, beyond all doubt, of one branch of the family. So was the mother of the Admirable Crichton; and of the famous soldier Alexander Lesley, first Earl of Leven. Chatham was nearly and directly from the royal stem, through his grandmother—a descendant of the Regent Murray's. Fox's mother, Lady Lennox, was immediately descended from Charles II. Byron had the blood in his veins. How interesting to see eminent families sharing in this kind of way in a great man's renown! The gifted Shaftesbury's mother was a Manners; Algernon Sidney's a Percy; and his famous kinsman, Philip's, a Dudley;—the poet Beaumont's a Pierrepont. The mother of Marshal Stair was a Dundas; and the brilliant Peterborough was the son of one of the brilliant Carys. The Ruthvens and

Carnegies gave mothers to Montrose and Dundee. The Villierses gave a mother to Chatham; the Granvilles to Pitt. Nelson inherited the blood of the Sucklings and Walpoles; Collingwood that of the Greys and Plantagenets. From the Hampdens came the mother of Waller; and Mary Arden (of an ancient Warwickshire name), was the mother of Shakspeare. The literary talent runs through female lines like other qualities. Swift's mother was a Herrick, and his grandmother a Dryden. Donne derived, through his mother, from Sir Thomas More. Thomson had the Hume blood in his veins. A daughter of Beccaria produced Manzoni. The late Bishop Copleston evidently got his playfulness from the Gays; as Chesterfield his wit from Lord Halifax. The relationship between Fielding and "Lady Mary" is well known. Sometimes, when a notable man comes from a family never before heard of, it happens that he just comes after a marriage with a better one. Thus, the mother of Selden was of the knightly Bakers of Kent; Camden's of the ancient Curwens of Workington. The observer, who chooses to keep his eye on such points in the course of his general reading, will find that "blood" shows itself a great deal more than people who know nothing whatever of the subject would probably admit. The loose notions about "aristocracy" prevalent in England—notions strangely vague, when we consider

how thoroughly aristocratic England really is—the distinction drawn between nobility and gentility, terms once synonymous here, and still synonymous everywhere else—have the effect of making people forget how many great men have really been of what a Frenchman, for instance, would call "aristocratic" families. Philosophers like Bacon, Hume, and Berkeley; poets like Spenser, Shelley, Scott; novelists like Fielding and Smollett; historians like Gibbon; seamen like Collingwood and Rodney; Vanes, St. Johns, George Herberts, and so many others of simple but ancient gentry, amply vindicate the pretensions of old families to the honour of producing the best men that England has ever seen. Yet, every other day, some sapient "organ of opinion" flings out a rude taunt against an undefined "aristocracy," not choosing to recollect that if it is family which constitutes aristocracy, the good families in the peerage have, even in the last half-dozen generations, produced the best men—from Lord Halifax to Lord Derby; witness Carteret, Mansfield, Chesterfield, and Byron. An old Roman noble, according to Cicero, extinguished one such enemy, who told him that he was "unworthy of his ancestors," by replying, "Hercules! you're worthy of yours!" But reasoning and sarcasm are lost upon persons who are dead to the first from their ignorance of facts, and safe from the second by their density of hide.

To return to the class of works before us: a fair notion of the regular family history of the eighteenth century may be derived from Anderson's "History of the House of Yvery,"* published in 1742. Horace Walpole, writing to his friend Mann, has a lively passage about it. He is speaking in 1749 of the second Lord Egmont, who had just succeeded to the peerage:—

"The first event that made him known was his carrying the Westminster election at the end of my father's ministry, which he amply described in the history of his own family, a genealogical work, called the *History of the House of Yvery*, a work which cost him three thousand pounds, as the heralds informed Mr. Chute and me, . . . and which was so ridiculous that he has since tried to suppress all the copies. It concluded with the description of the Westminster election in these or some such words, '*And here let us leave this young nobleman struggling for the dying liberties of his country!*'"

Of course, one is not surprised to find that the passage in question is not half so ridiculous as it is here represented: such things lose nothing in passing through the hands of Horace Walpole.

In the "House of Yvery" we find ourselves in a new atmosphere, after leaving Godscroft and Lord Somerville. The poetic, old-fashioned loyalty—the tenderness of enthusiasm which, even when it excites

* For the great errors into which Anderson or Lord Egmont fell see Drummond's "Noble British Families," vol. ii., where the Perceval pedigree is given from more recent investigations.

a smile, never for a moment loses our respect,—these are not present in the pages of the historian of the house of Perceval. There is unbounded glorification of the family, no doubt, but not so simple, so innocent, and so sincere as the admiration of the older writers. There is a solemn and deliberate pedantry; and we can fancy we see an old herald officiating at an old funeral; not in the tearful state of the faithful servants, but wholly taken up with the banner and canopy, and bent on keeping the monks, who are carrying candles, barefoot, in a straight and proper line. We are treated to some opening remarks on the Incas of Peru, who "pretended to be children of the Sun." We have then a solemn inquiry as to the name of Perceval. Is it an ancient British or Gallic word? or from a little village in Normandy? or from *val de Perci?* or from *per* or *par cheval?* or from *per se valens,* "which contains a haughty implication of the Grandeur and the Independence of this family?" We shall quote a sentence or two, in order to show that the erudite Anderson and his patron were determined to lose no claim to honour to which the ancient line could pretend. He tells us,—

"It was usual in ancient times with the greatest families, and is by all genealogists allowed to be a mighty evidence of dignity, to use certain nicknames, which the French call *sobriquets* . . . such as 'the Lame,' or 'the Black.' . . . The house of Yvery, not deficient in any mark or proof of greatness and antiquity,

abounds at different periods in instances of this nature. Roger, a younger son of William Gouel de Perceval, was surnamed *Balbus*, or the Stutterer."

This recalls to our mind an old Scottish gentlewoman (one of those genealogical old ladies now, we fear, becoming rare), who would never allow that any but people of family could have *bonâ fide* gout! If it was mentioned that a *roturier* was afflicted with that disease, she would shake her head,—"Na, na! it's only my father and Lord Gallowa' that has the *regular gout!*" Mr. Anderson thought, like this old lady, that the weaknesses of great blood were honourable, as the disease of the oyster produces the pearl.

Mr. Anderson seems to have had a suspicion that the wags of his period, as well as its new families, would laugh at him, or would writhe with envy at his exhibition of the lustre and distinction of the House, and therefore he attacks in advance,—

"William Cecil, Baron Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England, and First Minister to Queen Elizabeth during the greatest part of her long and glorious reign" [it is characteristic of the genealogist, this formal description] "was frequently used to say that nobility was nothing else but ancient riches. Notwithstanding this, if some of the modern race of gentry, some of whom since the beginning of this century have by various means, too odious to be mentioned, advanced themselves to great riches, should consequently expect to be acknowledged noble under the doctrine of the Lord Burleigh, as to be esteemed gentlemen from that expression in Spain, they would find themselves egregiously mistaken."

He provides carefully against opposition, for he says:

"Some expressions of the dignity of this family, which in works of this kind are not to be avoided, may create disgust in those who envy that eminence in others to which they cannot pretend themselves."

This defiant tone indicates that he expected opposition; that there was a kind of "set" among various people against family pretensions. Prior* had said,—

"Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior:
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?"

And against aristocracy, viewed as a modern and artificial institution, recruited from considerations of money rather than of merit, this way of talking was, and still is, plausible enough. In fact, the fault of clever and practical men then was, that they underrated antiquity. Along with this, they neglected the doctrine of race. They spoke of birth as an "accident," which was only a limited way of considering it,† and did not take the pains to observe that the superior minds of England at that very time were

* Horace Walpole seems to have thought that Prior was a son of Lord Dorset's. A curious essay might be written on the great men of the Bend Sinister, or Border Wavy: it would illustrate the question of blood. One of the Leslies, in the seventeenth century, left some sixty-eight bastards!

† That is to say, it is an "accident" as regards the *individual* that he should be born from this or the other source (as, in one sense, it is an "accident" that he should have genius or beauty), but it is not by accident that whole bodies of men acquire the predominance in a country, and display superior vigour and conduct in keeping it.

men of birth,—as Carteret and Walpole, Bolingbroke and Chesterfield, and Fielding; and that the same fact had been true in the Civil War. But aristocracy was not upheld on its real merits, nor viewed as an institution which sprang from deep roots in the heroic history of Europe; and which, for instance, had as much created "liberty" as it had created titular distinctions. Those who maintained it dwelt too much on what was secondary and accidental about it, and so provoked an antagonism which did not spare what was primary and intrinsic. Swift had come to the rescue in the *Examiner*, and defended it on its true grounds, but with a fierceness quite equal to his brilliant wit. "A pearl," says he, writing of the positions from which great men come, "holds its value, though it be found on a dunghill; *only that is not the most probable place to look for it.*" It is not uncommon in later times to find it assumed that it is absurd to look for "pearls" anywhere else.

The "History of the House of Yvery," however, has its value; not literary, indeed, but antiquarian. It contains a mass of information about several ancient lines which played an honourable part in English history. The names of Perceval, Gournay, and Lovel, are not, to be sure, familiarly known, and carried *per ora virûm*, like those of Howard or Herbert. Their importance was feudal rather than modern. But many

a great man lived *ante Agamemnona*—before printing, as we may translate it—who, had he displayed proportionate merit in a publishing age, would have covered our drawing-room tables with his memoirs, his dispatches, and his letters. Many an old baron, of whom we can learn nothing, except through a writ of summons, or a few lines in Rymer's "Fœdera," or some Norman-French verses in the Roll of Carlaverock, would, if he lived now, have his portrait in Colnaghi's, and be famous in the newspapers. The old barons did their duty in that sphere of life to which God called them; and if we obtain louder celebrity, and make more noise, let us not mistake the multiplied reverberations and echoes of our deeds for proofs that the deeds themselves are worthier and nobler.

As a specimen of the curiosities of genealogy, we quote a statement of Anderson's about the royal descents of the Egmont Branch of the House of Yvery. He assures us that they are descended fifty-two times from William the Conqueror, forty-five times from the Royal Family since the Conquest, eight times from the Kings of Scotland, and twenty-eight times from the ancient Kings of Ireland. To collect these details is an amusement characteristic of the *merely* heraldic mind. Probably it is the long dwelling on such fascinating *minutiæ* which makes the herald expose himself to those darts which in every age riddle his tabard. "Old

Peter Le Neve, the herald," says Horace Walpole, "thought ridicule consisted in not being of an old family." This was the man who wrote as an epitaph on Craggs, "Here lies the last, who died before the first of his family." It was not without justice that Edmund Burke objected to such writers, their disposition to make the possession of rank a proof of the possession of merit. "Men," he says, "who when alive were the pity of their acquaintance make as good a figure as the best of them in the pages of Edmondson or Collins." So strangely are objects of vision transfigured when seen through an atmosphere of *or* and *gules!*

At the period to which we have now arrived, it would really seem as if the writing of family histories had been abandoned to men of the Anderson stamp; to mere antiquarians; men whose importance nobody but an ignoramus would question, but whose *forte* assuredly is not literature. A mere genealogist can no more write a family history than a sexton can write an epitaph. Who more likely than the sexton to have the name and dates correctly? but you want to know the men; and a skeleton in Surgeons' Hall is not more like a human being than a barren pedigree is a fair picture of a line of gentlemen. In fact, to a complete family history there go two men, or there needs a man singularly endowed with different qualities; it should unite the accuracy of the herald with the glow of the good

narrator. Gibbon's Digression on the Family of Courtenay is a stately and luminous sketch, worthy of the historic house; Cleaveland's History of the Family lives only in the paragraph in which Gibbon observes of the historian, "his gratitude is greater than his industry, and his industry than his criticism." Gibbon had more respect for the sentiment of birth than many an inferior man. He was of old Kentish race himself; of a gentle family, which had produced an heraldic writer in the previous century; which gave a mother to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; and a grandmother to Sir Egerton Brydges.

We have already intimated that to Sir Walter Scott more than to any other man we owe the renewed interest in these subjects, which make them altogether more justly regarded in the middle of the nineteenth century than they were in the middle of the eighteenth. "He delighted above all other books," says Lockhart, "in such as approximate to the character of good family histories."

"Whatever he had in himself, he would fain have made out a hereditary claim for. He often spoke both seriously and sportively on the subject. He had assembled about him in his 'own great parlour,' as he called it—the room in which he died—all the pictures of his ancestors that he could come by; and in his most genial evening mood he was never weary of perusing them."—*Lockhart.*

To this passion—which was deeper even in him than

is commonly supposed—we owe that marvellous gallery of portraits in air, which for half a century has been the delight of Europe. It was his consciousness that he came from Swintons and Haliburtons, Rutherfords and Campbells—large hearted and heavy-handed champions full of valour and honour—that inspired his hand and gave vigour to his brush. The good that he did is incalculable. He roused the heart of Europe. Through colour, through song, his darling ideas were spread abroad. He awoke the languid interest in beautiful scenery, and covered the hills of Scotland with throngs of pilgrims who came back to the duties of the world, elevated and enlivened. Thousands of men gathered from his pages so vivid a notion of their ancestors that they were penetrated with an energy not unworthy of them, and in the battles of life, or in the battles of war, showed the generous influence. Whatever increased activity is perceptible in art, in poetry, in architecture—whatever is most generous in politics or chivalrous in social life—we owe in large part, directly or indirectly, to Sir Walter Scott. His influence saved us from the entire triumph of an ignoble utilitarianism. Unthinking ridicule of ancient times and ancient traditions is pretty well confined, now, to the lowest buffoons. And grave philosophers not hurried away by romance, and full enough of our modern advantages and their importance—yet ex-

plicitly assign the birth of the manners of Europe—its regard for the family relation—its loyalty to women—its various ennobling sentiments of honour and courtesy—to the life of the feudal castles.

Let us now see what this revival has produced in the way of recent family histories. We shall find that it has done something; that in point of quality we have at least one history—the "Lives of the Lindsays"—far beyond anything that has appeared since the inimitable "Memorie;" but that this branch of British literature still remains bare, while so many other branches are bright with fruit and blossom.

We pass over what may be described as two good business-like books, "Anderson's History of the House of Hamilton" (1825) and the History of the Blounts by Sir Alexander Croke (1823). Everybody knows the greatness of the Hamiltons—that in the sixteenth century they were nearest the crown of Scotland after Mary; that the chief line carried its dukedom to the Douglases, by whom it is still borne; that the head of the house is the Marquis of Abercorn; that one of their cadets wrote the Memoirs of Grammont; and that another of them was the well-known philosopher, Sir William, of Edinburgh. But the history can only interest those who want special information about the branches, &c., of the bearers of the famous "cinquefoils." A similar criticism may apply to Sir Alexander

Croke's learned work on the Blounts; though men of letters ought to feel a regard for the family, which in the person of Lord Montjoy showed a kindness to Erasmus;—like that which Southampton showed to Shakspeare, Greville Lord Brooke to Camden, the Cavendishes to Hobbes, Lord Dorset and the Ormonds to Dryden, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry to Gay, and the Duke of Bedford to Fielding.

One or two private families of ancient gentry have in recent times printed their memorials—not inviting publicity, but still, as the works are to be seen by anybody in public libraries, not avoiding it. We shall give a specimen of the curious lights thrown on by-gone manners by them, from the "Memorials of the Bagot Family," an ancient house now raised to the peerage. We may note here that few untitled families can *now* vie with titled ones; so many, like the Bagots, Grenvilles, Lowthers, Lambtons, &c., having accepted peerages within the last century or two. The "Memorials," from which we are about to quote, were compiled by the late (second) Lord Bagot, and form an elegant little quarto.

It appears that the potent Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham—one of the grand families destroyed by the Wars of the Roses—derived their line from no other than an early Bagot, the Bagots having been landholders in Staffordshire at the Conquest. It is

not uncommon for families with different names to be really sprung from the same ancestor; and just in this way the Iretons (of whom was the Parliamentarian) are from the Shirleys. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, Richard Bagot appears to have felt a pardonable pride in mentioning the circumstance. The wrath of his neighbour Edward Lord Stafford was excited thereby, and he wrote him (in 1589) this curious and angry epistle:—

"Like as the High Shereef of this Shyre lately told me that you pretend my name to be Bagot and not Stafford, which untrew speeches you have said unto dyvers others, although som dronken ignorant Herawld by you corrupted therein, has soothed your lying, I do therefor answer you that. I do better know the descents and matches of my own lyneage than any creature can informe me; for in all my records, pedigrees and armes, from the first Lord Stafford that was possessed of this castle afore the Conquest, bearing the very same coate I now do, *the feeld Gould, a Cheveron Gules*—I cannot find that any Stafford married with a Bagot or they with him. I have faire recorde to prove that the Lords of my hows were never without heirs male to succeed one after another, and therefore your pretens in alledginge that Bagot married an ancestor's coief of mine (as peradventure she married her servant), yet will I prove that neither she nor no wydow of my hows did take a second husband before they were grandmothers by the children of their first husband; and therefore the lady of my hows was too old to have issue by your's. Beside this, we have been nyne descents Barons and Earls of Stafford, before any Bagot was known in this shire; for Busse, Bagot, and Green were but raised by King Richard II. And to prove that you were no better than vassals to my hows, MY STAFFORD KNOT remeyneth

still in your parlour; as a hundred of my poor tenants have in sundry shires of England, and have ever held your land of my hows, untill thateynder of the Duke my grandfather. Surely I will not exchange my name of Stafford for the name of a "BAGGE OF OATES," for that is your name, BAG-OTE. Therefor you do me as great wrong in this surmyse as you did with your writing to the Privy-Counsaile to have countenanced that shamefast Higons to charge me with treason, whereof God and my trawthe delyvered me. Your neighbore I must be.

"EDWARD STAFFORD."

The descendants of Richard Bagot may be proud of his temperate reply:—

"Right Honorable,—I perceave by your letters delivered to me by your chaplain Mr. Cope on Monday last, your Lordship is greatly discontented with some my speeches used to Mr. Stanford in pretending your honor's surname to be Bagot: I do confess I spake them; and not offending your lordship (as I hope you will not) with trothe, I do avowe it. Not upon any "Dronken Herehaught's report, by me corrupted to soothe my lieing," but by good records and evidence under ancient seales, the four hundred years past. And if it may please you to send any sufficient man as Mr. Sheriff, or Mr. Samson Eardswick, Gentillmen of good knowledge and experience in these ac'cons, I will shewe them sufficient matter to confirme that I have spoken; being very sorry to heare your Lordship to contemne and deface the Name of Bagot with so bad tirmes and hastie speeches as you do; more dishonourable to yourself than any blemishe or reproche to me: and therefore if your Lordship take it in such disdaine, that I touch you either in credit or honour, you may (if you please), by ordinary proces, bring me before the Rt. Hon. the Earl Marshal of England, Chief Judge in these causes, when I will prove it—or take the discredit, with such further punishment as his Honor shall inflict upon me.

"Thus humbly desireing acceptance of this my answer in

good part, till a further triall be had herein, I do comyt your Lordship to the protection of Allmighty, this first of March 1589.

"Your Lordship's at commandment,

"If you please,

"RICHARD BAGOT."

These are exceedingly curious illustrations of the time. The "Stafford Knot" in "your parlour" is a charming touch for the way in which it brings the magnificence of the old feudal nobles before one, since though probably false of the Bagots, it must have been true of many families that they thus showed their loyalty to the house of Stafford. The tone of Richard Bagot's answer is everything that could be desired from a gentleman. Had this dispute reached the ears of their royal mistress, she would probably have reminded them, as she did Sir Philip Sidney on his quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, that when the gentleman contends with the nobleman, it only encourages the "peasaunt" to presume against both!

We have nothing so piquant to quote as this, from the memorials of the Shirleys, or the memorials of the Howards by the late Mr. Howard of Corby; but we recommend both these works to such as wish to study this class of literature.* Mr. Howard's book gives a clear view of the descent and connections—connections almost unrivalled in their greatness—of the Howards,

* The extent of my obligations to Mr. Daniel Gurney's excellent "Record of the House of Gournay" has been amply indicated elsewhere.

from the days of the founder (probably of Saxon race) in the time of Edward I. He mentions that the portrait of the Earl of Surrey,—

"Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?"—

by Houbraken, "is extremely like what the late Lord Henry Howard was at the same age." This hereditary likeness is one of the commonest phenomena in the world; and is an index of the moral resemblance which makes character of a particular class run through a line, and thus, in free countries like ours, produces hereditary politics, and affects the fortunes of the state, as was the case at Rome. "A Russell," says Niebuhr, somewhere, "could not be an absolutist; the thing would be monstrous." This conviction is, no doubt, one excellent reason why liberals glorify the race with such constancy. The Russells are a better family from the genealogist's point of view, than is generally supposed. But of Wiffen's "Memoirs" of them, which appeared in 1833, we are bound to say that the early part is dubious, and the later part tedious; that a fatiguing, common-place kind of "eloquence" is an unhappy characteristic; and that we defy even a Whig to read it through. Nay, we would almost stake Dugdale's Baronage against a copy of it—heavy odds!—that Earl Russell has not yet read it from cover to cover. At the same time, we applaud both Mr. Wiffen's industry, and the kindness of the Bedford family in encouraging him.

The truth is, that a good history of a powerful house is no easy task to get accomplished. A private gentleman—peer or commoner—shrinks from the labour, even if he does not shrink from the expense. If he keeps a tame genealogist on the premises for the purpose, the chances are he obtains a work which nobody can read except Sir Bernard Burke or Mr. Planché, and which his children view with an awe that in this enlightened time they do not feel towards the family ghost. Popular writers have other business. And so, stowed away in massive chests, continue to lie tons of parchments illustrative of the possessions, marriages, offices, and deeds of his ancestors; the love letters of long dead generations; priceless documents of all kinds illustrative of the history of England. Indeed, it is almost a hopeless task to seek admission into an Evidence Room; the instant suspicion being that you are going to set up a right to the estates. Nor is this wonderful, when we remember the absurd claims to honours, and the fraudulent claims to lands, which are every day made by monomaniacs or swindlers.

When Mr. Drummond published the first two parts of his "Histories of Noble British Families," we did not fail to give our hearty support to the undertaking.* Since that time, a further portion has been published, and the work has reached to two volumes—comprising

* "Quarterly Review," vol. lxxii., p. 165.

Ashburnham, Arden, Compton, Cecil, Harley, Bruce; and Perceval, Dunbar, Hume, Dundas, and Neville. This splendid work is understood to have involved a great cost; and we apprehend that it will be continued no further. It was suggested by the sumptuous and luxuriant book on Italian families by Count Litta of Milan, and, like it, displays on its rich folio sheets facsimiles of seals, drawings of monuments, gorgeous heraldry, and—more welcome than all—beautiful portraits. The pedigrees have literary as well as artistic illustration, are enriched with historical anecdotes, and introduced by agreeable disquisitions. The plan, however, is not that of the family history proper, which we take to be a full and connected view of a family with especial reference to its unity and character. Mr. Drummond's sketches are historical without being strictly histories. They are pedigrees with literary emblazonment; and when we consider the liveliness of the style, and the loveliness of the ornaments, we welcome a book which makes a genealogical tree as brilliant as a Christmas one. But still more ought to be effected through separate works in a country full of old families and great fortunes. We must add that Mr. Drummond has his peculiar views of these matters, as of all matters; that he concedes to tradition a great deal more, in certain points, than we should do; and that he is at open war with the antiquaries."

Having reviewed the "Lives of the Lindsays" some years since in a separate essay,* we are now only called on to point out its special relation to the *genus* under discussion. To us, then, we may say, that it appears to unite, more happily than any other performance, the old sentiment of past days with the knowledge and clearness of the time in which we live—the heart of the fifteenth century with the eyes of the nineteenth. This is the combination to be aimed at by the historian, who should share the loyalty of Godscroft or Lord Somerville, while bidding farewell to the "Serpent" or the "Black-gray man." Lord Lindsay has an adequate theme—a family that has "stood against the waves and weathers of time" for many centuries—a line visible, like a streak of light, away to the time when nearly all is dark and shadowy about our Teutonic ancestors—Norman in race, leaders in battle, great in rank, alliances, and possessions, when such were only to be won by the natural lords of mankind. Nor can we forbear to note with satisfaction that a writer so elegant and accomplished should be the historian of a house which early boasted an excellent Scottish chronicler in Lindsay of Pitscottie, and a delightful Scottish humourist in Sir David of the Mount, and which in modern times, by producing the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," and the book before us, contributes no little to our faith in the hereditary trans-

* "Quarterly Review," vol. lxxvii., p 465.

mission of qualities and characteristics. We must not fail to remark, also, the honesty with which Lord Lindsay gives to every branch of his house, poor and decayed as well as rich and flourishing, its due place in the history. When we take into account all the cadets of a numerous and spreading line, the amount of service done to a country by one stock, in the labours of war and peace, can hardly be overrated. Lord Lindsay tells us that he found a degree of interest about the subject among his *gens*, as he was pursuing the investigation, much greater than he had expected. We are inclined ourselves to believe that there is a great deal more care for these matters all over the country, than is commonly thought. And we happen to know that the same fact is true of the Americans, few of whom now visit England without making pilgrimages to those parts of the island from which record or tradition declares their ancestors to have come. The sentiment of ancestry, in short, is not only inherent in human nature, and especially visible in the higher races of the world, but contributes in no small degree to the stability of kingdoms in the worst periods—as, assuredly, it is always found to be peculiarly vivid in the best. Having spoken so freely of the family histories which we possess in Great Britain—and admitting that they do not adequately represent the strength of the feeling among ourselves—we cannot conclude without

hailing it as a good omen that the latest on our list should be such an admirable specimen of the class as the "Lives" of Lord Lindsay.

THE FAMILY OF TEMPLE.*

"THERE is a certain productiveness," says Aristotle, "in the families of men, as in the things that grow in the fields; and, sometimes, if the family be good, extraordinary men are for a certain time produced." Other high authority might be quoted in support of this observation, which is not without its value to historians and biographers. But the truth is that genealogy has suffered at the hands of genealogists. Partly by their ignorance of the higher applications of which it is capable,—partly by the falsities with which they have played into the hands of the fashionable reporter and the fashionable novelist,—they have lowered the credit of a study at once of much historical importance, and of much picturesque interest. Every now and then, however, some event occurs calling attention to the truths with which it is the proper business of genealogy

* Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* by the obliging permission of the proprietors.

to deal; and the recent death of Lord Palmerston had this, besides so many other points, of higher and more mournful significance. When everything else was being recorded of him, it was also recorded that he was the last male of his family,—a family of ancient descent, and of high and long-continued intellectual distinction. The fact in itself touched the imagination of a people so keenly alive to the charm of tradition as the English. But those who from an old interest in such questions had become aware how essentially Palmerston was a child of his house—a Temple of the Temples,—naturally felt the weight of the fact more vividly: to them, his death was the fall of an old tree, of an old tower—a tree that would give no more fruit, a tower that would no more shelter human and intellectual life. Let us place ourselves for a little in the position of one of these moralising inquirers; and see from what kind of stock the late Premier came, and how far its history justifies the old belief that every family, like every plant, has a life of its own, and a likeness running through all its leaves and flowers.

Thanks in great measure to the kind of genealogists whom we have indicated in the sentence above, most family histories begin with a fable. The ancients made Plato descend from Neptune, Cæsar from Venus, and Antony from Hercules, just as our own early chronicles derive Alfred from Woden. In modern times our

inventions are on a humbler scale, but are equally destitute of historical truth. We fasten on to the Norman baronage, families that rose by the Reformation; and descendants of provincial aldermen, whose names betray a suspicious connection with the old sport of bull-baiting, occasionally hold themselves up as representatives of the mediæval chivalry. The Hamiltons are not content to have helped to put Bruce on the throne, they must needs be sprung from the Bellomont Earls of Leicester. The Cavendishes are dissatisfied with Wolsey's gentleman-usher, and lay claim to be scions of the higher race of Gernon. It has been the fortune of the Temples to find themselves associated with one of the prettiest legends of the middle ages, which has formed the subject of one of the prettiest poems of our own time. They have been given out as coming from the stout old Earl Leofric, of the Confessor's time, and his lady Godgifa or Godiva, who saved Coventry from a harsh impost by riding through the market-place clad only in her beautiful long hair. Leofric (who died in A.D. 1057) and his spouse are, of course, as really historical personages as the Confessor and Edith. And though the Godiva legend does not occur in the Saxon Chronicle, in William of Malmesbury, or in Florence of Worcester, it is found in Brompton, who flourished in 1193*, less

* Wendover, in the next century, adds a slight picturesque touch to

than a century and a half after the date of its heroine. Nor have we a right to doubt the truth of any story simply because there is a noble and daring poetry about it. But as regards the descent of the Temples from Leofric and Godiva, that is a comparatively modern statement. Dugdale knew nothing of it, though he gives a full account of the earl's real successors and family in his *Baronage*, and much information about him, his wife, and their pious and generous doings, in his *Warwickshire*. An earlier writer, and more important for this special question than even Dugdale—a writer whose *Leicestershire* is said to have suggested Dugdale's *Warwickshire*—knew no more of the fact than he. We speak of William Burton, the elder brother of the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, to whose curious mind his own bore a strong family resemblance. Burton was a Leicestershire squire himself, and in speaking of the lands of "Temple" in Sparkenhoe hundred, near Bosworth, from which the whole family of Temple derived its name, this is what he tells us: "This land was granted by one of the old earls of Leicester to the Knights Templars. This land was afterwards granted by the Templars to a family of the place called Temple, being of great account in those parts." (Burton's *Leicestershire*, p. 264). Burton,

Brompton's narrative. Her hair, he says, concealed her, all but her *very white legs—apparentibus cruribus candidissimis.*

then, knew nothing of the Saxon origin of the family; and it is certain that in the famous Sir William Temple's time they looked upon themselves as having "come in with the Conquest." It is often loosely assumed that a family must be either Norman *or* Saxon, though Burgundians and Flemings, Angevins and Poitevins, are found among the settlers in England in the stormy and adventurous ages during which the foundations of its modern life were laid. To which of the various races struggling for place and power the founder of the Temples belonged cannot now be known. The earliest names in the pedigree, Robert, William, and Henry, are those of Norman dukes and sovereigns,—an indication which has sometimes been allowed to have suggestive value in such cases. At all events we are safe in assuming that the man to whom the Templars gave land, would have the qualities which the Order of the Temple held in honour; and that he acquired his estate as his descendant acquired the premiership, by being superior to other rivals in the battle of life.

Dismissing, then, the descent from Leofric as fabulous and modern, and trusting to old writers and official pedigrees, we shall be content to derive the Temples from Robertus Temple de Temple Hall, living in the reign of Henry III.—a date to which only something like a tenth part of the peerage can be satisfactorily traced. Robertus de Temple was succeeded by William,

and by Henry flourishing in the reign of Edward I., whose marriage with Matilda, daughter of John Ribbesford, is the first that we find upon record. The five generations which followed allied themselves with Langley, Barwell, Dubernon, Bracebridge, and Kingscott,* and the family ranked among the oldest and most considerable of the Leicestershire gentry. By siding, however, with Richard III., they lost most of their estate. Soon after the Reformation what was left came into the possession of some other Temples from Staffordshire, carrying different coat-armour.† And, at last, they, too, sold both the lands and the hall, and though some prosperous cadets of the house—such as the celebrated Sir William and his father—were anxious to recover it, they never could.

We must now turn our attention to those cadets, for it was among them that appeared the eminent men to whom the name owes its modern celebrity. During the reign of Henry VI., a younger son of Temple of Temple Hall, named Thomas, settled himself at Witney in Oxfordshire. In three generations his descendants had acquired land in Warwickshire, and in the sixteenth century his representative acquired Stowe in Buckinghamshire. This was Peter Temple of Marston-Boteler in Warwickshire and Stowe in Bucks, whose

* Visitation of Leicestershire : Harl. MS. 1180.

† Burton.

eldest son, John, was the ancestor of the Temples of Stowe, and his second, Anthony, of the Viscounts Palmerston. John lies buried at Derset, in Warwickshire, with the following quaint epitaph, testifying to his general felicity and opulence :—

Cur liberos hic plurimos,
Cur hic amicos plurimos,
Et plurimas pecunias,
Vis scire cur reliquerit ?
TEMPELLUS ad plures abiit.

The son of this prosperous gentleman was Sir Thomas Temple, of Stowe, the first baronet. The second and third baronets both sat for the town of Buckingham in the parliaments of the Charleses. The fourth — Sir Richard—fought under Marlborough, and was created Baron Cobham * in 1714, and, in 1718, Viscount Cobham, with remainder to his sister, Hester, wife of Richard Grenville of Wootton. This is the Cobham of Pope's well-known lines :—

And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death :
Such in those moments as in all the past,
Oh, save my country, Heaven! shall be your last.

Lord Cobham died without issue in 1749, when his barony and viscounty devolved on his sister, Hester Grenville, mother of the first Earl Temple, ancestress of the Dukes of Buckingham, and, what is of much

* He chose this title as having a descent from the old Lords Cobham of Kent, first summoned to Parliament in A.D. 1313.

more moral interest, grandmother of William Pitt. If, again to quote Aristotle, "the having had many illustrious persons in the family" is a necessary mark of nobility, then this is an honour in which the Temples excel houses of much higher pretension.

While the Temple tree planted in Stowe was thus flourishing like a green bay-tree, the branch sprung from Anthony, younger son of Peter Temple, first of Stowe, had acquired a less splendid position but a more brilliant name. Anthony's son William, bred at Eton, and Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, became, in the first half of Elizabeth's reign, master of the free school at Lincoln. A Latin essay on a philosophical subject which he dedicated, in 1581, to Sir Philip Sydney, won the admiration of that last rose of the summer of chivalry, who took Temple into his employment as a secretary, and into his intimacy as a friend. Sir Philip died in his arms at Arnheim, and dying commended him to the Earl of Essex, besides leaving him by will an annuity of thirty pounds. The friend of Sydney became the friend of Devereux, and having lost one patron on the field lost another on the scaffold. After the death of Essex, Temple went to seek his fortunes in Ireland. He became Provost of Dublin College, which he represented in the Irish Parliament in 1613. He was afterwards a Master in Chancery, and a knight, and he died at an advanced age in 1625. From

this Sir William Temple, the first of the family connected with Ireland, the late Lord Palmerston was sixth in descent. As a Roman would have said, he was the Premier's *tritavus*,—a word which we should have to render in English by great-great-great-great-grandfather! By his wife, a Derbyshire woman, William left a son, who became Sir John Temple, and who sustained the intellectual reputation which the family had begun to acquire. He was educated under his father at Dublin. He travelled in his youth. He had access to the court of Charles the First, and to the greatest personages of the time, and he continued the family friendship with the Sydneys. Sir Philip's nephew, Robert Sydney, was now second Earl of Leicester, "a man of great parts," says Lord Clarendon, "very conversant in books, and much addicted to the mathematics." In the Sydney Papers we find the countess writing to her husband (A.D. 1636) of "Sir John Temple, who *is inquisitive in all affairs*, and much your servant." There were tender associations between Temple and the earl's family. Sir John had married Esther Hammond, a sister of Dr. Hammond the celebrated divine. The doctor held the living of Penshurst, and at Penshurst Temple lost his wife. "Your Penshurst," Temple writes to the earl in 1638, "was the place where God saw fitt to take from me the desire of mine eyes and the most sweet companion of my life; a place that

must never be forgotten by me, not only in regard of those blessed ashes that ly now treasured up there, and my desire that by your lordship's favour, *cum fatalis et meus dies venerit,* I may return to that dust, but in respect also of the extraordinary civilities I then received from your incomparable lady." He goes on to show how tenderly Lady Leicester (a Percy, and the mother of Algernon Sydney) had behaved at this great crisis, which all readers of her letters will readily believe. Sir John Temple also writes to the earl from Berwick, where he had accompanied the Court when the king was marching against and negotiating with the Scots; and on another occasion urges him to try for the Secretaryship of State, likely to be vacated by the resignation of Sir John Coke. "And further give me leave," writes he, "to tell your lordship that I think this the proper time to move in, and that I find such stirring now at Court, as I apprehend him not long-lived in his place. So as if you neglect now to stir, *you will have some evil angel take the opportunity while the waters are troubled, to help in some stigmatick or otherwise infirm person.*" There is a touch of the family wit as of the family shrewdness here; but Sir John Temple found an opportunity of showing still higher qualities. The Earl of Leicester went to Ireland as lord-lieutenant, and appointed Temple (who was knighted in 1640) to an important post. A heavy responsibility, to which

he was not unequal, fell upon him when the rebellion broke out. Afterwards, when Leicester was succeeded by Ormond, Temple was imprisoned for opposing the cessation which Ormond was commanded to make with the rebels. This attracted the favourable attention of the Parliament to him, and in 1644 he was exchanged, and made a commissioner in Munster. Never an extreme man however, he was dismissed for voting that the king's proposals from the Isle of Wight were sufficient grounds for peace. Later, he was both employed and rewarded by Cromwell, but that did not hinder him from prospering under the Restoration. He was Master of the Rolls, privy councillor, treasurer, and enjoyed an opulent, and, we are expressly told, "hospitable" old age. He died in 1677. Sir John Temple, besides being a politician, was the author of a *History of the Irish Rebellion*. It has always received the praise of veracity, and one cannot look into it without seeing that the writer was a scholar and a man of sense. What is worthy of notice also, is, that it is written strictly from the point of view of an Englishman, and of an Englishman who had no great respect for the Irish race.

The eldest son of Sir John Temple and Esther Hammond was the famous Sir William Temple, who continued to be the most widely-known man that ever bore the ancient name till the days of the third Lord

Palmerston. Born in London in 1628, he was educated at Penshurst, at Bishop Stortford, and at Cambridge under Cudworth, and then set out to travel on the Continent. In passing through the Isle of Wight, where the king was then imprisoned, he made the acquaintance of Dorothy Osborne, the daughter of Sir Peter Osborne, governor of Guernsey for his Majesty. The youth's father was in the Long Parliament; the young lady's father was a cavalier. Sir John desired a greater match for his son; Sir Peter desired a greater match for his daughter; and their engagement, opposed on both sides, lasted for seven years. During part of this time, William Temple lived in France, where he mastered the French, and in the Low Countries and Germany, where he mastered the Spanish language. He was married at last in 1654, and took up his abode with his affectionate and sprightly Dorothy in Ireland. His head-quarters were in the county of Carlow, where he lived on a moderate income, and spent much of his time in reading, and doubtless in forming that graceful and pleasant style which entitles him to rank among the founders of polite English prose. Happy in his marriage, he was most unfortunate in the health of his children, five of whom died in as many years. The Restoration brought Temple into public life. When an Irish Parliament was called, he was chosen with his father for the county of Carlow, and soon attracting the

attention of the new lord-lieutenant, the Duke of Ormond, was introduced by him to the powerful minister, Lord Arlington. His first employment arose out of the first of the Dutch wars of this reign, when he was sent to negotiate with our ally the Bishop of Munster. His success brought him a baronetcy and the post of Resident at Brussels, in which city he was when in 1667 the French invaded Flanders. The power of Lewis now began to alarm Europe. Charles II. had not yet become quite his tool; and Temple was sent to the Hague to conclude with Sweden and Holland the great negotiation known as the Triple Alliance, which gave a check to the French plans. He now became ambassador at the Hague, and made the friendship of De Witt and of the young Prince of Orange. He remained there till French intrigues had reversed the English policy, and driven us into a war with our recent and most natural ally. Temple at once retired to his house at Sheen, his gardens, and his books, and employed himself in writing his excellent *Observations on the United Provinces,* which the Dutch still cherish and make a student's text-book, after the author's countrymen have ceased to read it. From this retreat he was summoned in the autumn of 1673 to conclude a peace with Holland; and next year went there again as ambassador extraordinary to mediate for a general peace, which after much delay was brought about by

the treaty of Nimeguen. It was at this period, too, that he took an important part in bringing about the marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Princess Mary, which had such vital consequences for Great Britain.

Up to this time the public life of Sir William Temple had been on the whole eminently successful. He had conducted negotiations of the first consequence, which will always preserve his reputation in the highest rank of diplomatists. He had won the esteem and confidence of the greatest statesmen in Europe. His public character was not only lofty but pure; his private character undeniably, and for that age, even singularly respectable. He might have been expected to have risen a few grades more, and to have left the name of a minister inferior in parts to none, superior in character to all of the ministers his contemporaries. But he had now culminated. The stormiest part of Charles II.'s reign had come, and he shrank from the helm. He was elected to Parliament for the University of Cambridge, and he did nothing in Parliament. He invented a scheme for a new constitution of the council, which would not work, and soon found that his colleagues were tired of him, and that the king was content he should go. Accordingly he retired once more, sick of the worry of public affairs, to the country, and fixed his residence at Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey. "I

had learned," he says, "by living long in Courts and public affairs, that I was fit to live no longer in either. I found the arts of a Court were contrary to the frankness and openness of my nature, and the constraint of public business too great for the liberty of my humour and my life. The common and proper ends of both are the advancement of men's fortunes, and that I never minded, having as much as I needed, and what is more, as I desired. . . . . I knew very well the Arts of a Court are to talk the present language, to serve the present turn, and to follow the present humour of the prince, whatever it is. Of all these I found myself so incapable that I could not talk a language I did not mean, nor serve a turn I did not like, nor follow any man's humour wholly against my own. Besides, I have had in twenty years' experience enough of the uncertainty of princes, the caprices of fortune, the corruption of ministers, the violence of factions, the unsteadiness of councils, and the infidelity of friends; nor do I think the rest of my life enough to make any new experiments."* There is a deep tinge of discontent in this passage, characteristic of Temple, and a right understanding of which is necessary if we would do him justice. His professed love of retirement and independence was no pretence. It can be proved that he was a more honest and patriotic public man than most of

* Temple's "Memoirs," part 3.

his contemporaries, and that he declined offices which would have put him all but at the head of the kingdom. Yet, if philosophy went for something in his withdrawal from politics, so did a certain want of moral stamina, and a conscious unfitness to meet the Essexes, Halifaxes, and Shaftesburys with the weapons which were alone of any use against competitors of their stamp. The distinctive ἦθος of the Temples has been a union of more than usual of the kind of talent which makes men of letters, with more than usual of the kind of talent which makes men of business. The secretary of Essex began with philosophy and prospered in life; Sir William, too, prospered in life, and liked philosophy. But with a larger share of literary genius than any other Temple, Sir William had a correspondingly larger share of sensitiveness, and did not,—like his father, for instance,—take heartily to the rough work of his vocation, and carry himself successfully through its trials. He loved the retirement of which he talked so much, sincerely, but not enough; and had a hankering after the great world of action that he had quitted, which was often too strong not only for his philosophy, but (through its action on his temper) for the comfort of those who lived with him; as Swift in his youth experienced. "He had an extraordinary life and spirit in his humour," says his sister, Lady Giffard, "with so agreeable turns of wit and fancy in his conversation,

that nobody was welcomer in all sorts of company, *and some have observed, that he never had a mind to make anybody kind to him, without compassing his designs.*" But the same superior and sensible woman, while again describing his "humour" as "gay," adds that it was "very unequal, from cruel fits of spleen and melancholy;" the philosopher being, it seems, "subject to great damps from the sudden changes of weather, but chiefly from the crosses and surprising turns in his business, and disappointments he met with so often in his endeavours to contribute to the honour and service of his country, which he thought himself two or three times so near compassing, that he could not think with patience of what had hindered it, or of those that he thought had been the occasion of his disappointment." In short, he was only half happy in his own ideally happy life. He loved to think that he was enjoying the intellectual Horatian calm. He translated the *Tyrrhena regum progenies*, and called on Mæcenas to—

> Leave fulsome palaces for awhile, and come
> From stately palaces that tower so high,
> And spread so far; the dust and business fly,
> The smoke and noise of mighty Rome,
> And cares that on embroidered carpets lie.

But his secret and, probably, half unconscious wish was to be Horace and Mæcenas both in one. He liked to feel that he was enjoying the air from the Sabine Hills

and the fresh communion with the sages of Greece, the rather that the pleasure was a pleasure of which only wise men are capable. But he had also a strong, unquiet longing for the Palatine, an uneasy desire to be keeping the Parthians in order, and making his voice heard amidst the snows of the Tanais. No man so divided in feeling and haunted by so many dissatisfied regrets, could be quite happy in the pleasantest retreat. And, whether at Sheen or Moor Park, the retreat of Temple was eminently pleasant. His orange trees were only rivalled at Fontainebleau and in one spot of Holland; his peaches—by the admission of Frenchmen—equalled those of Gascony; and Italians agreed that at least his white figs bore comparison with any produced on the south of the Alps.* His garden at Moor Park was bounded by a canal in the Dutch fashion, which had the double merit of pleasing his eye and recalling the days of De Witt and the Triple Alliance. But, in spite of all this, and of his lettered recreation, which was a higher kind of gardening in its way, and of the love and affection of sister and wife, a sly east wind or a provoking recollection of Arlington's treachery would poison everything for him for days. Then he was very subject to the gout, which had come to him, he tells us, "from many ancestors," and which fell upon him at the

* Temple's "Essay upon the Gardens of Epicurus, or of Gardening."

Hague when he was on his last mission. At first he found great relief from *moxa*, an Indian moss recommended to him by a Dutch gentleman, and which used to be burnt against the part affected. But the disease recurred through life, and, helped by "the spleen," caused Sir William many a sad hour. "Don't you remember," Swift writes to Stella, "how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirits since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman." Temple had, indeed, some of the most disagreeable features of "a disappointed man" in his old age, and, of all human beings, Swift was the one to whom such a contact was most pernicious. Yet—not to overlook the great intellectual benefit that Swift derived from his residence with Temple, so justly pointed out by Lord Macaulay—it is further satisfactory to remember that the last years of their intercourse were happier than the first. Temple must have come to see Swift's merit before he introduced him to King William (of whom the dean used to tell that he taught him to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion), and before he committed to him the charge of his literary remains.

The works of Sir William Temple are little read now-a-days, a neglect which he shares with greater men. Upon the whole both Macaulay and Thackeray have

lowered his reputation too far in the eyes of the great multitude which never looks into such questions for itself. His learning was superficial; his style has become old-fashioned; and few take the trouble to examine the merits of a prose, which, written before the days of Addison or Steele, combines much of the dignity of Clarendon with much of the ease of Dryden. Those who do will be amused to find here and there, among other qualities, the shrewd worldly philosophy and common-sense, the airy social jocosity, with which England was so familiar from the lips of the other Temple who has just joined Sir William in the Abbey. The following passages from Sir William's chapter on the religion of the Netherlands anticipate all the now hacknied philosophy of toleration, and have points which Lord Palmerston might have pricked into some ignorant Scotch presbytery, resisting his counsel to them not to encourage cholera by dirt with the intention of averting it by sham fasting and ungrammatical prayer:—

Now the way to our future happiness has been perpetually disputed throughout the world, and must be left at last to the impressions made upon every man's belief and conscience, either by natural or supernatural arguments and means, which impressions men may disguise or dissemble, but no man can resist. For belief is no more in a man's power than his stature or his feature; and he that tells me I must change my opinions for his, without other arguments that have to me the force of

conviction, may as well tell me I must change my grey eyes for others like his that are black, because these are lovelier or in more esteem. He that tells me I must inform myself, has reason if I do it not. But if I endeavour it all that I can, and perhaps more than he ever did, and yet still differ from him; and he, that, it may be, is idle, will have me study on, and inform myself better, and so to the end of my life; then I easily understand what he means by informing, which is in short that I must do it till I come to be of his opinion. . . . . A man that tells me my opinions are absurd or ridiculous, impertinent or unreasonable, because they differ from his, seems to intend a quarrel instead of a dispute, and calls me fool or madman with a little more circumstance, though perhaps I pass for one as well in my sense as he. . . . . Yet these are the common civilities, in religious arguments, of sufficient and conceited men, who talk much of right reason, and mean always their own, and make their private imagination the measure of general truth. But such language determines all between us, and the dispute comes to an end in these words at last, which it might as well have ended in at first, that he is in the right, and I am in the wrong. . . . .

Nor could I even understand how those who call themselves, and the world usually calls *religious men*, come to put so great weight upon those points of belief which men never have agreed in, and so little upon those of virtue and morality in which they have hardly ever disagreed.*

The *form* of such passages as these is old-fashioned. But the spirit is essentially modern, and is the same spirit of critical, but not irreverent common-sense, which made Lord Palmerston for a long time peculiarly distasteful to fanatics. Sir William Temple, in con-

* "Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands," cap. 6.

sequence of such writing, and of his disposition for handling such questions in the tone of a man of the world, was called an "Epicurean,"—a title which was bestowed in its bad acceptation, but which he was quite content to bear, and indeed assumed to himself, in its good one.

The last years of Sir William Temple were disturbed by family losses and bodily infirmity. He long survived a beloved daughter. His only son died before him. His wife died in 1694. The natural toughness of the stock carried him on to his seventieth, as it had his father to his seventy-seventh year, and the end came in 1698. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, according to the subjoined directions in his will:—

I do order my body to be interred in the West Ile of Westminster Abbey, near those two dear pledges, my wife and my daughter Diana, that lye there already, and that after mine and my sister Giffard's decease, a large stone of black marble may be set up against the wall, with this inscription:—

SIBI SUISQUE CHARISSIMIS
DIANÆ TEMPLE DILECTISSIMÆ FILIÆ,
DOROTHEÆ OSBORN CONJUNCTISSIMÆ CONJUGI,
ET MARTHÆ GIFFARD OPTIMÆ SORORI,
HOC QUALECUNQUE MONUMENTUM
PONI CURAVIT
GULIELMUS TEMPLE BARONETTUS.

Lady Giffard died in 1722, when the monument was placed where Temple had desired.

The son who died in Temple's life-time had married a French lady, by whom he left two daughters, one of whom became the wife of her cousin, a son of Sir John Temple, and the other of Bacon of Shrubland in Suffolk. Both lines failed between Sir William's age and our own: and he was represented by the late Lord Palmerston, a lineal descendant of his younger brother.*

This younger brother was Sir John Temple, who is spoken of as "the best lawyer in Ireland." He sat for Carlow, was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons before he was thirty, and was long first solicitor and then Attorney-General in the sister kingdom. It was to him that Archbishop Sheldon paid, what has justly been called, for an archbishop, the "singular compliment" that "he had the curse of the Gospel, because all men spoke well of him." What we know of him shows that he had the talent and the personal popularity of his line. His wife was the daughter of Sir Abraham Yarner, muster-master-general for Ireland. He died in East Sheen, Surrey, in 1704.

To Sir John succeeded his son Henry, created Viscount Palmerston in 1722. In the preamble to his patent he is said to be come of illustrious ancestors;

* Courtenay's "Memoirs of Sir William Temple." Of course it is not our business, in a paper like this, to trace out every Temple that may possibly exist, but only the lines from which distinguished men have come.

and it is added that his grandfather and father had discharged public duties in Ireland with fidelity, prudence, and abstinence—"*præclaris ortum majoribus*," "*avus et pater muneribus in Hibernia publicis fide, prudentia et abstinentia functi sunt.*" His wife was Anne, daughter of Abraham Houblon of London,—the Temple marriages being nearly always, it is worth remarking, with Englishwomen, and with Englishwomen of the middle class. The first viscount sat in Parliament for East Grinstead from 1727 to 1732; for Bossiney in 1734; for Weobley in 1741. His life was prolonged till the year 1757, when he died at Chelsea at the great age of eighty-four. He was succeeded by his grandson, the second viscount,—his son Henry having died before him, leaving an heir by his second wife, the daughter of Barnard, Lord Mayor of London.

The second viscount, father to the late Prime Minister, seems to have been a true Temple of the lighter and gayer Temple pattern. There are different kinds of family likenesses; in some men the graver and solider, in others, the more brilliant aspects of the line are reproduced. Lord Palmerston was in the Admiralty from 1766 to 1777. But during the greater part of that period our Navy had little to do the doing of which could be much affected by Admiralty administration. And at the end of it, such events as Sir Peter Parker's failure before Charleston (July, 1776),

were not calculated to throw a glorious light on the government under which they had been undertaken. Horace Walpole, writing to Mason in 1778, quotes, with much applause, a little sketch of Lord Palmerston, by Tickell, the grandson of Addison's friend,* and a wit of that period of real merit. "Lord Palmerston," says Walpole, citing Tickell, "*fineers* (what an admirable word) rebuses and charades with chips of poetry; and when Lord of the Admiralty, like Ariel, wrecked navies with a song;—sure that is an excellent application." He is elsewhere mentioned by Walpole as a patron of art; as a writer of verses sometimes good, sometimes bad; as a guest at Topham Beauclerk's, talking loud in the presence of Garrick, Burke, and Gibbon; as a *dilettante* of rank, in fact, with brains enough to admire brains, but not enough to be distinguished for them. A greater and an honester man than Walpole seems, however, to have liked him. "On Tuesday," writes Johnson to Boswell, in July, 1783, "I took an airing to Hampstead, and dined with The Club, where Lord Palmerston was proposed, and *against my advice* rejected."† But, indeed, no competent judge will deny the possession of superior talent, nay of a fine and delicate kind of talent, to the author of the following:—

* And maternal grandfather, we believe, of Mr. Roebuck.

† He was elected afterwards, as Boswell tells us.

INSCRIPTIVE VERSES WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN WHOSE LADY DIED AT BRISTOL WELLS.

Whoe'er, like me, with trembling anguish brings
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs;
Whoe'er, like me, to soothe disease and pain,
Shall pour these salutary waves in vain;
Condemned, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,
From the chill brow to wipe the damp of death,
And watch with dumb despair the shortening breath;
If chance direct him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know his griefs were mine.
Ordained to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose beauty warmed me, and whose friendship blest,
Framed every tie that binds the soul, to prove
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love.
Yet soon remembering that the parting sigh
Ordains the just to slumber, not to die,
The starting tear I checked, I kissed the rod,
And not to earth resigned her, but to God.*

The second Viscount Palmerston was twice married. His first wife, a daughter of Sir Francis Poole, of Poole, in Cheshire, died, leaving no issue, in 1769. He married again, at Bath, in 1783, Miss Mary Mee, described as daughter of Benjamin Mee, Esq., of that city, who was mother of the statesman just dead. The second viscount died in Hanover Square in 1802, when little more than sixty years of age.

It is no part of our present plan to write the biography, or discuss the career, of the third Viscount

* First printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for May, 1777. The question of Lord Palmerston's authorship having been mooted in "Notes and Queries," the lines were assigned to him, "on the best authority," by Mr. Wilson Croker.

Palmerston so recently taken away. To us, for our immediate purposes, he is neither a Whig nor a Tory, but a Temple,—"the last fruit off an old tree," as Mr. Landor called his latest book—the final product of a race of English gentry. We have sketched the persons and fortunes of his house, to show that the kind of strength, and sagacity, liveliness of mind, and felicity of temperament, which made his success, were really the sources of the success of his ancestry; and that, if he was emphatically English, it was by dint of being in his own person a bit of English history. The lesson of such a narrative will not be useless, if it helps to show how subtly one age connects itself with another, and repeats itself in another; and how often what we are apt to think the most characteristic men and things of our own time, spring from roots deeply embedded in the past.

THE END.

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